POEMS

Anne BY Carter

Allan Ramsay.

Men still are Men, and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the Sons of cold Despair.—
We bring some new materials; and what's old,
New cast with Care, and in no borrowed Mold;
Late Times the Verse may read, if these refuse,
And from sowr Criticks vindicate the Muse.

Dr. YOUNG.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

Printed for J. CLARKE *in* Duck-Lane; W. BICKERTON *without* Temple-Bar; A. MILLAR *against* St. Clement's Church *in the* Strand; F. COGAN *at the* Middle-Temple Gate, Fleet-street; R. WILLOCK *in* Cornhill, *and* S. PALMER *and* J. HUGGONSON, *Printers, in* Bartholomew Close. 1731.

BRITISH MUSEUM

CONTENTS.

To the critick Taunter, a Fable, Page 1
The Ram and Buck, 2
Epigram to the *C.* of *A.* 4
Health, a Poem, *ibid.*
A Pastoral on Mr. *Prior*, 18
Epigram to Mr. *Pope* 23
Epistle to the L. Advocate *ibid.*
The Clock and Sun Dial, 27
Ode on L. *Mary Anstruther*, 28
Elegy on Lord *Carnegie*, 30
Ode on Lady *Garties*, 32
The bony Lass and the Looking-glass, 34
Jupiter's Lottery, 35
The Miser and *Minus*, 37
The Ape and the Leopard, or The Beau and the Wit, 39
The Ats and Brock, 40
The Fox and Rat, 42
The Caterpillar and Ant, 43
The twa Cats and the Cheese, 44
The Chameleon, 46
The twa Lizards, 48
Mercury in Quest of Peace, 50
The Spring and Syke, 53
The daft Bargain, 54
The twa Cut purses, 55
Epistle to Mr. *Yarde*, 56
The last Speech of a Miser, 61
Tit for Tat, 67
Epistle from Mr. *Starrat*, 68
Answer to the above, 71
Bonny *Christy*, 72
The bony *Scot*, 74
Love inviting Reason, 75
The Bob of *Dumblane*, 76
Throw the Wood Laddie, 77
Ann thou wert my ain thing, 78
There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee, Page 79
The Highland Laddie, 80
The Coalier's bony Lassie, 81
To *L. L.* in Mourning, 82
Ode on the Earl of *Wemyss*'s Marriage, 83
On the Archers and their Toasts, 86
Epigram wrote on *L. S.* Song-Book, 92
The Nuptials, a Masque on the Marriage of the Duke of *Hamilton*, *ibid.*
On the Marriage of my Lord *Ramsay*, 102
Ode on the Birth of the Marquis of *Drumlanrig*, 10
Epistle to Mr. *John Gay*, 106
Ode to the Countess of *Aboyn* on her Marriage. 110
Epigram on Mrs. *M. Sleigh*, 112
On the Marriage of *Brodie* Lord Lyon, *ibid.*
Epistle to Mr. *Burchet*, 114
The General Mistake, 115
The Phœnix and the Owl, 122
Epistle to Baron *Clerk* on the Death of his Son, 124
On Mr. *Alexander* of *Blackhouse*, 126
On the Fair Assembly, 127
On chusing the Duke of *Hamilton* Captain-General of the Royal Company of Archers, 134
On the Royal Company's marching in their proper Habits, 138

Ode

CONTENTS.

Ode on the *British* Antiquarians, Page 141
Epigram on a Present from the Marquis of *Annandale*, 144
The Monk and the Miller's Wife, 145
Advice to Mr.— on his Marriage, 153
Epigram to *M. M.* on her Painting, 155
The Lure, *ibid.*
A Love Trick, 159
Epigram to Mr. *Drummond*, 160
Address to the Council of *Edinburgh*, *ibid.*
Epigram on the Duke of *Hamilton*'s shooting an eel, 166
A Pastoral-Farewel to Mr. *Aikman*, *ibid.*
To Mr. *Malloch* on his leaving *Scotland*, 169
Epigram to *Calista*, 171
Inscription for Mr. *Wardlow*'s Tomb, 172
Ode on the late Duchess of *Hamilton*, 173
Ode on Sir *Isaac Newton*, 175
Epistle to Mr. *Somervile*, 177
Epistle from Mr. *Somervile*, 181
Answer to the above, 185
Reasons for not answering my Hackney Enemies. 188
Epistle to Mr. *Donald Maxwell*, 190
Thanks to him for a Present, 191
A Ballad on bony *Kate*, 192
To Dr. *J. C.* who got the foregoing to give to the young Lady, 193
Prologue and Epilogue for the young Gentlemen of *Heddington* School, 194, 195
Prologue for Mr. *Affon*, 196
A Character, 197
Ode to Mr. *Murray* of *Broughton* on his Marriage, 198
On Mrs. *Forbes* late Lady *Newhall*, 199
On the falling of a Slate on Mrs. *M. M*'s Breast, 200
To my Obsequy-Singers in *Ireland*, 201
The Gentle Shepherd, a Pastoral Comedy, 204
To Mrs. *A. C.* a Song, 291
To Mrs. *E. C.* a Song, 292
To *Calista*, a Song, 293
Lochaber no more, 294
Lass with a Lump of Land, 295
To the *C.* of *D.* a Song. 296
I'll gar ye be fain to follow me, 298
We'll a' to *Kelso* go, 299
The Widow, 300
The Step-Daughter, 301
The Soger Laddie, 302
The Glossary, 304

TO THE CRITICK.

STAND, Critick, and before ye read,
Say, are ye free of party-head,
Or of a faul fae ſcrimp and rude,
To envy every thing that's good?
And if I ſhou'd (perhaps by chance)
Something that's new and ſmart advance,
Reſolve ye not with ſcornful ſnuff,
To ſay 'tis a' confounded ſtuff;
If that's the caſe, ſir, ſpare your ſpite,
For, faith, 'tis not for you I write:
Gae gie your cenſure higher ſcope,
And *Congreve* criticiſe or *Pope*,
Young's ſatires, or *Swift*'s merry ſmile,
Theſe, theſe are writers worth your while.
On me your talents wad be loſt,
And tho' you gain a ſimple boaſt;
I want a reader wha deals fair,
And not ae real fault will ſpare;
Yet with good humour will allow
Me praiſe, when e'er 'tis juſtly due:
Bleſt be ſic readers, —— but the reſt
That are with ſpleen and ſpite oppreſt;

May *Bards* arise to gar them look divine
To death, with lays the maist divine,
For sma's the skaith they'll get by mine.

How many, and of various natures,
Are on this globe the crowd of creatures;
In *Mexiconian* forests fly,
Thousands that never wing'd our sky:
'Mangst them there's ane of feathers fair,
That in the musick bears nae skair,
Only an imitating ranter,
For whilk he bears the name of taunter;
Soon as the sun springs frae the east,
Upon the branch he cocks his crest,
Attentive, when frae bough and spray
The tunesu' throats salute the day:
The brainless beau attacks them a',
No ane escapes him great or sma';
Frae some he takes the tone and manner,
Frae this a bass, frae that a tenor,
Turns love's saft plaint to a dull bustle,
And sprightly airs to a vile whistle;
Still labouring thus to counterfeit,
He shaws the poorness of his wit.
Anes, when with echoe loud the taunter
Tret with contempt ilk *native Chanter*,
Ane of them says, we own 'tis true,
Few praises to our sangs are due,
But pray, sir, let's have ane frae you.

The RAM *and* BUCK.

A Ram, the father of a flock,
Wha'd mony winters stood the shock

Of

Of northern winds and driving ſnaw,
Leading his family in a raw,
Throw wreaths that clad the laigher field,
And drave them frae the lowner bield.
To crop contented frozen fare,
With honeſty on hills blown bare.
This ram of upright hardy ſpirit,
Was re'lly a horn'd head of merit.
Unlike him was a neighbouring goat,
A mean ſaul'd, cheating, thieving ſot;
That tho' poſſeſt of rocks the prime,
Crown'd with freſh herbs and rowth of thime,
Yet ſlave to pilfering; his delight
Was to break gardens ilka night,
And round him ſteal, and aft deſtroy
Even things he never could enjoy:
The pleaſure of a dirty mind
That is ſae viciouſly inclin'd.

Upon a borrowing-day, when ſleet
Made twinters, and hog-wedders bleet,
And quake with cauld: behind a ruck
Met honeſt toop and ſnaking buck,
Frae chin to tail clad with thick hair,
He bad defiance to thin air;
But truſty toop his fleece had riven,
When he amang the birns was driven:
Half naked the brave leader ſtood,
His look compos'd, unmov'd his mood.
When thus the goat (that had tint a'
His credit baith with great and ſma',
Shunn'd by them as a peſt, wad fain
New friendſhip with this worthy gain.)
Ram, ſay, ſhall I give you a part
Of mine, I'll do't with all my heart,

'Tis yet a lang cauld month to *Beltan*,
And ye've a very raggit kelt on;
Accept, I pray, what I can ſpare,
To clout your doublet with my hair.

No, ſays the ram, tho' my coat's torn,
Yet ken, thou worthleſs, that I ſcorn,
To be oblig'd at any price
To ſic as you, whoſe friendſhip's vice;
I'd have leſs favour frae the beſt,
Clad in a hateſu' hairy veſt
Beſtow'd by thee, than as I now
Stand but ill dreſt in native woo.
Boons frae the generous make ane ſmile,
Frae miſcr'ants make receivers vile.

EPIGRAM.

On receiving a preſent of an Orange *from Mrs.* G. L. *now Counteſs of* ABOYNE.

NOW, *Priam*'s ſon, thou may'ſt be mute,
For I can blythly boaſt with thee;
Thou to the faireſt gave the fruit,
The faireſt gave the fruit to me.

HEALTH: *A* POEM. *Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable the Earl of* STAIR.

BE't mine the honour, once again to hear,
And ſee the *beſt of men* for me appear,

I'll

I'll proudly chant: be dumb, ye vulgar throng,
Stair bids me ſing, to him theſe lays belong;
If he approves, who can condemn my ſong?

Of Health I ſing; O Health my portion be,
And to old age I'll ſing if bleſs'd by thee:
Bleſſing divine! heaven's faireſt gift to man!
Soul of his joys! and lengthner of his ſpan!
His ſpan of life preſerv'd with panting breath,
Without thy preſence proves a ling'ring death.

The victor kings may cauſe wide nations bow,
And half a globe with conqu'ring force ſubdue;
Bind princes to their axletrees, and make
The wondr'ing mob of ſtaring mortals quake:
Erect triumphal arches, and obtain
The loud huzza from thouſands in their train:
But if her ſweetneſs balmy health denies,
Without delight pillars or eneids riſe.

Coſmellius may on ſilky twilts repoſe,
And have a num'rous change of fineſt cloaths;
Box'd in his chair, he may be born to dine
On *Ortelons*, and ſip fine *Tokay* wine.
His liver, if an inflammation ſeize,
Or waſting lungs ſhall make him cough and wheeze;
No more he ſmiles, nor can his richeſt toys,
Or looking-glaſs, reſtore his wonted joys:
The rich brocade becomes a toilſome weight,
The brillant gem offends his weakly ſight;
Perfumes grow nauſeous then, nor can he bear
Loud tuneful notes, that us'd to charm his ear.
To pleaſe his taſte the cook attempts in vain,
When now each former pleaſure gives him pain.

Nor flowing bowls, loud laugh or midnight freik,
Nor ſmutty tale, delight the roving rake;
When health forſakes him, all diverſions tire;
There's nothing pleaſes, nothing can inſpire
A blithſome ſmile; he ſhuns the ſhine of light,
And broken ſlumbers make a weary night.
If ſilent ſleep attempts to bring him eaſe,
His watching fancy feels the whole diſeaſe:
He dreams a mountain lies upon his breaſt,
Or that he flies the fury of ſome beaſt;
Sees, at vaſt diſtance, guſhing from the rocks,
The cooling ſtream, — while burning thirſt provokes
Him, fainting, to climb up the craggy edge,
And drag his limbs through many a thorny hedge;
Hangs o're a precipice, or ſinks in waves:
And all the while he ſweats, turns, ſtarts and raves.

How mad's that man, puſh'd by his paſſions wild,
Who's of his greateſt *Happineſs* beguil'd;
Who ſeems, whate're he ſays, by actions low,
To court *diſeaſe*, our pleaſure's greateſt foe?

From *Paris*, deeply ſkill'd in nice ragoos,
In oleos, ſalmongundies and hogoes'
Montanus ſends for cooks, that his large board
May all invented luxury afford:
Health's never minded, while the appetite
Devours the ſpicy death with much delight.
Mean time king *Arthur*'s ſav'ry knighted loyn
Appears a clown, and's not allow'd to join
The marinated ſmelt, and ſturgeon joles,
Soup vermecell, ſouc'd turbet, cray and ſoals,
Fowls *a la daube*, and omelet of eggs,
The ſmother'd coney, and bak'd padocks legs,

Pullets

Pullets a biſk, and orangedo pye,
The larded peacock, and the *Tarts de Moy*,
The collard veal, and pike in caſſorole,
Pigs *a la Braiſe*, the tanſy and bruſole;
With many a hundred coſtly mingled diſh,
Wherein the moiety of fleſh or fiſh
Is wholly loſt, and vitiate as the taſte
Of them who eat the dangerous repaſt;
Until the feeble ſtomach's over-cram'd,
The fibres weaken'd, and the blood enflam'd.
What aking heads, what ſpleen, and drowzy eyes,
From undigeſted crudities ariſe?
But when *Montano*'s paunch is over cloy'd,
The *Bagnio*, or *Emetick* wine's employ'd.
Theſe he imagines methods the moſt ſure,
After a ſurfeit, to complete a cure:
But never dreams how much the balm of life
Is waſted by this forc'd unnat'ral ſtrife.
Thus peuther veſſel muſt by ſcouring wear,
While plate more free from droſs continues clear.
Long unconſum'd the oak can bear the beams,
Or lie for ages firm beneath the ſtreams:
But when alternately the rain and rays,
Now daſh, then dry the plank, it ſoon decays.
Luxurious man! altho' thou'rt bleſt with wealth,
Why ſhouldſt thou uſe it to deſtroy thy health?

Copy *Mellantius*, if you'd learn the art,
To feaſt your friends, and keep their ſouls alart,
One good ſubſtantial *Britiſh* diſh or two,
Which ſweetly in their natural juices flow,
Only appear. And here no danger's found,
To tempt the appetite beyond its bound;
And you may eat, or not, as you incline;
And, as you pleaſe, drink water, beer or wine.

Here hunger's ſafe, and gratefully appeas'd,
The ſpleen's forbid, and all the ſpirits rais'd,
And gueſts ariſe regal'd, refreſh'd and pleas'd.

Grumaldo views, from rais'd parteres around,
A thouſand acres of fat furrow'd ground,
And all his own; — but theſe no pleaſure yield,
While ſpleen hangs as a fog o'er every field:
The lovely landſkip clad with gilded corn,
The banks and meads which flowers and groves adorn,
No reliſh have; his envious ſullen mind,
Still on the fret, complains his fate's unkind:
Something he wants which always flies his reach,
Which makes him groan beneath his ſpreading beach.
When all of nature, ſilent, ſeem to ſhun
Their cares, and nod till the returning ſun;
His envious thoughts forbid refreſhing ſleep,
And on the rack his hopeleſs wiſhes keep:
Fatigu'd and drumbly from the down he flies,
With ſkinny cheek, pale lips and blood-run eyes.
Thus toil'd with lab'ring thoughts he looks agaſt,
And taſteleſs loaths the nouriſhing repaſt.
Meager diſeaſe an eaſy paſſage finds,
Where joy's debarr'd, in ſuch corroded minds.
Such take no care the ſprings of life to ſave,
Neglect their Health, and quickly fill a grave.

Unlike gay *Myrtle*, who with chearful air,
Leſs envious, tho' leſs rich, no ſlave to care,
Thinks what he has enough, and ſcorns to fret,
While he ſees thouſands leſs oblig'd to fate,
And oftner from his ſtation caſts his eye
On thoſe below him, than on them more high:
Thus envy finds no acceſs to his breaſt,
To ſow'r his gen'rous joys, or break his reſt.

He

He ſtudies to do actions juſt and kind,
Which with the beſt reflections chear the mind:
Which is the firſt preſervative of Health,
To be preferr'd to grandeur, pride and wealth.
Let all who would pretend to common ſenſe,
'Gainſt pride and envy ſtill be on defence.
Who love their Health, nor would their joys controul,
Let them ne'er nurſe ſuch furies in their ſoul.

Nor wait on ſtrolling *Phimos* to the ſtews,
Phimos who by his livid colour ſhews
Him load with vile diſeaſes, which are fixt
Upon his bones, and with his vitals mixt.
Does that man wear the image of his God,
Who drives to death on ſuch an ugly road?
Behold him clad, like any bright bridegroom,
In richeſt labours of the *Britiſh* loom;
Embroider'd o'er with gold, whilſt lace or lawn
Waves down his breaſt, and ruffles o'er his hand,
Set off with art, which vilely he employs
In ſinks of death, for low dear purchas'd joys.
He graſps the blaſted ſhadow of the fair,
Whoſe ſickly look, vile breath, and falling hair,
The flag'd embrace, and mercenary ſqueeze,
The twangs of guilt, and terrors of diſeaſe,
Might warn him to beware, if wild deſire
Had not ſet all his thoughtleſs ſoul in fire.
O poor miſtaken youth! to drain thy purſe,
To gain the moſt malignant humane curſe!
Think on thy flannel, and mercurial doſe,
And future pains, to ſave thy nerve and noſe.
Think, heedleſs wight, how thy infected veins
May plague thee many a day with loathſome pains,
When the *French* foe his woeful way has made,
And all within has dire detachments laid;

There

There long may lurk, and, with deſtruction keen,
Do horrid havock e'er the ſymptom's ſeen.
But learn to dread the poiſonous diſeaſe,
When heavineſs and ſpleen thy ſpirits ſeize;
When feeble limbs to ſerve thee will decline,
And languid eyes no more with ſparkles ſhine;
The roſes from thy cheek will blaſted fade,
And leave a dull complexion like the lead:
Then, then expect the terrible attack
Upon thy head, thy conduit, noſe and back;
Pains through thy ſhoulders, arms, and throat and ſhins,
Will threaten death, and damp thee with thy ſins.
How frightful is the loſs, and the diſgrace,
When it deſtroys the beauties of the face!
When the arch'd noſe in rotten ruin lies,
And all the venom flames around the eyes;
When th'*Uvula* has got it's mortal wound,
And tongue and lips form words without a ſound;
When hair drops off, and bones corrupt and bare,
Through ulcerated tags of muſcles ſtare.

But vain we ſing inſtruction to his ear,
Who's no more ſlave to reaſon than to fear;
Hurried by paſſion, and o'ercome with wine,
He ruſhes headlong on his vile deſign:
The nauſeous *Bolus*, and the bitter pill,
A month of ſpitting, and the ſurgeon's bill,
Are now forgot, whilſt he: —But here 'tis beſt
To let the curtain drop, and hide the reſt
Of the coarſe ſcene, too ſhocking for the ſight
Of modeſt eyes and ears, that take delight
To hear with pleaſure *Urban*'s praiſes ſung,
Urban the kind, the prudent, gay and young,

Who

Who moves a man, and wears a roſie ſmile,
That can the faireſt of a heart beguile:
A virtuous love delights him with it's grace,
Which ſoon he'll find in *Myra*'s lov'd embrace,
Enjoying Health with all its lovely train
Of joys, free from remorſe, or ſhame or pain.

But *Talpo* ſighs with matrimonial cares,
His cheeks wear wrinkles, ſilver grow his hairs;
Before old age, his Health decays apace,
And very rarely ſmiles clear up his face.
Talpo's a fool, there's hardly help for that,
He ſcarcely knows himſelf what he'd be at:
He's avaritious to the laſt degree,
And thinks his wife and children makes too free
With his dear idol; this creates his pain,
And breeds convulſions in his narrow brain.
He always ſtartled at approaching fate,
And often jealous of his vertuous mate;
Is ever anxious, ſhuns his friends, to ſave:
Thus ſoon he'll fret himſelf into a grave;
There let him rot, — worthleſs the muſe's lays,
Who never read one poem in his days.

I ſing to *Marlus*, *Marlus* who regards
The well mean'd verſe, and generouſly rewards
The poet's care; obſerve now, if you can,
Ought in his carriage, does not ſpeak the man:
To him his many a winter wedded wife
Appears the greateſt ſolace of his life.
He views his offspring with indulgent love,
Who his ſuperior conduct all approve.
Smooth glide his hours, at fifty he's leſs old,
Than ſome who have not half the number told.

The chearing glaſs he with right friends can ſhare,
But ſhuns the deep debauch with cautious care.
His ſleeps are ſound, he ſees the morning riſe,
And lifts his face with pleaſure to the ſkies;
And quaffs the Health that's born on *Zephyr*'s wings,
Or guſhes from the rock in limpid ſprings.
From fragrant plains he gains the chearing ſmell,
While ruddy beams all diſtant dumps repell.
The whole of nature, to a mind thus turn'd,
Enjoying Health, with ſweetneſs ſeems adorn'd.
To him the whiſtling ploughman's artleſs tune,
The bleeting flocks, the oxens hollow crune,
The warbling notes of the ſmall chirping throng,
Delight him more than the *Italian* ſong.
To him the cheapeſt diſh of rural fare,
And water cool in place of wine more rare,
Shall prove a feaſt. On ſtraw he'll find more eaſe
Than on the down, even with the leaſt diſeaſe.

Whoever's tempted to tranſgreſs the line,
By moderation fix'd to enlivening wine;
View *Macro* waſted long before his time,
Whoſe head, bow'd down, proclaims his liquid crime.
The purple dye, with ruby pimples mixt,
As witneſſes upon his face are fixt.
A conſtant fever waſtes his ſtrength away,
And limbs enervate gradually decay.
The gout and palſy follow in the rear,
And make his being burthenſome to bear.
His ſqueamiſh ſtomach loaths the ſavory ſey,
And nought but liquids now can find their way
To animate his ſtrength, which daily flies,
'Till the young drunkard's paſt all hope, and dies.

To practiſe what we preach, O goddeſs born!
Aſſiſt thy ſlave, leſt *Bacchanalians* ſcorn
Thy inſpiration, if the tempting grape
Shall form the hollow eye, and idiot gape.

But let no wretched miſers, who repine,
And wiſh there were not ſuch a juice as wine,
Imagine here that we are ſo profane
To think that heav'n gave plenteous vines in vain.
No; ſince there's plenty, cups may ſparkling flow,
And we may drink 'till our rais'd ſpirits glow.
They will befriend our Health, while chearful rounds
Incline to mirth, and keep their proper bounds.
Fools ſhould not drink, I own, who ſtill wiſh more,
And know not when 'tis proper to give o'er.
Dear *Britons*, let no morning drinks deceive
Your appetites, which elſe at noon would crave
Such proper aliments, as can ſupport
At even your hearty bottle, Health and ſport.

Next view we ſloth (too oft the child of wealth)
A ſeeming friend, but real foe to Health.
Lethargus lolls his lazy hours away,
His eyes are drowſy, and his lips are blae;
His ſoft enfeebl'd hands ſupinely hing,
And ſhaking knees unus'd, together cling:
Cloſe by the fire his eaſy-chair too ſtands,
In which all day he ſnotters, nods and yawns.
Sometimes he'll drone as piquet, hoping gain,
But you muſt deal his cards, that's too much pain.
He ſpeaks but ſeldom, puffs at every pauſe,
Words being a labour to his tongue and jaws.
Nor muſt his friends diſcourſe above their breath,
For the leaſt noiſe ſtounds through his ears like death.

He

He cauſes ſtop each cranny in his room,
And heaps on cloaths, to ſave him from the rheum:
Free air he dreads as his moſt dangerous foe,
And trembles at the ſight of ice or ſnow.
The warming-pan each night glows o'er his ſheets,
Then he beneath a load of blankets ſweats;
The which (inſtead of ſhutting) ope's the door,
And let's in cold at each dilated pore.
Thus does the ſluggard Health and vigour waſte,
With heavy indolence; 'till at the laſt,
Sciatick, jaundice, dropſie, or the ſtone,
Alternate makes the lazy lubard groan.

But active *Hilaris* much rather loves,
With eager ſtride to trace the wilds and groves;
To ſtart the covy, or the bounding roe,
Or work deſtructive *Reynard*'s overthrow:
The race delights him, horſes are his care,
And a ſtout ambling pad his eaſieſt chair.
Sometimes to firm his nerves he'll plunge the deep,
And with expanded arms the billows ſweep:
Then on the links, or in the eaſtler walls,
He drives the gowff, or ſtrikes the tennis balls.
From ice with pleaſure he can bruſh the ſnow,
And run rejoycing with his curling throw;
Or ſend the whizzing arrow from the ſtring,
A manly game*, which by it ſelf I ſing.
Thus chearfully he'll walk, ride, dance or game,
Nor mind the northern blaſt, or ſouthern flame.
Eaſt winds may blow, and ſullen fogs may fall,
But his hale conſtitution's proof to all.
He knows no change of weather by a corn,
Nor minds the black, the blew, or ruddy morn.

* A Poem on ſeeing the archers playing at the rovers.

Here

Here let no youth extravagantly given,
Who values neither gold, nor Health, nor heaven,
Think that our ſong encourages the crime
Of ſetting deep, or waſting too much time
On furious game; which makes the paſſions boil,
And the fair mean of Health a weakning toil,
By violence exceſſive, or the pain
Which ruin'd loſers ever muſt ſuſtain.

Our *Hilaris* deſpiſes wealth ſo won;
Nor does he love to be himſelf undone,
But from his ſport, can with a ſmile retire,
And warm his genius at *Apollo*'s fire;
Find uſeful learning in the inſpired ſtrains,
And bleſs the generous poet for his pains.
Thus he by lit'rature and exerciſe,
Improves his ſoul, and wards off each diſeaſe.

Health's op'ner foes, we've taken care to ſhow,
Which make diſeaſes in full torrents flow:
But when theſe ills intrude, do what we will,
Then hope for Health from *Clark*'s approven ſkill,
To ſuch well ſeen in nature's darker laws,
That for diſorders can aſſign a cauſe:
Who know the virtues of ſalubrious plants,
And what each different conſtitution wants,
Apply for health.—But ſhun the vagrant quack,
Who gulls the crowd with *Andrew*'s comick clack;
Or him that charges gazettes with his bills,
His *Anadyens*, elixirs, tinctures, pills,
Who rarely ever cures, but often kills.
Nor truſt thy life to the old woman's charms,
Who binds with knotted tape thy legs or arms,
Which they pretend will purple fevers cool;
And thus impoſe on ſome believing fool.

When agues ſhake, or fevers raiſe a flame,
Let your phyſician be a man of fame;
Of well known learning, and in good reſpect,
For prudence, honour, and a mind erect:
Nor ſcrimply ſave from what's to merit due;
He ſaves your whole eſtate who ſuccours you.

Be grateful, *Britons*, for your temp'rate beams,
Your fertile plains, green hills, and ſilver ſtreams,
O'erclad with corns, with groves, and many a mead;
Where riſe green heights, where herds in millions feed:
Here uſeful plenty mitigates our care,
And Health with freſheſt ſweets embalms the air.

Upon thoſe ſhores, where months of circling rays
Glance feebly on the ſnow, and frozen bays;
Where, wrapt in fur, the ſtarving *Lapland* brood
Scarce keep the cold from curdling of their blood:
Here meager want, in all its pinching forms,
Combines with lengthned night and bleakeſt ſtorms,
To combate joyful Health and calm repoſe,
Which from an equal warmth and plenty flows.

Yet rather, O great ruler of the day,
Bear me to *Weygate*, or to *Hudſon*'s bay,
Than ſcorch me on theſe dry and blaſted plains,
Where rays direct inflame the boiling veins
Of gloomy negroes, who're oblig'd to breathe
A thickned air, with peſtilential death;
Where range out o'er th' unhoſpitable waſtes,
The hunger edg'd, and fierce devouring beaſts;
Where ſerpents crawl, which ſure deſtruction bring,
Or in the envenom'd tooth or forked ſting;
Where fleeting ſands ne'er yield t'induſtrious toil
The golden ſheave, or plants for wine and oil:

Health

Health muſt be here a ſtranger, where the rage
Of fev'riſh beams forbid a lengthen'd age.

Ye *Dutch*, enjoy your dams, your bulwarks boaſt,
And war with *Neptune* for a ſandy coaſt,
Whilſt frighted by theſe deep tumultuous powers,
You ſcarce dare ſleep in your ſubaqueous bowers:
Raiſe high your beds, and ſhun your croaking frogs,
And battle with tobacco ſmoak your fogs;
Soak on your ſtoves, with ſpirits charge your veins,
To ward off agues and rheumatick pains.

Let the proud *Spaniard* ſtrut on naked hills,
And vainly trace the plain for chriſtal rills,
Starve on a ſallet, or a garlick head,
Pray for his daily roots, not daily bread;
Be ſowr, and jealous of his friend and wife,
'Till want and ſpleen cut ſhort his thread of life.

Whilſt we on our auſpicious iſland find
What e'er can pleaſe the ſenſe, or chear the mind.
Bleſt *Queen of Iſles!* with a devout regard,
Allow me to kneel down and kiſs thy ſward,
Thy flow'ry ſward, and offer heaven a vow,
Which gratitude and love to thee makes due:
If e'er I from thy *Healthful* limits ſtray,
Or by a wiſh, or word, a thought betray,
Againſt thy int'reſt, or thy fair renown;
May never *Daphne* furniſh me a crown,
Nor may the firſt-rate judges of our iſle,
Or read or on my blythſome numbers ſmile.

Thalia here, ſweet as the light, retir'd,
Commanding me to ſing what ſhe'd inſpir'd,
And never mind the glooming criticks bray;
The ſong was her's. —— ſhe ſpoke, —— and I obey.

ROBERT, RICHY, *and* SANDY; *A Paſtoral on the death of* MATTHEW PRIOR *Eſq. Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable Perſon deſign'd by the Old* † SHEPHERD.

ROBERT the good, by a' the ſwains rever'd,
Wiſe are his words, like ſiller is his beard:
Near ſaxty ſhining ſimmers he has ſeen,
Tenting his hirſle on the *Moor-land* green:
Unſhaken yet with mony a winter's wind,
Stout are his limbs, and youthfu' is his mind.
But now he droops, ane wad be wae to ſee
Him ſae caſt down; ye wadna trow 'tis he.
By break of day he ſeeks the dowy glen,
That he may ſcowth to a' his mourning len:
Nane but the clinty craigs and ſerogy briers
Were witneſſes of a' his granes and tears;
Howder'd wi' hills a cryſtal burnie ran,
Where twa young ſhepherds fand the good auld man:
Kind *Richy Spec*, a friend to a' diſtreſt,
And *Sandy* wha of ſhepherds ſings the beſt;
With friendly looks they ſpeer'd wherefore he mourn'd,
He rais'd his head, and ſighing thus return'd.

ROBERT.

O *Matt!* poor *Matt!* —My lads, e'en take a ſkair
Of a' my grief; — Sweet ſinging *Matt*'s nae mair.
Ah heavens! did e'er this lyart head of mine
Think to have ſeen the cauldrife mools on thine!

† Robert late Earl of Oxford.

RICHY.

RICHY.

My heart miſgi'e me, when I came this way,
His dog its lane ſat yowling on a brae;
I cry'd, *Iſk-iſk*, — poor *Ringwood*, — fairy man;
He wag'd his tail, cour'd near, and lick'd my hand:
I clap'd his head, which eas'd a wee his pain;
But ſoon's I gade away, he youl'd again.
Poor kindly beaſt. Ah ſirs! how ſic ſhould be
Mair tender hearted mony a time than we!

SANDY.

Laſt ouk I dream'd my tupe that bears the bell,
And paths the ſnaw, out o'er a high craig fell,
And brak his leg. — I ſtarted frae my bed,
Awak'd, and leugh. — Ah! now my dream it's red.
How dreigh's our cares, our joys how ſoon away,
Like ſun-blinks on a cloudy winter's day!
Flow faſt, ye tears, ye have free leave for me;
Dear ſweet-tongu'd *Matt*, thouſands ſhall greet for thee.

ROBERT.

Thanks to my friends, for ilka briny tear
Ye ſhed for him; he to us a' was dear:
Sandy, I'm eas'd to ſee thee look ſae wan;
Richy, thy ſighs beſpeak the kindly man.

RICHY.

But twice the ſimmer's ſun has thaw'd the ſnaw,
Since frae our heights * *Eddie* was tane awa':
Faſt *Matt* has follow'd. — Of ſic twa bereft,
To ſmooth our ſauls, alake! wha have we left!

* Secretary Addiſon, whoſe obſequies are ſung in a Scots paſtoral, vol. 1. p. 172.

Waes me! o'er ſhort a tack of ſic is given,
But wha may contradict the will of heaven?
Yet mony a year he liv'd to hear the dale
Sing o'er his ſangs, and tell his merry tale.
Laſt year I had a ſtately tall aſh-tree,
Braid were its branches, a ſweet ſhade to me;
I thought it might have flowriſh'd on the brae,
(Tho' paſt its prime) yet twenty years or ſae:
But ae rough night the blat'ring winds blew ſnell,
Torn frae its roots, adown it ſouchan fell;
Twin'd of its nouriſhment, it lifeleſs lay,
Mixing its wither'd leaves amang the clay.
Sae flowriſh'd *Matt*: but where's the tongue can tell
How fair he grew? how much lamented fell?

SANDY.

How ſnackly cou'd he gi'e a fool reproof,
E'en wi' a canty tale he'd tell aff loof?
How did he warning to the doſen'd ſing,
By auld *Purganty*, and the *Dutchman*'s ring?
And Lucky's *Siller Ladle* ſhaws how aft
Our greateſt wiſhes are but vain and daft.
The wad-be wits, he bade them a' but pap
Their crazy heads into *Tam Tinman*'s ſhap;
There they wad ſee a ſquirrel wi' his bells
Ay wreſtling up, yet riſing like themſells.
Thouſands of things he wittily cou'd ſay,
With fancy ſtrang, and ſaul as clear as day;
Smart were his tales: but where's the tongue can tell
How blith he was? how much lamented fell?

RICHY.

And as he blythſome was, ſae was he wiſe,
Our laird himſell wa'd aft take his advice.

E'en

E'en cheek for chew he'd ſeat him 'mang them a',
And tak his mind 'bout kittle points of law.
When * clan *Red-yards*, ye ken, wi' wicked feud,
Had ſkaild of ours, but mair of his ain blood;
When I, and mony mae that were right crouſe,
Wad fain about his lugs have burnt his houſe:
Yet lady *Anne*, a woman meek and kind,
A ſae to wiers, and of a peaceſu' mind;
Since mony in the fray had got their dead,
To make the peace, our friend was ſent wi' ſpeed.
The very faes had for him juſt regard,
Tho' ſair he jib'd their ** foremoſt ſinging bard.
Careful was *Matt*: but where's the tongue can tell
How wiſe he was? how much lamented fell?

SANDY.

Wha cou'd, like him, in a ſhort ſang define
The bonny laſs, and her young lover's pine.
I'll ne'er forget that ane he made on *May*,
Wha brang the poor blate *Symie* to his clay;
To gratifie the paughty wench's pride,
The ſilly ſhepherd *bow'd, obey'd and dy'd.*
Sic conſtant laſſes as the *Nit Brown Maid*,
Shall never want juſt praiſes duly paid;
Sic claim'd his ſang, and ſtill it was his care
With pleaſing words to guide and ruſe the fair.
How ſweet his voice, when beauty was in view,
Smooth ran his lines, ay grac'd wi' ſomething new;
Nae word ſtood wrang: but where's the tongue can tell
How ſaft he ſung? how much lamented fell?

RICHY.

And when he had a mind to be mair grave,
A miniſter nae better cou'd behave;

* Lewis XIV. King of France.

** Boileau, whoſe ode on the taking Namure by the french 1692 he burleſqu'd, on its being retaken by the britiſh 1695.

Far out of ſight of ſic he aften flew,
When he of haly wonders took a view.
Well cou'd he praiſe the power that made us a',
And bids us in return but tent his law;
Wha guides us when we're waking or aſleep,
With thouſand times mair care than we our ſheep.
While he of pleaſure, power and wiſdom ſang,
My heart lap high, my lugs wi' pleaſure rang:
Theſe to repeat, braid-ſpoken I wad ſpill,
Altho' I ſhould employ my utmoſt ſkill.
He towr'd aboon: but ah! what tongue can tell
How high he flew? how much lamented fell?

ROBERT.

My benniſon, dear lads, light on ye baith,
Wha ha'e ſae true a feeling of our ſkaith:
O *Sandy*, draw his likeneſs in ſmooth verſe,
As well ye can; — then ſhepherds ſhall rehearſe
His merit, while the ſun mets out the day,
While ews ſhall bleet, and little lambkins mae.

I've been a ſauter, now three days are paſt,
While I for grief have hardly broke my faſt:
Come to my ſhiel, there let's forget our care,
I dinna want a rowth of country-fare,
Sic as it is, ye're welcome to a ſkair.
Beſides, my lads, I have a browſt of tip,
As good as ever wuiſh a ſhepherd's lip;
We'll take a ſcour o't to put aff our pain,
For a' our tears and ſighs are but in vain:
Come, help me up; — yon ſooty cloud ſhores rain.

To

To Mr. Pope.

THREE times I've read your *Iliad* o'er:
The firſt time pleas'd me *well*;
New beauties unobſerv'd before,
Next pleas'd me *better* ſtill.
Again I try'd to find a flaw,
Examin'd ilka line;
The third time pleas'd me *beſt* of a',
The labour ſeem'd divine.
Henceforward I'll not tempt my fate,
On dazling rays to ſtare,
Leſt I ſhould tine dear ſelf-conceit,
And read and write nae mair.

Epistle *to the Honourable* Duncan Forbes, Lord Advocate.

SHUT in a cloſet ſix foot ſquare,
No faſh'd with meikle wealth or care,
I paſs the live lang day;
Yet ſome ambitious thoughts I have,
Which will attend me to my grave,
Sic buſked baits they lay.

Theſe keep my fancy on the wing,
Something that's blyth and ſnack to ſing,
And ſmooth the runkled brow:
Thus care I happily beguile,
Hoping a plaudit and a ſmile,
Frae beſt of men, like you.

You, wha in kittle casts of state,
When property demands debate,
Can right what is dung wrang;
Yet blythly can, when ye think fit,
Enjoy your friend, and judge the wit
And slidness of a sang.

How mony, your reverse, unbleſt,
Whaſe minds gae wandring through a miſt,
Proud as the thief in hell,
Pretend, forsooth, they're gentle fowk,
'Cause chance gi'es them of gear the yowk,
And better cheils the ſhell?

I've ſeen a we'an aft vex it ſell,
And greet, becauſe it was not tall:
Heez'd on a board, O than!
Rejoicing in the artfu' height,
How ſmirky look'd the little wight!
And thought it ſell a man.

Sic bairns are ſome blawn up a wee
With ſplendor, wealth and quality,
Upon theſe ſtilts grown vain;
They o'er the pows of poor fowk ſtride,
And neither are to had nor bide,
Thinking this height their ain.

Now ſhou'd ane ſpeer at ſic a puff,
What gars thee look ſae big and bluff?
Is't an attending menzie?
Or fifty diſhes on your table?
Or fifty horſes in your ſtable?
Or heaps of glancing cunzie?

Are

Are theſe the things thou ca's thy ſell?
Come, vain gigantick ſhadow, tell,
If thou ſayeſt, yes — I'll ſhaw
Thy picture. — Means thy ſilly mind,
Thy wit's a croil, thy judgment blind,
And love worth nought aya.

Accept our praiſe, ye nobly born,
Whom heaven takes pleaſure to adorn
With ilka manly gift;
In *Courts* or *Camps* to ſerve your nation,
Warm'd with that generous emulation
Which your forbears did lift.

In duty, with delight, to you
Th' inferior world do juſtly bow,
While you're the maiſt deny'd;
Yet ſhall your worth be ever priz'd,
When ſtruting nathings are deſpis'd
With a' their ſtinkan pride.

This to ſet aff as I am able,
I'll frae a *Frenchman* thigg a fable,
And buſk it in a plaid:
And tho' it be a bairn of * *Motte's*,
When I have taught it to ſpeak *Scots*,
I am its ſecond dad.

'Twa books, near neighbours in a ſhop,
'The tane a guilded *Turky* fop,
'The tither's face was weather-beaten,
'And caf-ſkin jacket fair worm-eaten.

* Monſ. la Motte, who has written lately a curious collection of fables, from which the following is imitated.

'The

'The corky, proud of his braw ſuit,
'Curl'd up his noſe, and thus cry'd out,
'Ah! place me on ſome freſher binks,
'Figh! how this mouldy creature ſtinks!
'How can a gentle book like me
'Endure ſic ſcoundrel company?
'What may fowk ſay to ſee me cling
'Sae cloſe to this auld ugly thing;
'But that I'm of a ſimple ſpirit,
'And diſregard my proper merit?

'Quoth gray-baird, *Whiſht, ſir, with your din,*
'*For a' your meritorious ſkin,*
'*I doubt if you be worth within.*
'*For as auld faſhion'd as I look,*
'*May be I am the better book.*

'O heavens! I canna thole the claſh
'Of this impertinent auld haſh;
'I winna ſtay ae moment langer.
'*My lord, pleaſe to command your anger;*
'*Pray only let me tell you that* —
'What wad this inſolent be at!
'Rot out your tongue — pray', maſter *Symmer,*
'Remove me frae this dinſome *Rhimer:*
'If you regard your reputation,
'And us of a diſtinguiſh'd ſtation,
'Hence frae this beaſt let me be hurried,
'For with his ſtour and ſtink I'm worried.

'Scarce had he ſhook his paughty crap,
'When in a cuſtomer did pap;
'He up douſe *Stanza* lifts, and ey's him,
'Turns o'er his leaves, admires, and buys him:

'*This*

'*This book*, said he, *is good and scarce,*
'*The saul of sense in sweetest verse.*
' But reading title of gilt cleathing,
' Cries, *gods! who buys this bonny naithing?*
' *Nought duller e'er was put in print:*
' *Wow! what a deal of Turky's tint!*'

Now, sir, t' apply what we've invented,
You are the buyer represented:
And, may your servant hope
My lays shall merit your regard,
I'll thank the gods for my reward,
And smile at ilka fop.

The CLOCK *and* DIAL.

A E day a *Clock* wad brag a *Dial*,
And put his qualities to trial;
Spake to him thus,—*my neigbour, pray,*
Can'st tell me what's the time of day?
The *Dial* said, ' I dinna ken.'—
Alake! what stand ye there for then?—
' I wait here till the sun shines bright,
' For nought I ken but by his light,
Wait on, quoth Clock, *I scorn his help,*
Baith night and day my lane I skelp;
Wind up my weights but anes a-week,
Without him I can gang and speak:
Nor like an useless sumph I stand,
But constantly wheel round my hand:
Hark, hark, I strike just now the hour;
And I am right, ane,—twa,—three,—four.

While

While thus the *Clock* was boasting loud,
The bleezing sun brak throw a cloud;
The *Dial*, faithfu' to his guide,
Spake truth, and laid the thumper's pride:
'Ye see, *said he*, I've dung you fair,
'Tis four hours and three quarters mair.
'My friend, *he added*, count again,
'And learn a wee to be less vain:
'Ne'er brag of constant clavering cant,
'And that you answers never want;
'For you're not ay to be believ'd:
'Wha trust to you may be deceiv'd,
'Be councell'd to behave like me;
'For when I dinna clearly see,
'I always own I dinna ken;
'And that's the way of wisest men.'

An Ode *to the Memory of Lady* MARGARET ANSTRUTHER.

ALL in her bloom the graceful fair,
LUCINDA, leaves this mortal round;
Her loss a thousand mourners share,
And beauty feels the cruel wound.
Now grief and tears o'er all our joys prevail,
Viewing her rosy cheeks all cold and pale.

Thus some fair star distinguish'd bright,
Which decks the heavens, and guides the main;
When clouds obscure its glorious light,
It leaves the gloomy world in pain.
So sudden death has vail'd *LUCINDA*'s eyes,
And left us lost in darkness and surprize.

Nor

Nor ſweetneſs, beauty, youth nor wealth,
Nor blood, tho' nobly high it ſprings;
Not virtue's ſelf can purchaſe health,
When death ſevere his ſummon brings:
Elſe might the fair *LUCINDA*, young and gay,
Have bleſt the world with a much longer ſtay.

But ſay, ſweet ſhade, was it thy choice
To leave this low unconſtant globe;
Tir'd with its vain, its jangling noiſe,
Thou wiſely dropt thy humane robe:
Or tell us, guardian angels, tell us true,
Did ye not claim her hence as one of you?

Yes, well we know it is your way,
When here below ſuch beings ſhine,
To grudge us even our earthly clay,
Which form'd like her becomes divine.
Such you demand, and free from cares and fears,
Unmindful of our fruitleſs ſighs and tears.

Yet deign, ye friends to humane kind,
The lonely Conſort to attend;
O ſooth the anguiſh of his mind,
And let his killing ſorrows end.
Tell him, his ſighs and mourning to aſſwage,
Each day ſhe dwelt with him was worth an age.

Ye lovely virgins who excel,
Ye fair to whom ſuch ſtrains belong,
In melting notes her beauties tell,
And weep her virtues in a ſong:
See that ye place her merit in true light;
For ſinging her's, your own will ſhine more bright.

Let

Let east and west, and south and north,
Aloud the mournful musick hear,
How beauty's fallen beyond the *Forth*;
Let *Britain*'s genius cypress wear.
Yet *Britain*'s happy, who such beauty yields,
As forc'd from her's, will grace *Elysium*'s fields.

Elegy *on the Right Honourable* James *Lord* Carnegie, *who died the 7th of* January 1722, *the eighth year of his Age.*

As poets feign, and painters draw,
Love and the *Paphian* bride;
Sae we the fair *SOUTHESKA* saw,
CARNEGIE by her side.

Now sever'd frae his sweets by death,
Her grief wha can express?
What muse can tell the waefu' skaith,
Or mother's deep distress!

Sae roses wither in their buds,
Kill'd by an eastlen blast,
And sweetest dawns in *May* with clouds
And storms are soon o'ercast.

Ah checquer'd life! Ae day gives joy,
The nicst our hearts maun bleed:
Heaven caus'd a seraph turn a boy,
Now gars us trow he's dead.

Wha

Wha can reflect on's ilka grace,
The ſweetneſs of his tongue,
His manly looks, his lovely face,
And judgment ripe ſae young;

And yet forbear to make a doubt,
As did the Royal Swain,
When he with grief of heart cry'd out,
That man was made in vain?

Mortals the ways of providence
But very ſcrimply ſcan;
The changing ſcene eludes the ſenſe
And reaſonings of man.

How mony thouſands ilka year,
Of hopefu' children, crave
Our love and care, then diſappear,
To glut a gaping grave.

What is this grave? a wardrobe poor,
Which hads our rotting duds;
Th' immortal mind, ſerene and pure,
Is cleath'd aboon the clouds.

Then ceaſe to grieve, dejected Pair,
You had him but in truſt;
He was your beauteous ſon, your heir,
Yet ſtill ae haff was duſt.

The other to its native ſkies
Now wings its happy way;
With glorious ſpeed and joy he flys,
There bleſsfully to ſtray.

CARNEGIE then but changes clay,
For fair celeſtial rays:
He mounts up to eternal day,
And, as he parts, he ſays,
Adieu, Mamma, forget my tender fate;
Theſe ruſhing tears are vain, they flow too late.
This ſaid, he haſted hence with pleaſing joy;
I ſaw the gods embrace their darling boy.

An Ode, *ſacred to the Memory of the right honourable* ANNE *Lady* GAIRLIES.

HOW vain are our attempts to know?
How poor, alas! is reaſon's ſkill?
We blindly wander here below,
Yet fondly ſearch heaven's ſecret will.
Each day we ſee the young, the great, the ſmall,
The good, the bad, without diſtinction, fall.

Yet ſuch as have the reſt out-ſhin'd,
We ſhould be faulty to neglect;
Each grace of beauteous *GARLIA*'s mind
Deſerves the muſe's high reſpect.
But how ſhall ſhe ſuch worth and goodneſs paint?
A loving daughter, virtuous wife and ſaint?

Some ſeraph who in endleſs day
With themes ſublime employ the lyre,
Dart in my breaſt a ſhining ray,
And all my ſoul with her inſpire;
Elſe ſing your ſelves ſo fair a frame and mind,
As now ſupplies a place among your kind.

As we the glorious ſun admire,
Whoſe beams make ev'ry joy ariſe;
Yet dare not view the dazling fire,
Without much hazarding our eyes:
So did her beauties ev'ry heart allure,
While her bright virtues kill'd each thought impure.

She breath'd more ſweetneſs than the eaſt,
While ev'ry ſentence was divine;
Her ſmiles could calm each jarring breaſt;
Her ſoul was a celeſtial mine,
Where all the precious veins of virtue lay;
Too vaſt a treaſure long to lodge in clay.

Tho' ſprung from an * heroick race,
Which from the world reſpect does claim;
Yet wanted ſhe no borrowed grace,
Her own demands immortal fame:
Worthy as thoſe who ſhun the vulgar roads,
Start from the crowd, and riſe amongſt the gods.

Such pains as weaker minds poſſeſs,
Could in her breaſt no acceſs find;
But lowly meekneſs did confeſs
A ſteady and ſuperior mind.
Unmov'd ſhe bore theſe honours due the great,
Nor could have been depreſs'd with a more humble fate.

As to the fields the huntſman hies,
With joyful ſhouts he wakes the morn;
While nature ſmiles, ſerene the ſkies,
Swift fly his hounds, ſhrill blows his horn:
When ſuddenly the thund'ring cloud pours rain,
Defaces day, and drives him from the plain.

* She was daughter of the Earl Mariſchal of Scotland.

Thus young *BRIGANTIUS* circling arms
Grasp'd all that's lovely to his heart,
Rejoyc'd o'er his dear *ANNA*'s charms;
But not expecting soon to part:
When rigid fate, for reasons known above,
Snatch'd from his breast the object of his love.

Ah *GARLIES*! once the happiest man,
Than e'er before *BRIGANTINE* chief,
Now sever'd from your lovely *ANNE*,
'Tis hard indeed to stem your grief:
Yet mind what you might often from her hear,
What heaven designs, submissive we should bear.

Oh! ne'er forget that tender care,
Those heaven-born thoughts she did employ,
To point those ways how you may share
Above with her immortal joy.
Such a bright pattern of what's good and great,
Even angels need not blush to imitate.

The Lovely Lass *and the* Mirror.

A Nymph, with ilka beauty grac'd,
Ae morning by her toilet plac'd,
Where the leal-hearted *Looking-glass*
With *truths* addrest the lovely *Lass*; —
To do ye justice, heavenly fair,
Amaist in charms ye may compare
With *Venus* sell. — But mind *amaist*;
For tho' you're happily possest
Of ilka grace which claims respect,
Yet I see faults ye should correct;

I own they only trifles are,
Yet of importance to the fair.
What ſignifies that patch o'er braid,
With which your roſie cheek's o'erlaid?
Your natural beauties you beguile,
By that too much affected ſmile:
Saften that look, —— move ay with eaſe,
And you can never fail to pleaſe.

Thoſe kind advices ſhe approv'd,
And mair her monitor ſhe lov'd;
'Till in came viſitants a threave:
To entertain them, ſhe maun leave
Her *Looking-glaſs*. ——They fleetching praiſe
Her looks, —— her dreſs, —— and a' ſhe ſays,
Be't right or wrang; ſhe's hale compleat,
And fails in naithing fair or ſweet.
Sae much was ſaid, the *bonny Laſs*
Forgat her faithfu' *Looking-glaſs*.

CLARINDA, this dear beauty's *You*,
The *Mirror* is, ane *good* and *wiſe*,
Wha, by his counſels juſt, can ſhew
How nobles may to greatneſs riſe.
God bleſs the wark: ——if you're oppreſt
By parafites with falſe deſign,
Then will ſic faithfu' *Mirrors* beſt
Theſe underplotters countermine.

JUPITER's *Lottery.*

ANES *Jove*, bay ae great act of grace;
Wad gratify his humane race;

And order'd *Hermes*, in his name,
With tout of trumpet to proclaim
A royal lott'ry frae the ſkies,
Where ilka ticket was a prize.
Nor was there need for *Ten per Cent*,
To pay advance for money lent:
Nor brokers nor ſtockjobbers here
Were thol'd to cheat fowk of their gear.
The firſt-rate benefits were, *Health*,
Pleaſures, *Honours*, *Empire and Wealth*;
But happy he to whom wad fa'
Wiſdom, the higheſt prize of a':
Hopes of attaining things the beſt,
Made up the maiſt feck of the reſt.
Now ilka ticket ſald with eaſe,
At altars for a ſacrifice;
Jove a' receiv'd, ky, gates and ews,
Moor-cocks, lambs, dows or bawby-rows;
Nor wad debar e'en a poor droll,
Wha nought cou'd gi'e but his parol.
Sae kind was he no to exclude
Poor wights for want of wealth or blood;
Even whiles the gods, as record tells,
Bought ſeveral tickets for themſells.
When fou and lots put in the wheel,
Aft were they turn'd, to mix them well;
Blind chance to draw *Jove* order'd ſyne.
That nane with reaſon might repine:
He drew, and *Mercury* was clark,
The number, prize and name to mark.
Now *hopes* by millions faſt came forth,
But ſeldom prizes of mair worth,
Sic as dominion, wealth and ſtate,
True friends, and lovers fortunate.

Wiſdom,

Wiſdom, at laſt, the greateſt prize,
Comes up: —— aloud clark *Hermes* crys, ——
Number ten thouſand, —— come, let's ſee
The perſon bleſt. — Quoth *Pallas*, *Me*. ——
Then a' the gods for blythneſs ſang,
Throw heaven glad acclamations rang;
While mankind grumbling laid the wyte
On them, and ca'd the hale a byte.
Yes! cry'd ilk ane, with ſobing heart,
Kind *Jove* has play'd a parent's part,
Wha did this prize to *Pallas* ſend,
While we're ſneg'd off at the wob end.

Soon to their clamours *Jove* took tent,
To puniſh which, to wark he went,
He ſtraight with *Follies* fill'd the wheel,
In *Wiſdom*'s place they did as well;
For ilka ane wha *Folly* drew,
In their conceit, a' *Sages* grew:
Sae thus contented, a' retir'd,
And ilka fool himſelf admir'd.

The MISER *and* MINOS.

SHORT ſyne there was a wretched miſer,
With pinching had ſcrap'd up a treaſure;
Yet frae his hoords he doughtna take
As much wou'd buy a mutton-ſtake,
Or take a glaſs to comfort nature;
But ſcrimply fed on crumbs and water:
In ſhort, he famiſh'd 'midſt his plenty;
Which made ſurviving kindred canty,
Wha ſcarcely for him pat on black,
And only in his loof a plack,

Which even they grudg'd: ſic is the way
Of them wha fa' upon the prey;
They'll ſcarce row up the wretch's feet,
Sae ſcrimp they make his winding-ſheet,
Tho' he ſhou'd leave a vaſt eſtate,
And heaps of gowd like *Arthur's* ſeat.

Well, down the ſtarving ghaiſt did ſink,
'Till it fell on the *Stygian* brink;
Where auld *Van Charon* ſtood and raught
His wither'd loof out for his fraught;
But them that wanted wherewitha',
He dang them back to ſtand and blaw.
The *Miſer* lang being us'd to ſave,
Fand this, and wadna paſſage crave,
But ſhaw'd the *Ferry-man* a knack,
Jumpt in, — ſwam o'er, and hain'd his pack.
Charon might damn, and ſink and roar;
But a' in vain, — he gain'd the ſhore, —
Arriv'd: — the three pow'd dog of hell
Gowl'd terrible a treeple yell;
Which rouz'd the ſnaky *Siſters three*,
Wha furious on this wight did flie,
Wha'd play'd the ſmugler on their coaſt,
By which *Pluto* his dues had loſt;
Then brought him for this trick ſae hainous
Afore the bench of juſtice *Minos*.

The caſe was new, and very kittle,
Which puzzl'd a' the court na little;
Thought after thought with unco' ſpeed
Flew round within the Judge's head,
To find what puniſhment was due
For ſic a daring crime and new.

Shou'd

Shou'd he the plague of *Tantal* feel,
Or ſtented be on *Ixion*'s wheel,
Or ſtung wi' bauld *Prometheus*' pain,
Or help *Syſiph* to row his ſtane,
Or ſent amang the wicked rout
To fill the tub that ay rins out?
No, no, continues *Minos*, no,
Weak are our puniſhments below,
For ſic a crime; — he maun be hurl'd
Straight back again into the world.
I ſentence him to ſee and hear,
What uſe his friends make of his gear.

The APE *and the* LEOPARD.

THE *Ape* and *Leopard*, beaſts for ſhow,
The firſt a wit, the laſt a beau;
To make a penny at a fair,
Advertis'd a' their parts ſae rare.
The tane gae out with meikle wind,
His beauty 'boon the brutal kind;
Said he, I'm kend baith far and near,
Even kings are pleas'd when I appear;
And when I yield my vital puff,
Queens of my ſkin will make a muff;
My fur ſae delicate and fine,
With various ſpots does ſleekly ſhine. —

Now lads and laſſes faſt did rin
To ſee the beaſt with bonny ſkin:
His keeper ſhaw'd him round about;
They ſaw him ſoon, and ſoon came out.

But maſter *Monky* with an air
Hapt out, and thus harangu'd the fair;
Come, gentlemen, and ladies bonny,
I'll give ye paſtime for your money:
I can perform, to raiſe your wonder,
Of pawky tricks mae than a hunder.
My couſin *Spottie*, true he's braw,
He has a curious ſuit to ſhaw,
And naithing mair. — But frae my mind
Ye ſhall blyth ſatisfaction find.
Sometimes I'll act a cheil that's dull,
Look thoughtfu', grave, and wag my ſcull;
Then mimick a light-headed rake,
When on a tow my houghs I ſhake:
Sometime, like modern monks, I'll ſeem
To make a ſpeech, and nathing mean.
But come away, ye needna ſpeer
What ye're to pay; I'ſe no be dear:
And if ye grudge for want of ſport,
I'll give it back t' ye at the port.
The *Ape* ſucceeded, in fowk went, —
Stay'd long, — and came out well content.
Sae much will wit and ſpirit pleaſe,
Beyond our ſhape, and braweſt claiths.
How mony, ah! of our fine gallants
Are only Leopard in their talents!

The Ass *and* Brock.

UPON a time a ſolemn *Aſs*
Was dand'ring throw a narrow paſs,
Where he forgether'd with a *Brock*,
Wha him ſaluted frae a rock;

Speer'd

Speer'd how he did,—how markets gade,—
What's a' ye'r news,—and how is trade,—
How does *Jock Stot* and Lucky *Yad*,
Tam Tup, and *Bucky* honeſt lad?
Reply'd the *Aſs*, and made a heel,
E'en a' the better that ye'r weel,
But *Jackanapes* and ſnarling *Fitty*
Are grown ſae wicked, (ſome ca's't witty)
That we wha ſolid are and grave,
Nae peace on our ain howms can have;
While we are buſy gathering gear,
Upon a brae they'll ſit and ſneer.
If ane ſhou'd chance to breathe behin',
Or ha'e ſome ſlaver at his chin,
Or 'gainſt a tree ſhou'd rub his arſe;
That's ſubject for a winſome *Farce*:
There draw they *me*, as void of thinking,
And *you*, my dear, famous for ſtinking;
And the bauld birſy *Bair* your frien',
A glutton dirty to the een,
By laughing *Dogs* and *Apes* abus'd,
Wha is't can thole to be ſae us'd!

Dear me! heh! wow!—and ſay ye ſae,—
Return'd the *Brock*,—I'm unko wae
To ſee this flood of wit break in,
O ſcour about, and ca't a ſin;
Stout are your lungs, your voice is loud;
And ought will paſs upon the crowd.

The *Aſs* thought this advice was right,
And bang'd away with a' his might;
Stood on a know amang the cattle,
And furiouſly 'gainſt wit did rattle;

Pour'd

Pour'd out a deluge of dull phraſes,
While *Dogs* and *Apes* leugh, and made faces.
'Thus a' the angry *Aſs* held forth,
Serv'd only to augment their mirth.

The FOX *and* RAT.

THE *Lyon* and the *Tyger* lang maintain'd
A bloody weir; — at laſt the *Lyon* gain'd.
The royal victor ſtrak the earth with aw,
And the four-footed world obey'd his law:
Frae ilka ſpecies *Deputies* were ſent,
To pay their homage due, and compliment
Their ſovereign *Liege*, wha'd gart the Rebels cour,
And own his royal right, and princely power.
After diſpute, the monieſt votes agree,
That *Reynard* ſhould addreſs his majeſty,
Ulyſſes like, in name of a' the lave;
Wha thus went on, — "O *Prince*, allow thy ſlave
"To rooſe thy brave atchievments and renown;
"Nane but thy daring front ſhou'd wear the crown,
"Wha art like *Jove*, whaſe thunderbowt can make
"The heavens be huſh, and a' the earth to ſhake;
"Whaſe very gloom, if he but angry nods,
"Commands a peace, and flegs the inferior gods.
"Thus thou, great king, haſt by thy conqu'ring paw,
"Gi'en earth a ſhog, and made thy will a law:
"Thee a' the animals with fear adore,
"And tremble if thou with diſpleaſure roar,
"O'er a' thou canſt us eith thy ſceptre ſway,
"As *Badrans* can with cheeping *Rottans* play."

This

This ſentence vex'd the Envoy *Rottan* ſair;
He threw his gab, and girn'd; but durſt nae mair.
The *Monarch* pleas'd with *Lowry*, wha durſt gloom?
A warrant's order'd for a good round ſum,
Which *Dragon*, Lord Chief Treaſurer, muſt pay
To ſly-tongu'd *Fleechy* on a certain day;
Which ſecretary *Ape* in form wrote down,
Sign'd *Lyon*, and a wee beneath, *Baboon*.
'Tis given the *Fox*. — Now *Bobtail* tap o' kin,
Made rich at anes, is nor to had nor bind;
He dreams of nought, but pleaſure, joy and peace,
Now bleſt with wealth, to purchaſe hens and geeſe.
Yet in his loof he hadna tell'd the gowd,
And yet the *Rottan*'s breaſt with anger glow'd;
He vow'd revenge, and watch'd it night and day,
He took the tid, when *Lowry* was away,
And throw a hole into his cloſet ſlips,
There chews the warrant a' in little nips.
Thus what the *Fox* had for his flatt'ry gotten,
Ev'n frae a *Lyon*, was made nought by an offended
Rottan.

The Caterpillar *and the* Ant.

A Penſy *Ant*, right trig and clean,
Came ae day whiding o'er the green:
Where to advance her pride, ſhe ſaw
A *Caterpillar* moving ſlaw:
Good-e'en t'ye, miſtreſs *Ant*, ſaid he,
How's a' at hame? I'm blyth to ſ'ye. —
The ſawcy *Ant* view'd him with ſcorn,
Nor wad civilities return;

But

But gecking up her head, quoth ſhe,
Poor animal, I pity thee,
Wha ſcarce can claim to be a creature,
But ſome experiment of nature,
Whaſe ſilly ſhape diſpleas'd her eye,
And thus unfiniſh'd was flung by.
For me, I'm made with better grace,
With active limbs, and lively face;
And cleverly can move with eaſe
Frae place to place where e'er I pleaſe:
Can foot a minuet or jig,
And ſnoov't like ony whirly-gig;
Which gars my Jo aft grip my hand
'Till his heart pitty-pattys, and ——
But laigh my qualities I bring,
To ſtand up claſhing with a *Thing*,
A *creeping Thing*, the like of thee,
Not worthy of a farewell t'ye.
The airy *Ant* ſyne turn'd awa,
And left him with a proud gaffa.
The *Caterpillar* was ſtruck dumb,
And never anſwer'd her a mum:
The humble *Reptile* fand ſome pain
Thus to be banter'd with diſdain.

But tent neiſt time the *Ant* came by
The *Worm* was grown a *Butterfly*;
Tranſparent were his wings and fair,
Which bare him flightering throw the air:
Upon a flower he ſtapt his flight,
And thinking on his former ſlight,
Thus to the *Ant* himſell addreſt,
Pray, madam, will ye pleaſe to reſt,
And notice what I now adviſe,
Inferiors ne'er too much deſpiſe;

for

For fortune may gi'e ſic a turn,
To raiſe aboon ye what ye ſcorn:
For inſtance, now I ſpread my wing
In air, while you're a *creeping Thing*.

The twa CATS *and the* CHEESE.

TWA *Cats* anes on a *Cheeſe* did light,
To which baith had an equal right;
But diſputes, ſic as aft ariſe,
Fell out a ſharing of the prize.
Fair play, ſaid ane, ye bite o'er thick,
Thae teeth of your's gang wonder quick:
Let's part it, elſe lang or the moon
Be chang'd, the *Kebuck* will be done.
But wha's to do't; — they're parties baith,
And ane may do the other ſkaith.
Sae with conſent away they trudge,
And laid the *Cheeſe* before a judge:
A *Monkey* with a campſho face,
Clerk to a juſtice of the peace,
A judge he ſeem'd in juſtice ſkill'd,
When he his maſter's chair had fill'd;
Now umpire choſen for diviſion,
Baith ſware to ſtand by his deciſion.
Demure he looks. — The *Cheeſe* he pales, —
He prives it good, — Ca'es for the ſcales;
His knife whops throw't, — in twa it fell;
He puts ilk haff in either ſhell:
Said he, we'll truly weigh the caſe,
And ſtricteſt juſtice ſhall have place;
Then lifting up the ſcales, he fand
The tane bang up, the other ſtand:

Syne

Syne out he took the heavieſt haff,
And ate a knooſt o't quickly aff;
And try'd it ſyne; — it now prov'd light:
Friend Cats, ſaid he, we'll do ye right.
Then to the ither haff he fell,
And laid till't teughly tooth and nail,
'Till weigh'd again it lighteſt prov'd.
The judge wha this ſweet proceſs lov'd,
Still weigh'd the caſe, and ſtill ate on,
'Till clients baith were weary grown,
And tenting how the matter went,
Cry'd, come, come, ſir, we're baith content:
Ye fools, quoth he, and *Juſtice* too,
Maun be content as well as you.
Thus grumbled *they*, thus *he* went on,
'Till baith the haves were near hand done:
Poor *Pouſies* now the daffine ſaw
Of gawn for nignyes to the law;
And bill'd the judge, that he wad pleaſe
To give them the remaining Cheeſe:
To which his worſhip grave reply'd,
The dues of court maun firſt be paid.
Now juſtice pleas'd: — what's to the fore
Will but right ſcrimply clear your ſcore;
That's our decreet; — gae hame and ſleep,
And thank us ye're win aff ſae cheap.

The CHAMAELEON.

TWA travellers, as they were wa'king,
'Bout the *Chamaeleon* fell a ta'king,
(Sic think it ſhaws them mettl'd men,
To ſay I've ſeen, and ought to ken;)

Say,

Says ane, 'tis a ſtrange beaſt indeed,
Four-footed, with a fiſh's head;
A little bowk, with a lang tail,
And moves far ſlawer than a ſnail;
Of colour like a blawart blue; —
Reply'd his nibour, *that's no true;*
For well I wat his colour's green,
If ane may true his ain twa een;
For I in Sun-ſhine ſaw him fair,
When he was dining on the air. —
Excuſe me, ſays the ither blade,
I ſaw him better in the ſhade,
And he is blue. — *He's green I'm ſure.* —
Ye lied. — *And ye're the ſon of a whore.* —
Frae words there had been cuff and kick,
Had not a third come in the nick,
Wha tenting them in this rough mood,
Cry'd, gentlemen, what! are ye wood?
What's ye'r quarrel, and 't may be ſpeer't?
Truth, ſays the tane, ſir, ye ſhall hear't:
The *Chamaeleon*, I ſay, he's blue;
He threaps he's green. — Now, what ſay you?
Ne'er faſh ye'r ſells about the matter,
Says the ſagacious arbitrator,
He's black. — Sae nane of you are right,
I view'd him well with candle-light;
And have it in my pocket here,
Row'd in my napkin hale and feer.
Fy! ſaid ae cangler, *what d'ye mean?*
I'll lay my lugs on't, that he's green.
Said th' ither, were I gawn to death,
I'd ſwear he's blue with my laſt breath.
He's black, the judge maintain'd ay ſtout;
And to convince them, whop'd him out:

But

But to ſurpriſe of ane and a',
The *Animal* was white as ſnaw,
And thus reprov'd them, 'Shallow boys,
'Away, away, make nae mair noiſe;
'Ye're a' three wrang, and a' three right,
'But learn to own your nibours ſight
'As good as yours. — Your judgment ſpeak,
'But never be ſae daftly weak
'T' imagine ithers will by force
'Submit their ſentiments to yours;
'As things in various lights ye ſee,
'They'll ilka ane reſemble me.'

The twa LIZARDS.

BENEATH a tree, ae ſhining day,
On a burn-bank twa *Lizards* lay
Beeking themſells now in the beams,
Then drinking of the cauller ſtreams.
Waes me, ſays ane of them to th' ither,
How mean and ſilly live we, brither?
Beneath the moon is ought ſae poor,
Regarded leſs, or mair obſcure!
We breathe indeed, and that's juſt a';
But forc'd by deſtiny's hard law
On earth like worms to creep and ſprawl:
Curſt fate to ane that has a ſaul!
Forby, gin we may trow report,
In *Nilus* giant *Lizards* ſport,
Ca'd *Crocodiles:* — ah! had I been
Of ſic a ſize, upon the green,
Then might I had my ſkair of fame,
Honour, reſpect, and a great name;

And

And *Man* with gaping jaws have ſhor'd,
Syne like a pa-god been ador'd.

Ah friend! replies the ither *Lizard*,
What makes this grumbling in thy gizzard?
What cauſe have ye to be uneaſy?
Cannot the ſweets of freedom pleaſe ye?
We free frae trouble, toil or care,
Enjoy the ſun, the earth and air,
The cryſtal ſpring, and green-wood ſhaw,
And beildy holes, when tempeſts blaw.
Why ſhou'd we fret, look blae or wan,
Tho' we're contemn'd by paughty man?
If ſae, let's in return be wiſe,
And that proud animal deſpiſe.

O fy! returns th' ambitious beaſt,
How weak a fire now warms thy breaſt!
It breaks my heart to live ſae mean;
I'd like t'attract the gazer's een,
And be admir'd. — What ſtately horns
The *Deer*'s majeſtick brow adorn!
He claims our wonder amd our dread,
Where e'er he heaves his haughty head.
What envy a' my ſpirit fires,
When he in cleareſt pools admires
His various beauties with delyte;
I'm like to drown my ſell with ſpite.
Thus he held forth, —when ſtraight a pack
Of *Hounds*, and *Hunters* at their back,
Ran down a *Deer* before their face,
Breathleſs and wearied with the chace.
The dogs upon the victim ſeiſe,
And bougles ſound his obſequies.

But neither *Men* nor dogs took tent
Of our wee *Lizards* on the bent,
While hungry *Bawty*, *Buff*, and *Tray*,
Devour'd the paunches of the prey.

Soon as the bloody deed was paſt,
The *Lizard* wiſe the proud addreſt,
Dear couſin, now pray let me hear
How wad ye like to be a *Deer*?

Ohon! quoth he, convinc'd and wae,
Wha wad have thought it anes a day!
Well, be a private life my fate,
I'll never envy mair the great:
That we are little fowk, that's true;
But ſae's our cares and dangers too.

MERCURY *in Queſt of* Peace.

THE gods cooſt out, as ſtory gaes,
Some being friends, ſome being faes,
To men in a beſieged city;
Thus ſome frae ſpite, and ſome frae pity,
Stood to their point with canker'd ſtrictneſs,
And leftna ither in dogs likeneſs.
Juno ca'd *Venus* whore and bawd,
Venus ca'd *Juno* ſcauldin jad,
E'en cripple *Vulcan* blew the low,
Apollo ran to bend his bow,
Dis ſhook his fork, *Pallas* her ſhield,
Neptune his grape began to wield.
What plague, crys *Jupiter*, hey hoy!
Maun this town prove anither *Troy*?

What,

What, will you ever be at odds,
Till mankind think us fooliſh gods?

Hey! miſtris *Peace*, make haſte, —— appear.
But madam was nae there to hear:
Come, *Hermes*, wing thy heels and head,
And find her out with a' thy ſpeed:
Trowth this is bonny wark indeed.

Hermes obeys, and ſtaptna ſhort,
But flys directly to the *Court*;
For ſure, thought he, ſhe will be found,
On that fair complimenting ground,
Where praiſes and embraces ran,
Like current coin 'tween man and man.
But ſoon, alake! he was beguil'd,
And fand that courtiers only ſmil'd,
And with a formal flat'ry treat ye,
That they mair ſickerly might cheat ye:
Peace was na there, nor e'er could dwell,
Where hidden envy makes a hell.

Nieſt to the ha', where juſtice ſtands
With ſword and ballance in her hands,
He flew; — no that he thought to find her
Between th' accuſer and defender;
But ſure he thought to find the wench
Amang the fowk that fill the bench;
Sae muckle gravity and grace
Appear'd in ilka judge's face:
Even here he was deceiv'd again,
For ilka judge ſtack to his ain
Interpretation of the law,
And vex'd themſells with *Had* and *Draw*.

Frae thence he flew ſtraight to the *Kirk*:
In this he prov'd as daft a ſtirk,
To look for peace, where never three
In ev'ry point cou'd e'er agree;
Ane his ain gate explain'd a text,
Quite contrair to his neighbour next,
And teughly toolied day and night,
To gar believers trow them right.

Then ſair he ſigh'd, — where can ſhe be? —
Well thought, — the univerſity,
Science is ane theſe maun agree.
There did he bend his ſtrides right clever,
But is as far miſtane as ever:
For here contention and ill nature
Had runkl'd ilka learned feature;
Ae party ſtood for ancient rules,
Anither ca'd the ancients fools;
Here ane wad ſet his ſhanks aſpar,
And rooſe the *Man* ſang *Troy* war,
Anither ca's him *Robin Kar*.

Well, ſhe's no here; —away he flies
To ſeek her amangſt families.
Tout, what ſhou'd ſhe do there I wonder?
Dwells ſhe with matrimonial thunder,
Where mates, ſome greedy, ſome deep drinkers,
Contend with thriftleſs mates or jinkers?
This ſays, 'tis black; and that, wi' ſpite,
Stifly maintains and threeps 'tis white.

Weary'd at laſt, quoth he, let's ſee
How branches with their ſtocks agree:
But here he fand ſtill his miſtake;
Some parents cruel were, ſome weak;

While

While bairns ungrateſu' did behave,
And wiſh'd their parents in the grave.

Has *Jove* then ſent me amang thir fowk,
Cry'd *Hermes*, here to hunt the gowk?
Well, I have made a waly round,
To ſeek what is na to be found.
Juſt on the wing, —— towards burn
A wee piece aff his looks did turn;
There miſtris *Peace* he chanc'd to ſee,
Sitting beneath a willow tree:
And have I found ye at the laſt?
He cry'd aloud, and held her faſt.
Here I reſide, quoth ſhe, and ſmil'd,
With an auld *Hermite* in this wild.
Well, madam, ſaid he, I perceive,
That ane may long your preſence crave,
And miſs ye ſtill; —but this ſeems plain,
To have ye, ane maun be alane.

The SPRING *and the* SYKE.

FED by a living *Spring*, a rill
Flow'd eaſily adown a hill;
A thouſand flowers upon its bank
Flouriſh'd fu' fair, and grew right rank;
Near to its courſe a *Syke* did ly,
Whilk was in ſimmer aften dry,
And ne'er recover'd life again,
But after ſoaking ſhowers of rain;
Then wad he ſwell, look big and ſpruſh,
And o'er his margine proudly guſh,

Ae day, after great waughts of weet,
He with the chryſtal current met,
And ran him down with unco' din,
Said he, how poorly does thou rin?
See with what ſtate I daſh the brae,
Whilſt thou canſt hardly make thy way.

The *Spring*, with a ſuperior air,
Said, ſir, your brag gives me nae care;
For ſoon's ye want your foreign aid,
Your paughty cracks will ſoon be laid.
Frae my ain head I have ſupply,
But you muſt borrow, elſe rin dry.

The DAFT BARGAIN. *A Tale.*

AT market anes, I watna how,
Twa herds between them coſt a cow;
Driving her hame, the needfu' *Hacky*
But ceremony chanc'd to k—.
Quoth *Rab* right ravingly to *Raff*,
Gin ye'll eat that digeſted draff
Of *Crummy*, I ſhall quat my part.—
A bargain be't, with a' my heart,
Raff ſoon reply'd, and lick'd his thumb,
To gorble't up without a gloom:
Syne till't he fell, and ſeem'd right yap
His mealtith quickly up to gawp;
Haff done, his heart began to ſcunner,
But lootna on 'till *Rab* ſtrak under;
Wha fearing ſkair of cow to tine,
Ate his *daft bargain* did repine.

Well,

Well, well, quoth *Raff*, tho' ye was raſh,
I'll ſcorn to wrang ye, ſenſeleſs haſh;
Come ſa' to wark, as I ha'e done,
And eat the ither haff as ſoon,
Ye's ſave ye'r part. — Content, quoth *Rab*, —
And ſlerg'd the reſt o't in his gab:
Now what was tint, or what was won,
Is eithly ſeen. — My ſtory's done. —
Yet frae this tale confed'rate ſtates may learn
To ſave their cow, and yet no eat her ſharn.

The twa CUT-PURSES. *A Tale.*

IN borrows-town there was a fair,
And mony a landart coof was there
Baith lads and laſſes buſked brawly,
To glowr at ilka bonny-waly,
And lay out ony ora bodles
On ſma' gimcracks that pleas'd their nodles:
Sic as a jocktaleg, or ſheers,
Confeckit ginger, plums or pears.

Theſe gaping gowks twa rogues ſurvey,
And on their caſh this plot they lay;
The tane, leſs like a knave than fool,
Unbidden clam the high cockſtool,
And pat his head and baith his hands
Throw holes where the ill-doer ſtands,
Now a' the crowd with mouth and een
Cry'd out, *what does the idiot mean?*
They glowr'd and leugh, and gather'd thick,
And never thought upon a trick,

'Till he beneath had done his job,
By tooming poutches of the mob;
Wha now poſſeſt of rowth of gear,
Scour'd aff as lang's the coſt was clear.

But wow? the ferly quickly chang'd,
When throw their empty fobs they rang'd;
Some girn'd, and ſome look'd blae wi' grief,
While ſome cry'd ont, *Fy had the thief.*
But ne'er a thief or thief was there,
Or cou'd be found in a' the fair.
The jip wha ſtood aboon them a',
His innocence began to ſhaw;
Said he, my friends, I'm very ſorry
To hear your melancholy ſtory;
But ſure whate'er your tinſel be,
Ye canna lay the wyte on me.

Epiſtle *to* Robert Yarde *of* Devonſhire, *Eſquire.*

FRAE northern mountains clad with ſnaw,
Where whiſtling winds inceſſant blaw,
In time now when the curling-ſtane
Slides murm'ring o'er the icy plain,
What ſprightly tale in verſe can *Yarde*
Expect frae a cauld *Scottiſh* bard,
With broſe and bannocks poorly fed,
In hoden gray right haſhly cled,
Skelping o'r frozen hags with pingle,
Picking up peets to beet his ingle,
While ſleet that freezes as it fa's,
Theeks as with glaſs the divot waws

Of

Of a laigh hut, where ſax thegither,
Ly heads and thraws on craps of heather?

Thus, ſir, of us the ſtory gaes,
By our mair dull and ſcornfu' faes:
But let them tauk, and gowks believe,
While we laugh at them in our ſleeve;
For we, nor barbarous nor rude,
Ne'er want good wine to warm our blood,
Have tables crown'd, — and hartſome biels,
And can in *Cumin*'s, *Don*'s or *Steil*'s,
Be ſerv'd as plenteouſly and civil,
As you in *London* at the devil.
You, ſir, your ſelf wha came and ſaw,
Own'd that we wanted nought at a',
To make us as content a nation,
As any is in the creation.

This point premis'd, my canty muſe
Cocks up her creſt without excuſe,
And ſcorns to ſcreen her natural flaws,
With *If*'s, and *But*'s, and dull *Becauſe*;
She pukes her pens, and aims a flight
Throu' regions of internal light,
Frae fancy's field, theſe truths to bring
That you ſhou'd hear, and ſhe ſhou'd ſing.

Langſyne, when love and innocence
Were humane nature's beſt defence,
E'er party-jars made lateth leſs,
By cleathing't in a monkiſk dreſs;
Then Poets ſhaw'd theſe evenly roads,
That lead to dwellings of the gods,
In theſe dear days, well ken'd to fame,
Divini Vates was their name;

It was, and is, and ſhall be ay,
While they move in fair vertue's way.
Tho' rarely we to ſtipends reach,
Yet nane dare hinder us to preach.

Believe me, ſir, the neareſt way
To happineſs, is to be gay;
For ſpleen indulg'd will baniſh reſt
Far frae the boſoms of the beſt:
Thouſands a-year's no worth a prin,
When e'er this faſhous gueſt gets in:
But a fair competent eſtate
Can keep a man frae looking blate,
Sae eithly it lays to his hand
What his juſt appetites demand.
Wha has, and can enjoy, O wow!
How ſmoothly may his minutes flow?
A youth thus bleſt with manly frame,
Enliven'd with a lively flame,
Will ne'er with ſordid pinch controul
The ſatisfaction of his ſoul.
Poor is that mind, ay diſcontent,
That canna uſe what God has lent:
But envious girns at a' he ſees,
That are a crown richer than he's;
Which gars him pitifully hane
And hell's aſe-middings rake for gain;
Yet never kens a blythſome hour,
Is ever wanting, ever ſowr.

Yet ae extreme ſhou'd never make
A man the gowden mien forſake.
It ſhaws as much a ſhallow mind,
And ane extravagantly blind,

If careleſs of his future fate,
He daftly waſte a good eſtate,
And never thinks 'till thoughts are vain,
And can afford him nought but pain.
Thus will a joiner's ſhavings bleez,
Their low will for ſome ſeconds pleaſe:
But ſoon the glaring leam is paſt,
And cauldrife darkneſs follows faſt:
While ſlaw the fagots large expire,
And warm us with a laſting fire.
Then neither, as I ken ye will,
With idle fears your pleaſures ſpill,
Nor with neglecting prudent care,
Do ſkaith to your ſucceeding heir.
Thus ſteering cannily throw life,
Your joys ſhall laſting be and rife:
Give a' your paſſions room to reel,
As lang as reaſon guides the wheel.
Deſires, tho' ardent, are nae crime,
When they harmonioufly keep time:
But when they ſpang o'er reaſon's fence,
We ſmart for't at our ain expence
To recreate us we're allow'd,
But gaming deep boils up the blood,
And gars ane at groomporters ban
The being that made him a man,
When his fair gardens, houſe and lands,
Are fa'n amongſt the ſharpers hands.
A chearfu' bottle ſooths the mind,
Gars corles grow canty, free and kind:
Defeats our care, and hales our ſtrife,
And brawly oyls the wheels of life:
But when juſt quantums we tranſgreſs,
Our bleſſing turns the quite reverſe.

T

To love the bonny ſmiling fair,
Nane can their paſſions better ware;
Yet love is kittle and unruly,
And ſhou'd move tently and hooly:
For if it get o'er meikle head,
'Tis fair to gallop ane to dead:
O'er ilka hedge it wildly bounds,
And grazes on forbidden grounds;
Where conſtantly, like furies, range,
Poortith, diſeaſes, death, revenge:
To toom anes pouch to dunty clever,
Or have wrang'd huſband prob ane's liver,
Or void ane's ſaul out throw a ſhanker;
In faith 'twad any mortal canker.

Then wale a virgin worthy you,
Worthy your love and nuptial vow:
Syne frankly range o'er a' her charms,
Drink deep of joy within her arms;
Be ſtill delighted with her breaſt,
And on her love with rapture feaſt.

May ſhe be blooming, ſaft and young,
With graces melting from her tongue;
Prudent and yielding to maintain
Your love, as well as you her ain.

Thus with your leave, ſir, I've made free
To give advice to ane can gi'e
As good again. —— But as meſs *John*
Said, when the ſand tald time was done,
'Ha'e patience, my dear friends a wee,
'And take ae ither glaſs frae me;
'And if ye think there's doublets due,
'I ſhanna bauk the like frae you.

The

The laſt Speech of a wretched Miſer.

O Dool! and am I forc'd to die,
And nae mair my dear ſiller ſee,
That glanc'd ſae ſweetly in my eye!
It breaks my heart;
My gowd! my bands! alackanie!
That we ſhou'd par't.

For you I labour'd night and day,
For you I did my friends betray,
For you on ſtinking caff I lay,
And blankets thin;
And for your ſake fed mony a flea
Upon my ſkin.

Like *Tantalus* I lang have ſtood
Chin deep into a ſiller flood;
Yet ne'er was able for my blood,
But pain and ſtrife,
To ware ae drap on claiths or food,
To cheriſh life.

Or like the wiſſen'd beardleſs wights,
Wha herd the wives of eaſtern knights,
Yet ne'er enjoy the ſaft delights
Of laſſes bony;
Thus did I watch lang days and nights
My lovely money.

Altho' my annual rents cou'd feed
Thrice forty fowk that ſtood in need,
I grudg'd

I grudg'd my ſell my daily bread:
And if frae hame,
My pouch produc'd an ingan head,
To pleaſe my wame.

To keep you coſie in a hoord,
This hunger I with eaſe endur'd;
And never dought a doit afford
To ane of ſkill,
Wha for a doller might have cur'd
Me of this ill.

I never wore my claiths with bruſhing,
Nor wrung away my ſarks with waſhing;
Nor ever ſat in taverns daſhing
Away my coin,
To find out wit or mirth by claſhing
O'er dearthfu' wine.

Abiet my pow was bald and bare,
I wore nae frizl'd limmer's hair,
Which takes of flower to keep it fair
Frae reeſting free,
As meikle as wad dine and mair
The like of me.

Nor kept I ſervants, tales to tell,
But toom'd my coodies a' my ſell;
To hane in candle I had a ſpell
Baith cheap and bright,
A fiſh-head, when it 'gins to ſmell,
Gives curious light.

What

What reason can I shaw, quo' ye,
To save and starve, to cheat and lie,
To live a beggar, and to die
Sae rich in coin?
That's mair than can be gi'en by me,
Tho' *Belzie* join.

Some said my looks were groff and sowr,
Fretfu', drumbly, dull and dowr:
I own it was na in my power,
My fears to ding;
Wherefore I never cou'd endure
To laugh or sing.

I ever hated bookish reading,
And musical or dancing breeding,
And what's in either face or cleading,
Of painted things;
I thought nae pictures worth the heeding,
Except the king's.

Now of a' them the eard e'er bure,
I never rhimers cou'd endure,
They're sic a sneering pack, and poor,
I hate to ken 'em;
For 'gainst us thrifty sauls they're sure
To spit their venom.

But waster wifes, the warst of a',
Without a youk they gar ane claw,
When wickedly they bid us draw
Our fillet spungs,
For this and that, to make them braw,
And lay their tongues.

Some loo the courts, ſome loo the kirks,
Some loo to keep their ſkins frae lirks,
Some loo to woo beneath the birks
Their lemans bony;
For me, I took them a' for ſtirks
That loo'd na money.

They ça'd me ſlave to uſury,
Squeeze, cleave the hair, and peel the flee,
Clek, flae the flint, and penury,
And ſauleſs wretch;
But that ne'er ſkaith'd or troubled me,
Gin I grew rich.

On profit a' my thoughts were bent,
And mony thouſands have I lent,
But fickerly I took good tent,
That double pawns,
With a cudeigh, and ten *per Cint*
Lay in my hands.

When borrow'rs brak, the pawns were rug,
Rings, beads of pearl, or ſiller jug,
I ſald them aff, ne'er faſh'd my lug
With girns or curſes,
The mair they whing'd, it gart me hug
My ſwelling purſes.

Sometimes I'd figh, and ape a ſaint,
And with a lang rat-rhime of cant,
Wad make a mane for them in want;
But for ought mair,
I never was the fool to grant
Them ony ſkair.

I thought ane freely might pronounce
That chiel a very ſilly dunce,
That cou'd not honeſty renounce,
With eaſe and joys,
At ony time, to win an ounce
Of yellow boys.

When young I ſome remorſe did feel,
And liv'd in terror of the deel,
His furnace, whips, and racking wheel;
But by degrees,
My conſcience grown as hard as ſteel,
Gave me ſome eaſe.

But fears of want, and carking care
To ſave my ſtock, — and thirſt for mair,
By night and day oppreſt me ſair,
And turn'd my head;
While friends appear'd like harpies gare,
That wiſh'd me dead.

For fear of thieves I aft lay waking
The live lang night till day was breaking,
Syne throu' my ſleep, with heart ſair aking,
I've aften ſtarted,
Thinking I heard my windows cracking,
When *Elſpa* f—.

O gear! I held ye lang thegither;
For you I ſtarv'd my good auld mither,
And to *Virginia* ſald my brither,
And cruſh'd my wife;
Bnt now I'm gawn I kenna whither,
To leave my life.

My life! my god! my ſpirit earns,
Not on my kindred, wife or bairns,
Sic are but very laigh concerns,
Compar'd with thee!
When now this mortal rotle warns
Me I maun die.

It to my heart gaes like a gun,
To ſee my kin and graceleſs ſon,
Like rooks already are begun
To thumb my gear,
And caſh that has not ſeen the ſun
This fifty year.

Oh, oh! that ſpendthrift ſon of mine,
Wha can on roaſted moorfowl dine,
And like dub-water ſkink the wine,
And dance and ſing;
He'll ſoon gar my dear dwarlings dwine
Down to nathing.

To that ſame place, where e'er I gang,
O cou'd I bear my wealth alang!
Nae heir ſhou'd e'er a farthing ſang,
That thus carouſes,
Tho' they ſhou'd a' on woodies hang,
For breaking houſes.

Perdition! *Sathan!* is that you!
I ſink! — am dizzy! — Candle blue.
Wi' that he never mair play'd pew,
But with a rair,
Away his wretched ſpirit flew,
It makſna where.

TIT *for* TAT.

BE-SOUTH our channel, where 'tis common
To be prieſt-ridden, man and woman;
A father, anes in grave proceſſion,
Went to receive a wight's confeſſion
Whaſe ſins, lang-gather'd, now began
To burden ſair his inner man.
But happy they that can with eaſe,
Sling aff ſic laids when e'er they pleaſe.
Lug out your ſins, and eke your purſes,
And ſoon your kind ſpiritual nurſes
Will eaſe you of theſe heavy turſes.

Cries *Hodge*, and ſighs, ah! father ghoſtly,
I lang'd anes for ſome jewels coſtly,
And ſtaw them frae a ſneaking miſer,
Wha was a wicked cheating ſqueezer,
And much had me and others wrang'd,
For which I aften wiſh'd him hang'd.
The father ſays, I own, my ſon,
To rob or pilfer is ill done;
But I can eith forgive the faut,
Since it is only *Tit for Tat*.

The ſighing penitent gade ſurder,
And own'd his anes deſigning murder;
That he had lent ane's guts a ſkreed,
Wha had gi'en him a broken head.
Replies the prieſt, my ſon, 'tis plain
That's only *Tit for Tat* again.

But ſtill the ſinner ſighs and ſobs,
And cries, ah! theſe are venial jobs
To the black crime that yet behind
Lyes like *Auld Nick* upon my mind:
I dare na name't; I'd lure be ſtrung
Up by the neck, or by the tongue,
As ſpeak it out to you: believe me,
The faut you never wad forgive me.
The haly man, with pious care,
Intreated, pray'd, and ſpake him fair,
Conjur'd him, as he hop'd for heaven,
To tell his crime, and be forgiven.

Well then, ſays *Hodge*, if it maun be,
Prepare to hear a tale frae me,
That when 'tis tald, I'm unko feard
Ye'll wiſh it never had been heard.
Ah me! your reverence's *Siſter*,
Ten times I carnally have — kiſt her.
All's fair, returns the reverend *Brother*,
I've done *the ſamen* with your *Mother*
Three times as aſt; and ſae for that
We're on a level, *Tit for Tat*.

Epiſtle from Mr. WILLIAM STARRAT *Teacher of Mathematicks at* Straban *in* Ireland.

AE windy day laſt owk, I'll ne'er forget,
I think I hear the hailſtanes rattling yet;
On *Crochan* buſs my hirdſell took the lee,
As ane wad wiſh, juſt a' beneath my Ee:

I in

I in the beild of yon auld birk-tree ſide,
Poor cauldrife *Coly* whing'd aneath my plaid,
Right tozylie was ſet to eaſe my ſtumps,
Well hap'd with bountith-hoſe and twa ſoll'd pumps;
Syne on my four-hours luntion chew'd my cude,
Sic kilter pat me in a merry mood:
My whiſtle frae my blanket-nook I drew,
And lilted owre thir twa three lines to you.

Blaw up my heart-ſtrings ye *Pierian* quines,
That ga'e the *Grecian* bards their bony rhimes,
And learn'd the *Latin* lowns ſic ſprings to play,
As gars the world gang dancing to this day.

In vain I ſeek your help; 'tis bootleſs toil
With ſic dead aſe to muck a moorland ſoil,
Give me the muſe that calls paſt ages back,
And ſhaws proud ſouthren ſangſters their miſtake,
That frae their *Thames* can fetch the laurel north,
And big *Parnaſſus* on the frith of *Forth*.

Thy breaſt alane this gladſome gueſt does fill
With ſtrains, that warm our hearts like cannel gill,
And learns thee in thy umquhile gutcher's tongue,
The blytheſt lilts that e'er my lugs heard ſung.
RAMSAY! for ever live: for wha like you
In deathleſs ſang ſic life-like pictures drew?
Not he wha whilome with his harp cou'd ca'
The dancing ſtanes to big the *Theban* wa';
Nor he (ſhameſa's fool head) as ſtories tell
Could whiſtle back an auld dead wife frae hell;
Nor e'en the loyal brooker of *Bell-trees*,
Wha ſang with hungry wame his want of fees;
Nor *Haby*'s dron cou'd with thy wind-pipe pleaſe,

When in his well kend clink thou manes the death
Of Lucky *Wood* and *Spence* (a matchleſs ſkaith
To *Canigate*) ſae gaſh thy gab-trees gang,
The carlines live for ever in thy ſang.

Or, when the country bridal thou purſues,
To redd the regal tulzie ſets thy muſe,
Thy ſoothing ſangs bring canker'd carles to eaſe,
Some lowps to *Lutter*'s pipe, ſome birls bawbies.

But gin to graver notes, thou tunes thy breath,
And ſings poor *Sandy*'s grief for *Edie*'s death,
Or *Matthew*'s loſs; the lambs in conſort mae,
And laneſome *Ringwood* youls upon the brae.

Good God! what tuneleſs heart-ſtrings wadna twang,
When love and beauty animates thy ſang?
Skies echoe back, when thou blaws up thy reed,
In *Burchet*'s praiſe, for clapping of thy head:
And when thou bids the paughty *Czar* ſtand yon,
The wandought ſeems beneath thee on his throne.
Now, be my ſaul, and I have nought behin,
And weil I wat ſaufe ſwearing is a ſin,
I'd rather have thy pipe, and twa three ſheep,
Than a' the gold the monarchs coffers keep.

COLY, look out, the few we have's gane wrang,
This ſe'nteen owks I have not play'd ſae lang;
Ha, *Crummy*, ha — trowth I maun quat my ſang,
But, lad, neiſt mirk we'll to the haining drive,
When in freſh lizar they get ſpleet and rive;
The royts will reſt, and gin ye like my play,
I'll whiſtle to thee all the live lang day.

To

To Mr. WILLIAM STARRAT, *on receiving the above Epiſtle.*

FRAE fertile fields, where nae curs'd ethers creep;
To ſtang the herds that in raſh-buſſes ſleep;
Frae where ſaint *Patrick*'s bleſſings freed the bogs
Frae taids, and aſks, and ugly creeping frogs;
Welcome to me's the ſound of *STARRAT*'s pipe;
Welcome, as weſtlen winds, or berries ripe,
When ſpeeling up the hill, the *Dog-days* heat
Gars a young thirſty ſhepherd pant and ſweat:
Thus while I climb the muſes mount with care,
Sic friendly praiſes give refreſhing air.
O! may the laſſes loo thee for thy pains,
And may thou lang breathe healſome o'er the plains:
Lang mayſt thou teach, with round and nooked lines,
Subſtantial ſkill, that's worth rich ſiller mines;
To ſhaw how wheels can gang with greateſt eaſe,
And what kind barks ſails ſmootheſt o'er the ſeas;
How wind-mills ſhou'd be made,--and how they work
The thumper that tells hours upon the kirk:
How wedges rive the aik: — How pullieſes
Can lift on higheſt roofs the greateſt trees;
Rug frae its roots the craig of *Edinburgh* caſtle,
As eaſily as I cou'd break my whiſtle. —
What pleughs fits a wet ſoil, and whilk the dry;
And mony a thouſand uſeful things forby.

I own 'tis cauld encouragement to ſing,
When round ane's lugs the blatran hailſtanes ring;
But feckfu' folk can front the bauldeſt wind,
And ſlonk thro' moors, and never faſh their mind.

Aft have I wid throu' glens with chorking feet,
When neither plaid nor kelt cou'd fend the weet;
Yet blythly wald I bang out o'er the brae,
And ſtend o'er burns as light as ony rae,
Hoping the morn might prove a better day.
Then let's to lairds and ladies leave the ſpleen,
While we can dance and whiſtle o'er the green.
Mankind's account of good and ill's a jeſt,
Fancy's the rudder, and content's a feaſt.

Dear friend of mine, ye but o'er meikle rooſe
The lawly mints of my poor moorland muſe,
Wha looks but blate, when even'd to either twa,
That lull'd the deel, or bigg'd the *Theban* wa';
But trowth 'tis natural for us a' to wink
At our ain fauts, and praiſes frankly drink:
Fair fa' ye then, and may your flocks grow riſe,
And may nae elf twin *Crummy* of her life.

The ſun ſhines ſweetly, a' the lift looks blue,
O'er glens hing hovering clouds of riſing dew;
Maggy, the bonnieſt laſs of a' our town,
Brent is her brow, her hair a curly brown,
I have a tryſt with her, and maun away,
Then ye'll excuſe me 'till anither day,
When I've mair time; for ſhortly I'm to ſing
Some dainty ſangs, that ſall round *Crochan* ring.

BONNY CHRISTY.

HOW ſweetly ſmells the ſimmer green?
Sweet taſte the peach and cherry;
Painting and order pleaſe our een,
And claret makes us merry:

But

But fineſt colours, fruits and flowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirſty,
Loſe a' their charms and weaker powers,
Compar'd with thoſe of *Chriſty*.

When wand'ring o'er the flowry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting;
How lightſome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in conſort chanting?
But if my *Chriſty* tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration;
My thoughts with extaſies rejoice,
And drap the hale creation.
When e'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping ſhe'll prove a woman.
But dubious of my ain deſert,
My ſentiments I ſmother,
With ſecret ſighs I vex my heart,
For fear ſhe love another.

Thus ſang blate *Edie* by a burn,
His *Chriſty* did o'er-hear him;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But e'er he wiſt drew near him.
She ſpake her favour with a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her;
He wiſely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My *Chriſty!* —witneſs bony ſtream,
Sic joys frae tears ariſing;
I wiſh this may na be a dream:
O love the maiſt ſurpriſing

Time

Time was too precious now for tauk,
This point of a' his wiſhes;
He wadna with ſet ſpeeches bauk,
But wair'd it a' on kiſſes.

The BONNY SCOT, *To the Tune of,* The Boat-man.

YE gales that gently wave the ſea,
And pleaſe the canny Boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny *Scot*—man.
In haly bands
We join'd our hands;
Yet may not this diſcover,
While parents rate
A large eſtate,
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuſe in *Highland* glens
To herd the kid and goat — man,
E'er I cou'd for ſic little ends
Refuſe my bonny *Scot* — man.
Wae worth the man
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous faſhion,
Frae greedy views,
Love's art to uſe,
While ſtrangers to its paſſion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haſte to thy longing laſſie,
Wha pants to preſs thy bawmy mouth,
And in her boſome hawſe thee.

Love

Love gi'es the word,
Then haſte on board,
Fair winds and tenty Boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er
Frae yonder ſhore,
My blyth, my bonny *Scot* —— man.

LOVE *inviting* REASON. *A* Song *to the Tune of,* I am aſleep do not waken me.

WHEN innocent paſtime our pleaſure did crown,
Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
E'er *Annie* became a fine lady in town,
How lovely, and loving, and bonny was ſhe!
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee;
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And favour thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give *Annie* the ſpleen?
Can tyning of trifles be uneaſy to thee?
Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears frae theſe een,
That look with indifference on poor dying me?
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
And think on thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon thee.

Ah! ſhou'd a new gown, or a *Flanders* lace head,
Or yet a wee coatie, tho' never ſae fine,
Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
That anes had ſome hope of purchaſing thine?

Rouze

Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And dinna prefer ye'r fleegeries to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be ſolid and canny,
And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a *Paris* edition of new fangle *Sany*,
Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
By adoring himſelf, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,
And aim at theſe benniſons promis'd to me?
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And never prefer a light dancer to me;
O! as thou art bonny, be conſtant and canny,
Love only thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear charmer, on ilka ſweet hour,
That ſlade away ſaftly between thee and me,
E'er ſquirrels, or beaus, or fopery had power,
To rival my love, and impoſe upon thee.
Rouze up thy reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And let thy deſires be a' center'd in me;
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

The Bob *of* DUNBLANE.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripling kame;
For fainneſs, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dunblane*.
Haſte ye, gang to the ground of ye'r trunkies,
Buſk ye braw, and dinna think ſhame;
Conſider in time, if leading of monkies,
Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dunblane*.

Be

Be frank, my laſſie, leſt I grow fickle,
And take my word and offer again;
Syne ye may chance to repent it miekle,
Ye did na accept of the *Bob of Dunblane*.
The dinner, the piper and prieſt ſhall be ready,
And I'm grown dowie with lying my lane;
Away then leave baith minny and dady,
And try with me the *Bob of Dunblane*.

Throw the Wood LADDIE.

O *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to mourn?
Thy preſence cou'd eaſe me,
When nathing can pleaſe me;
Now dowie I ſigh on the bank of the burn,
Or throw the wood, laddie, untill thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lavrocks are ſinging,
And primroſes ſpringing;
Yet nane of them pleaſes my eye or my ear,
When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forſaken, ſome ſpare no to tell;
I'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning:
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander my ſell.

Then ſtay, my dear *Sandy*, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haſte here to thy marrow.
Wha's living in langour till that happy day;
When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, ſing and play.

Ann

Ann thou were my ain Thing.

ANN thou were my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
Ann thou were my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee.

Like bees that ſuck the morning dew
Frae flowers of ſweeteſt ſcent and hew,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,
And gar the gods envy me.
Ann thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the uſe of light,
I on thy beauties feaſt my ſight,
Syne in ſaft whiſpers through the night,
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my *Jean!*
She moves a goddeſs o'er the green:
Were I a king, thou ſhou'd be queen,
Nane but my ſell aboon thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

I'd graſp thee to this breaſt of mine,
Whilſt thou, like ivy, or the vine,
Around my ſtronger limbs ſhou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

Time's

Time's on the wing, and will not ſtay,
In ſhining youth let's make our hay,
Since love admits of no delay,
O! let na ſcorn undo thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar ſtand,
Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And with ilk ſmile thou ſhalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.
Ann thou were, &c.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY ſweeteſt *May* let love incline thee
T'accept a heart which he deſigns thee,
And as your conſtant ſlave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulneſs reward it;
'Tis proof a-ſhot to birth or money,
But yields to what is ſweet or bonny:
Receive it then with a kiſs and a ſmily,
There's my Thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting ſweet theſe lips of thine are!
Thy boſom white, and legs ſae fine are,
That when in pools I ſee thee clean 'em,
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wiſh, and I wiſh, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain;
Tho' kith and kin, and a' ſhou'd revile thee,
There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks, leſt they ſhou'd wander;

Gin

Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear laſſie, it is but daffin
To had thy woer up ay niff naffin:
That na, na, na, I hate it moſt vilely;
O ſay, yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

The HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland lads think they are fine,
But O they're vain and idly gaudy!
How much unlike that graceſu' mein,
And manly looks of my Highland Laddie?
O my bonny, bonny Highland Laddie,
My handſome charming Highland Laddie:
May heaven ſtill guard, and love reward
Our Lawland Laſs and her Highland Laddie.

If I were free at will to chuſe
To be the wealthieſt lawland lady,
I'd take young *Donald* without trews,
With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The braweſt beau in borrows town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady;
Frae winter's cauld and ſummer's ſun,
He'll ſcreen me with his highland plaidy
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room and silken bed,
May please a lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad
Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie;
And he ca's me his lawland lass:
Syne rows me in his highland plaidy
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Then that his love prove true and steady,
Like mine to him; which ne'er shall end,
While heaven preserve my highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

The COALIER'S *bonny* LASSIE.

THE Coalier has a daughter,
And O she's wonder bonny;
A laird he was that sought her,
Rich baith in lands and money.
The tutors watch'd the motion
Of this young honest lover:
But love is like the ocean:
Wha can it's depth discover?

He had the art to please ye,
And was by a' respected;
His airs sat round him easy,
Genteel, but unaffected.

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The coalier's bonny laſſie
  Fair as the new blown lilly,
Ay ſweet, and never ſaucy,
  Secur'd the heart of *Willy.*

He lov'd beyond expreſſion
  The charms that were about her,
And panted for poſſeſſion;
  His life was dull without her.
After mature reſolving,
  Cloſe to his breaſt he held her,
In ſafteſt flames diſſolving,
  He tenderly thus tell'd her;

My bonny coalier's daughter,
  Let nathing diſcompoſe ye,
'Tis not your ſcanty tocher
  Shall ever make me loſe ye;
For I have gear in plenty,
  And love ſays, 'tis my duty
To ware what heaven has lent me
  Upon your wit and beauty.

To L. L. *in Mourning. To the Tune of,* Where Helen lyes.

AH! why thoſe tears in *Nelly*'s eyes?
  To hear thy tender ſighs and cries,
The gods ſtand liſt'ning from the ſkies,
  Pleas'd with thy piety.
To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
And of one dying take a care,
Who views thee as an angel fair,
  Or ſome divinity.

O be leſs graceful or more kind,
And cool this fever of my mind,
Cauſed by the boy ſevere and blind,
Wounded I ſigh for thee;
While hardly dare I hope to riſe
To ſuch a height, by *Hymen's* tyes,
To lay me down where *Helen* lyes,
And with thy charms be free.

Then muſt I hide my love and die,
When ſuch a ſovereign cure is by?
No, ſhe can love, and I'll go try,
Whate'er my fate may be.
Which ſoon I'll read in her bright eyes;
With thoſe dear agents I'll adviſe,
They tell the truth, when tongues tell lies,
The leaſt believ'd by me.

An Ode, *With a* Paſtoral Recitative *on the Marriage of the Right Honourable,* James *Earl of* Wemyss *and Mrs.* Janet Charteris.

RECITATIVE.

LAST morn young *Roſalind*, with laughing een,
Met with the ſinging ſhepherd on the green;
Armyas height, wha us'd with tuneſu' lay
To pleaſe the ear, when he began to play:
Him with a ſmile the blooming laſs addreſt;
Her chearfu' look her inward joy confeſt.

ROSALIND.

Dear ſhepherd, now exert your wonted fire,
I'll tell you news that ſhall your thoughts inſpire.

ARMYAS.

Out wi' them, bonny laſs, and if they'll bear,
But ceremony you a Sang ſhall hear.

ROSALIND.

They'll bear, and do invite the blytheſt ſtrains,
The beauteous *CHARTERISSA* of theſe plains,
Still to them dear, wha late made us ſae wae,
When we heard tell ſhe was far aff to gae,
And leave our heartſome fields, her native land,
Now's ta'en in time, and fix'd by *Hymen*'s band.

ARMYAS.

To whom? ſpeak faſt; — I hope ye dinna jeer.

ROSALIND.

No, no, my dear, 'tis true, as we ſtand here.
The Thane of Fife, wha lately wi' his *Flame*,
And *Vizy* leel, made the BLYTH BOWL his ain:
He, the delight of baith the ſma' and great,
Wha's bright beginning ſpae his ſonſy fate,
Has gain'd her heart; and now their mutual flame
Retains the fair, and a' her wealth, at hame.

ARMYAS.

Now *Roſalind*, may never ſorrow twine
Sae near your heart, as joys ariſe in mine.
Come kiſs me, laſſie, and you's hear me ſing
A bridal Sang that thro' the woods ſhall ring.

ROSALIND.

Ye'r ay ſae daft, come take it, and hae done;
Let a' the lines be ſaft, and ſweet the tune.

ARMY-

ARMYAS *Sings.*

COme, ſhepherds, a' your whiſtles join,
And ſhaw your blytheſt faces;
The Nymph that we were like to tine,
At hame her pleaſure places.
Lilt up your notes both loud and gay,
Yet ſweet as *Philomella's*,
And yearly ſolemnize the day
When this good luck befell us.

Hail to the THANE deſcended frae
MACDUFF renown'd in ſtory,
Wha *Albion*, frae tyrannick ſway,
Reſtor'd to antient glory:
His early bloſſoms loud proclaim,
That frae this ſtem he riſes,
Whaſe merits gives him right to fame,
And to the higheſt prizes.

His lovely Counteſs ſing, ye ſwains,
Nae ſubject can be ſweeter;
The beſt of blood flows in her veins,
Which makes ilk grace compleater:
Bright are the beauties of her mind
Which frae her dawn of reaſon,
With a' the rays of wit hath ſhin'd,
Which virtue ſtill did ſeaſon.

Straight as the plane her features fair,
And bonny to a wonder;
Were *Jove* rampaging in the air,
Her ſmiles might ſtap his thunder.

Rejoice in her then, Happy Youth;
Her innate worth's a treasure;
Her sweetness a' your cares will sooth,
And furnish endless pleasure.

Lang may ye live t'enjoy her charms,
And lang lang may they blossom,
Securely screen'd within your arms,
And lodged in your bosom.
Thrice happy Parents, justly may
Your breasts with joy be fired,
When you the darling Pair survey,
By a' the warld admired.

On seeing the ARCHERS *diverting themselves at the* Buts *and* Rovers, *&c. At the Desire of Sir* William Bennet.

Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.
APOLLO aft flings by his bows,
And plays the *Broom of Cowden-knows*;
He sometimes drinks, ——

His DEMAND.

'THE *Rovers* and the *Buts* you saw,
'And him who gives despotick law;
'In numbers sing what you have seen
'Both in the garden and the green,

'And

'And how with wine they clos'd the day
'In harmleſs toaſts, both blyth and gay:
'This to remember be't thy care,
'How they did juſtice to the fair.'

The ANSWER.

SIR, I with much delight beheld
The royal *Archers* on the field;
Their garb, their manner, and their game,
Wakes in the mind a martial flame.
To ſee them draw the bended yew,
Brings bygane ages to our view,
When burniſh'd ſwords and whizzing flanes
Forbade the *Norwegens* and *Danes*,
Romans and *Saxons*, to invade
A nation of nae foes afraid;
Whoſe virtue and true valour ſav'd
Them bravely from their b'ing enſlav'd:
Eſteeming't greater not to be,
Than loſe their darling *Liberty*.
How much unlike! — But mum for that,
Some beaus may ſnarl if we ſhould prat.
When av'rice, luxury and eaſe,
A tea-fac'd generation pleaſe,
Whaſe pithleſs limbs in ſilks o'erclad,
Scarce bear the lady-handed lad
Frae's looking-glaſs into the chair,
Which bears him to blaſtum the fair,
Wha by their actions come to ken
Sic are but in appearance men.
Theſe ill cou'd bruik, without a beild,
To ſleep in boots upon the field;
Yet riſe as glorious as the ſun,
To end what greatly they begun.

Nor cou'd it ſuit their taſte and pride
To eat an ox boil'd in his hide;
Or quaff pure element, ah me!
Without ream, ſugar and bohee.

Hail noble ghoſts of each brave Sire!
Whoſe ſauls glow'd with a god-like fire!
If you're to guardian poſts aſſign'd,
And can with greatneſs warm the mind;
Breathe manly ardours in your race,
Communicate that martial grace,
By which through Ages you maintain'd
The *Caledonian* rights unſtain'd;
That when our nation makes demands,
She may ne'er want brave hearts and hands.

Here, ſir, I muſt your pardon aſk,
If I have ſtarted from my taſk;
For when the fancy takes a flight,
We ſeldom ken where it will light.

But we return to view the band,
Under the regular command
Of * ane wha arbitrarly ſways,
And makes it law whate'er he ſays:
Him honour and true reaſon rule,
Which makes ſubmiſſion to his will
Nae ſlav'ry, but a juſt delight,
Whiles he takes care to keep them right;
Wha never lets a cauſe depend
'Till the purſuer's power's at end;
But, like a miniſter of fate,
He ſpeaks, and there's no more debate;
Beſt government, were ſubjects ſure
To find a prince fit for ſic pow'r.

* Mr. David Drummond preſident of the council.

But drop we caſes not deſir'd,
To paint the *Archers* now retir'd
From healthfu' ſport, to chearfu' wine,
Strength to recruit, and wit refine;
Where innocent and blythſome tale
Permits nae ſourneſs to prevail:
Here, ſir, you never fail to pleaſe,
Wha can in phraſe adapt with eaſe;
Draw to the life a' kind of ſowks,
Proud ſhaups, dull coofs, and gabbling gowks,
Gielaingers, and each greedy wight,
You place them in their proper light;
And when true merit comes in view,
You fully pay them what's their due.

While circling wheels the hearty glaſs,
Well flavour'd with ſome lovely laſs,
Or with the bonny fruitfu' dame,
Wha brightens in the nuptial flame.

My lord, your toaſt, the præſes crys:
To lady *Charlotte*, he replys.
Now, ſir, let's hear your beauty bright:
To lady *Jean*, returns the knight.
To *Hamilton* a health gaes round,
And one to *Eglinton* is crown'd.
How ſweet they taſte! — Now, ſir, you ſay:
Then drink to her that's far away,
The lov'd *Southeſk*. Neiſt, ſir, you name:
I give you *Baſil*'s handſome dame.
Is't come to me? then toaſt the fair
That's fawn, O *Cockburn*, to thy ſkair.
How hearty went theſe healths about!
How blythly were they waughted out!

To

To a' the ſtately, fair and young,
Frae *Haddington* and *Hoptoun* ſprung,
To *Lithgow*'s daughter in her bloom,
To dear *Mackay*, and comely *Home*,
To *Creighton*s every way divine,
To *Haldane* ſtraight as any pine.
O how delicious was the glaſs
Which was perfum'd with lovely *Beſs!*
And ſae theſe rounds were flowing gi'en,
To ſiſters *Niſbet*, *Nell* and *Jean*.
To ſweet *Montgomery* ſhining fair,
To *Prieſtfield* twins, delightfu' pair.
To *Katies* four of beauteous fame,
Stuart and *Cochran* lady claim,
Third *Hamilton*, fourth *Ardreſs* name.
To *Peggies Pentland*, *Bang* and *Bell*,
To *Minto*'s mate, and lively *Nell:*
To *Gordons* raviſhingly ſweet,
To *Maule* in whom the graces meet,
To *Hepburn* wha has charms in ſtore,
To *Pringle* harmony all o'er,
To the polite *Kinloch* and *Hay*,
To *Wallace* beautifu' and gay,
To *Campbell*, *Skeen* and *Rutherfoord*,
To *Maitland* fair the much ador'd,
To *Lockhart* with the ſparkling een,
To bonny *Crawford* ever green,
To *Stuarts* mony a dazling bairn,
Of *Invernytie* and *Denairn*.
To graceſu' *Sleigh*, and *Oliphant*,
To *Naſmith*, *Baird*, *Scot*, *Grier* and *Grant*,
To *Clerk*, *Anſtruther*, *Frank* and *Graham*,
To *Deans* agreeing with her name.
Where are we now —— Come, to the beſt
In *Chriſtendom*, and a' the reſt.

Dear

(Dear nymphs unnam'd, lay not the blame
On us, or on your want of fame,
That in this liſt you do not ſtand;
For heads gave way: — But there's my hand,
The neiſt time we have ſic a night,
We'll not neglect to do ye right.)

Thus beauties rare, and virgins fine,
With blooming belles enlivened our wine,
'Till a' our noſes 'gan to ſhine.

Then down we look'd upon the Great,
Who're plagu'd with guiding of the ſtate,
And pity'd each flegmatick wight,
Whoſe creeping ſauls ken nae delight,
But keep themſelves ay on the gloom,
Startled with fears of what's to come.
Poor paſſion! ſure by fate deſign'd
The mark of an inferior mind.
To heaven a filial fear we awe,
But fears nane elſe a man ſhou'd ſhaw.

Lads, cock your bonnets, bend your bows,
And, or in earneſt, or in mows,
Be ſtill ſucceſsful, ever glad,
In *Mars*'s or in *Venus*' bed;
Sae bards aloud ſhall chant your praiſe,
And ladies ſhall your ſpirits raiſe.

Thus, ſir, I've ſung what you requir'd,
As *Mars* and *Venus* have inſpir'd.
While they inſpire, and you approve,
I'll ſing brave deeds, and ſafter love;
'Till great *Apollo* ſay well done,
And own me for his native ſon.

Wrote

Wrote on Lady SOMERVILE'S *Book of* Scots SANGS.

GAE, canty book, and win a name;
Nae lyricks e'er ſhall ding thee:
Hope large eſteem, and laſting fame,
If *SOMERVILLA* ſing thee.
If ſhe thy ſinleſs faults forgive,
Which her ſweet voice can cover,
Thou ſhalt in ſpite of criticks live
Still grateful to each lover.

The NUPTIALS, *A* Maſque * *on the Marriage of his Grace* JAMES *Duke of* HAMILTON *and* BRANDON, *&c.*

Calliope, playing upon a Violencello, ſings,

JOY to the bridegroom, prince of *Clyde*,
Lang may his bliſs and greatneſs bloſſom;
Joy to his virtuous charming bride,
Who gains this day his grace's boſom.

Ap-

* An unknown ingenious friend did me the honour of the following introduction to the London Edition of this Maſque; and being a Poet, my vanity will be pardoned for inserting of it here.

'The preſent Poem being a revival of a good old form of poetry, in 'high repute with us, it may not be amiſs to ſay ſomething of a diverſion 'once ſo agreeable, and ſo long interrupted, or diſuſed. The original of 'Maſques ſeems to be an imitation of the Interludes of the ancients, pre'ſented on occaſion of ſome ceremony performed in a great and noble fa'mily. The actors in this kind of Half-Dramatick poetry have formerly 'been even Kings, Princes, and the firſt perſonages of the Kingdom; and 'in private families, the nobleſt and neareſt branches. The Machinery 'was of the greateſt magnificence; very ſhewy, coſtly, and not uncom'monly contrived by the ableſt Architects, as well as the beſt Poets. Thus 'we ſee in Ben. Johnſon the name of Inigo Jones, and the ſame in Carew; 'whether as the modeller only, or as poet in conjunction with them, ſeems

'to

Appear, great genius of his line,
And bear a part in the rejoicing;
Behold your ward, by powers divine,
Join'd with a mate of their ain chooſing.

Forſake a while the *Cyprian* Scene,
Fair queen of ſmiles and ſaft embraces,
And hither come, with a' your train
Of beauties, loves, and ſports, and graces,

Come, *Hymen*, bleſs their nuptial vow,
And them with mutual joys inſpire.
Deſcend, *Minerva*, for 'tis you
With virtue beets the haly fire.

At the cloſe of this ſong, enters the Genius of the family, clad in a ſcarlet robe, with a dukes coronet on his head, a ſhield on his left arm, with the proper bearing of Hamilton.

GENIUS.

Fair miſtreſs of harmonious ſounds, we hear
Thy invitation gratfu' to the ear;
Of a' the *Gods*, who from the *Olympian* height
Bow down their heads, and in thy notes delight,
Jove keeps this day in his imperial dome,
And I to lead th'invited *Gueſts* am come.

'to be doubtful, there being nothing of our Engliſh Vitruvius left (that I 'know of) that places him in the claſs of writers. Theſe ſhews we trace 'backwards as far as Henry VIII. from thence to Q. Elizabeth, and her 'ſucceſſor K. James, who was both a great encourager and admirer of 'them. The laſt Maſque, and the beſt ever written, was that of Milton, 'preſented at Ludlow Caſtle, in the praiſe of which no words can be too 'many: and I remember to have heard the late excellent Mr. Addiſon a-'gree with me in that opinion. Coronations, Princely Nuptials, Publick 'Feaſts, the Entertainment of foreign Quality, were the uſual occaſions 'of this performance, and the beſt Poet of the age was courted to be the 'Author. Mr. Ramſay has made a noble and ſucceſsful attempt to revive 'this kind of poeſy, on a late celebrated account. And tho' he is often to 'be admired in all his writings, yet, I think, never more than in his pre-'ſent compoſition. A particular friend gave it a ſecond edition in England, 'which, I fancy, the public will agree that it deſerved.'

Enter

Enter Venus, attended by three Graces, with Minerva and Hymen, all in their proper drosses.

CALLIOPE.

Welcome, ye bright *Divinities*, that guard
The brave and fair, and faithfu' love reward;
All hail, immortal progeny of *Jove*,
Who plant, preserve, and prosper sacred love.

GENIUS.

Be still auspicious to th'united pair,
And let their purest pleasures be your care;
Your stores of genial blessings here employ,
To crown th'*Illustrious Youth* and *Fair-ane*'s joy.

VENUS.

I'll breathe eternal sweets in ev'ry air;
HE shall look always great, SHE ever fair;
Kind rays shall mix the sparkles of his eye,
Round her the loves in smiling crowds shall fly,
And bear frae ilka glance, on douny wings,
Into his ravish'd heart the safest things:
And soon as *Hymen* has perform'd his rites,
I'll shower on them my hale *Idalian* sweets;
They shall possess,
In each caress,
Delights shall tire
The muses fire,
In highest numbers to express.

HYMEN.

I'll busk their bow'r, and lay them gently down,
Syne ilka langing wish with raptures crown;
The gloomy nights shall ne'er unwelcome prove,
That leads them to the silent scenes of love.
The sun at morn shall dart his kindest rays,
To chear and animate each dear embrace:

Fond

Fond of the Fair, he falds her in his arms;
She bluſhes ſecret, conſcious of her charms.
Rejoice, brave Youth,
In ſic a fouth
Of joys the gods for thee provide;
The roſy dawn,
The flow'ry lawn,
That ſpring has dreſs'd in a' its pride,
Claim nae regard
When they're compar'd
With blooming beauties of thy Bride.

MINERVA.

Faireſt of a' the goddeſſes, and thou
That links the lovers to be ever true,
The gods and mortals awn your mighty power,
But 'tis not you can make their ſweets ſecure:
That be my taſk, to make a friendſhip riſe,
Shall raiſe their loves aboon the vulgar ſize.
Thoſe near related to the brutal kind,
Ken nathing of the wedlock of the mind;
'Tis I can make a life a himny moon,
And mould a love ſhall laſt like that aboon.
A' theſe ſma' ſprings, whence cauld reſerve and ſpleen
Take their firſt riſe, and favour'd flow mair keen,
I ſhall diſcover in a proper view,
To keep their joys unmix'd, and ever new.
Nor jealouſy, nor envious mouth,
Shall dare to blaſt their love;
But wiſdom, conſtancy and truth,
Shall ev'ry bliſs improve.

GENIUS.

Thrice happy chief, ſae much the care
Of a' the family of *Jove*,
A thouſand bleſſings wait the fair,
Who is found worthy of his love.
Lang may the fair attractions of her mind
Make her ſtill lovelier, him for ever kind.

MINERVA.

The anceſtors of mightieſt chief and kings,
Nae higher can derive than humane ſprings;
Yet frae the common ſoil each wondrous root,
Aloft to heaven their ſpreading branches ſhoot:
Bauld in my aid, theſe triumph'd over fate,
Fam'd for unbounded thought or ſtern debate,
Born high upon an undertaking mind,
Superior raiſe, and left the crowd behind.

GENIUS.

Frae theſe deſcending, laurel'd with renown,
My *Charge* throw ages draws his lineage down.
The paths of ſic *Forbeers* lang may he trace,
And ſhe be *Mother* to as fam'd a race.

When blew diſeaſes fill the drumly air,
And red het bowts throw ſlaughts of lightning rair,
Or madning faction ſhakes the ſanguine ſword,
With watchfu' eye I'll tent my darling lord,
And his lov'd mate, — tho' furies ſhou'd break looſe,
Awake or ſleeping, ſhall enjoy repoſe.

I. *GRACE.*

While gods keep haly-day, and mortals ſmile,
Let nature with delights adorn the iſle:

Be

Be hush, bauld north, *Favonius* only blaw,
And ceaſe, bleak clouds, to ſhed or weet or ſnaw;
Shine bright, thou radiant ruler of the year,
And gar the ſpring with earlier pride appear.

II. *GRACE.*

Thy month, great queen of goddeſſes, make gay,
Which gains new honours frae this marriage day.
On *Glotta*'s banks, ye healthfu' hynds, reſort,
And with the landart laſſes blythly ſport.

III. *GRACE.*

Wear your beſt faces and your *Sunday*'s weeds,
And rouſe the dance with your maiſt tuneſu' reeds;
Let tuneſu' voices join the rural ſound,
And wake reſponſive echo all around.

I. *GRACE.*

Sing your great maſter, *Scotia*'s eldeſt ſon,
And the lov'd angel that his heart has won;
Come, ſiſters, let's frae arts hale ſtores collect
Whatever can her native beauties deck,
That in the day ſhe may eclipſe the light,
And ding the conſtellations of the night.

VENUS.

Ceaſe, buſy maids, your artfu' buſkings raiſe,
But ſmall addition to her genuine rays;
Tho' ilka plain and ilka ſea combine
To make her with their richeſt product ſhine,
Her lip, her boſom, and her ſparkling een,
Excel the ruby, pearl, and diamond ſheen:
Theſe leſſer ornaments, illuſtrious bride,
As bars to ſafter bleſſings, fling aſide,

Steal frae them ſweetly to your nuptial bed,
As frae its body ſlides the fainted ſhade;
Frae loath'd reſtraint to liberty above,
Where all is harmony, and all is love:
Haſte to theſe bleſſings, —— kiſs the night away,
And make it ten times pleaſanter than day.

HYMEN.

The whiſper and careſs ſhall ſhorten hours,
While kindly as the beams on dewy flowers;
Thy *Sun*, like him who the freſh bevrage ſips,
Shall feaſt upon the ſweetneſs of thy lips:
My haly hand maun chaſtly now unlooſe
That *Zone* which a' thy virgin charms encloſe:
That *Zone* ſhou'd be leſs gratefu' to the fair
Than eaſy bands of ſafter wedlock are.
That lang unbuckled grows a hateſu' thing,
The langer *Theſe* are bound, they mair of honour bring.

MINERVA.

Yes, happy pair, what e'er the gods inſpire,
Purſue, and gratify each juſt deſire:
Enjoy your paſſions, with full tranſports mixt;
But ſtill obſerve the bounds by vertue fixt.

Enter BACCHUS.

What brings *Minerva* here this rantin night?
She's good for nathing but to preach or fight:
Is this a time for either! —— ſwith away,
Or learn like us to be a thought mair gay.

MINERVA.

Peace, *Theban Roarer*, while the milder powers
Give entertainment, there's nae need of yours;

The

The pure reflection of our calmer joys
Has mair of heaven than a' thy flashy noise.

BACCHUS.

Ye canna want it, faith! you that appear
Anes at a bridal but in twenty year:
A ferly 'tis your dortiship to see;
But where was e'er a wedding without me?
Blew Een, remember, I'm baith hap and saul
To *Venus* there, but me she'd starve o' caul.

VENUS.

We awn the truth, — *Minerva*, cease to check
Our jolly brother with your disrespect;
He's never absent at the treats of *Jove*,
And shou'd be present at this feast of love.

GENIUS.

Maist welcome power, that chears the vital streams,
When *Pallas* guards thee frae thy wild extremes;
Thy rosy visage at these solemn rites,
My generous charge with open smiling greets.

BACCHUS.

I'm nae great dab at speeches that maun clink,
But there's my paw I shall sou tightly drink
A hearty health to thir same lovely *Twa*,
That are sae meikle dauted by you a';
Then with my juice a reeming bicquor crown,
I'll gi'e the toast, and see it fairly round.

Enter Ganymed, with a flagon in one hand, and a glass in the other, — speaks.

To you, blyth beings, the benign director
Of gods and men, — to keep your sauls in tift, —
Has sent you here a present of his nectar,
As good as e'er was browen aboon the lift.

BACCHUS.

Ha, *Gany*, come, my dainty boy,
Skink't up, and let us prive;
Without it life wad be a toy:
Here, gi'e me't in my nive.
(Takes the glaſs.) Good health to *Hamilton*, and his
Lov'd mate:—O father *Jove*, we crave
Thou'lt grant them a lang tack of bliſs,
And rowth of bonny bairns and brave.
Pour on them, frae thy endleſs ſtore,
A' benniſons that are divine,
With as good will as I waught o'er
This flowing glaſs of heav'nly wine.

(Drinks, and cauſes all the company to drink round.)

Come ſee't about, and ſyne let's all advance,
Mortals and gods be pairs, and tak a dance;
Minerva mim, for a' your morals ſtoor,
Ye ſhall with billy *Bacchus* fit the floor:
Play up there, laſſie, ſome blyth *Scottiſh* tune,
Syne a' be blyth, when wine and wit gae round.

The health about, muſick and dancing begin. —— The dancing over before her grace retires with the ladies to be undreſs'd; Calliope ſings the

EPITHALAMIUM.

Bright is the low of lawfu' love,
Which ſhining ſauls impart;
It to perfection mounts above,
And glows about the heart.
It is the flame gives laſting worth,
To greatneſs, beauty, wealth and birth,——
On you, illuſtrious youthfu' pair,

Who

Who are high heavens delight and care;
The bleſsfu' beam darts warm and fair,
And ſhall improve the reſt
Of a' theſe gifts baith great and rare,
Of which ye are poſſeſt.

BACCHUS, bear off your dinſome gang,
Hark, frae yon howms the rural thrang
Invite you now away;
While ilka hynd,
And maiden kind,
Dance in a ring,
While ſhepherds ſing
In honour of the day;
Gae drink and dance
'Till morn advance,
And ſet the twinkling fires,
While we prepare
To lead the fair
And brave to their deſires.

Gae, loves and graces, take your place,
Around the nuptial bed abide;
Fair *Venus* heighten each embrace,
And ſmoothly make their minutes ſlide.
Gae, *Hymen*, put the couch in caſe,
Minerva thither lead the bride;
Neiſt, all attend his youthfu' grace,
And lay him ſweetly by her ſide.

ODE *on the Marriage of the Right Honourable* GEORGE *Lord* RAMSAY *and Lady* JEAN MAULE.

HAIL to the brave apparent chief,
Boaſt of the *RAMSAYS Claniſh* name,
Whoſe anceſtors ſtood the relief
Of *SCOTLAND*, ages known to fame.

Hail to the lovely ſhe, whoſe charms,
Complete in graces, meets his love;
Adorn'd with all that greatneſs warms,
And makes him grateful bow to *Jove*.

Both from a line of patriots riſe,
Chiefs of *DALHOUSIE* and *PANMURE*,
Whoſe loyal fames ſhall ſtains deſpiſe,
While ocean flows and orbs endure.

The *RAMSAYS! Caledonia*'s prop;
The *MAULES!* ſtruck ſtill her foes with dread:
Now join'd; we, from the union, hope
A race of heroes ſhall ſucceed.

Let meaner ſouls tranſgreſs the rules
That's fix'd by honour, love and truth,
While little views proclaim them fools,
Unworthy beauty, ſenſe and youth.

Whilſt you, bleſt pair, belov'd by all
The powers above, and beſt below,
Shall have delights attend your call,
And laſting pleaſures on you flow.

What

What fate has fix'd, and love has done,
The guardians of mankind approve:
Well may they finiſh what's begun,
And from your joys all cares remove.

We wiſh'd, — when ſtraight a heavenly voice
Inſpir'd, — we heard the blew-ey'd maid
Cry, *Who dare quarrel with the choice?*
The choice is mine, be mine their aid.

Be thine their aid, O wiſeſt power,
And ſoon again we hope to ſee
Their plains return, ſplendid their tower,
And bloſſom broad the * *Edge-well-Tree.*

Whilſt he with manly merits ſtor'd,
Shall riſe the glory of his clan;
She for celeſtial ſweets ador'd,
Shall ever charm the graceſu' man.

Soon may their * *Royal Bird* extend
His ſable plumes, and lordſhips claim,
Which to his valiant Sires pertain'd,
E'er earls in *Albion* were a name.

Ye parents of the happy pair,
With gen'rous ſmiles conſenting, own
That they deſerve your kindeſt care:
Thus with the gods their pleaſure crown.

Haſte, ev'ry *Grace*, each *Love* and *Smile*,
From fragrant *Cyprus* ſpread the wing;
To deck their couch, exhauſt your iſle
Of all the beauties of the ſpring.

* See note vol. 1. p. 276.
* The ſpread Eagle ſable, on a field argent, is the arms of the Earl of Dalhouſie.

On them attend with homage due.
In him are *Mars* and *Phœbus* ſeen;
And in the noble Nymph you'll view
The ſage *Minerva* and your *Queen*.

Ode *on the Birth of the moſt Honourable Marquis of* Dumlanrig.

HELP me, ſome god, with ſic a muſe
As *Pope* and *Granvile* aft employ,
That I may flowing numbers chuſe,
To hail the welcome Princely Boy.

But, bred up far frae ſhining courts,
In moorland glens, where nought I ſee,
But now and then ſome landart laſs,
What ſounds polite can flow frae me?

Yet my blyth laſs, amang the lave,
With honeſt heart her homage pays;
Tho' no ſae nice ſhe can behave,
Yet always as ſhe thinks ſhe ſays.

Ariſe, ye nymphs, on *Nytha*'s plains,
And gar the craigs and mountains ring;
Rouſe up the ſauls of a' the ſwains,
While you the lovely Infant ſing.

Keep haly-day on ilka howm,
With gowan garlands gird your brows;
Out o'er the dales in dances roam,
And ſhout around the jovial news.

By

By the good benniſon of heaven,
To free you frae the future fright
Of foreign lords, a Babe is given,
To guard your int'reſt and your right.

With pleaſure view your Prince, who late
Up to the ſtate of manhood run,
Now, to complete his happy fate,
Sees his ain image in a Son.

A Son, for whom be this your pray'r,
Ilk morning ſoon as dawn appears,
GOD grant him an unmeaſur'd ſkair
Of a' that grac'd his great forbeers:

That his great Sire may live to ſee,
Frae his delightfu' infant ſpring,
A wiſe and ſtalwart progeny,
To fence their country and their king.

Still bleſs her Grace frae whom he ſprung,
With blythſome heal her ſtrength renew,
That throw lang life ſhe may be young,
And bring forth cautioners enow.

Watch well, ye tenants of the air,
Wha hover round our heads unſeen;
Let dear *DUMLANRIG* be your care,
Or when he lifts or ſteeks his een.

Ye hardy *Heroes*, whaſe brave pains
Defeated ay th'invading rout,
Forſake a wee th'*Eliſian* plains,
View, ſmile and bleſs your lovely Sprout.

Ye fair, wha've kend the joys of love,
And glow with chearfu' heal and youth,
Sic as of auld might nurſe a *Jove*,
Or lay the breaſt t'*Alcide*'s mouth;

The beſt and bonnieſt of ye a'
Take the ſweet babie in your arms;
May he nought frae your boſoms draw,
But nectar to nurſe up his charms.

Harmoniouſly the notes expreſs,
When ſinging you his dumps debar,
That diſcord never may impreſs
Upon his blooming mind a jar.

Sound a' the *Poet* in his ears,
E'en while he's hanging at the breaſt:
Thus moulded, when he comes to years,
With an exalted guſt he'll feaſt

On lays immortal, which forbid
The death of *DOUGLAS*' doughty name,
Or in oblivion let ly hid
The *HYDES* their beauty and their fame.

Epiſtle *to Mr.* JOHN GAY, *Author of the* Shepherd's Week, *on hearing her Grace Dutcheſs of* Queenſberry *commend ſome of his Poems.*

DEAR lad, wha linkan o'er the lee,
Sang *Blowzalind* and *Bowzybee*,
And, like the lavrock, merrily
Wak'd up the morn,
When thou didſt tune, with heartſome glee,
Thy bog-reed-horn.

To

To thee, frae edge of *Pentland* height,
Where fawns and fairies take delight,
And revel a' the live lang night,
O'er glens and braes,
A bard that has the ſecond ſight
Thy fortune ſpaes.

Now, lend thy lug, and tent me, *GAY*,
Thy fate appears like flow'rs in *May*,
Freſh flowriſhing, and laſting ay,
Firm as the aik,
Which envious winds, when criticks bray,
Shall never ſhake.

Come, ſhaw your loof. — Ay, there's the line
Fortells thy verſe ſhall ever ſhine,
Dawted whilſt living by the nine,
And a' the beſt,
And be, when paſt the mortal line,
Of fame poſſeſt.

Immortal *Pope*, and ſkilfu' * *John*,
The learned *Leach* frae *Callidon*,
With mony a witty dame and don,
O'er lang to name,
Are of your roundels very ſon,
And ſound your fame.

And ſae do I, wha rooſe but few,
Which nae ſma' favour is to you:
For to my friends I ſtand right true,
With ſhanks a ſpar;
And my good word (ne'er gi'en but due)
Gangs unko far.

Here

Here mettled men my muſe maintain,
And ilka beauty is my friend;
Which keeps me canty, briſk and bein,
Ilk wheeling hour,
And a ſworn ſae to hateſu' ſpleen,
And a' that's ſour.

But bide ye boy, the main's to ſay,
Clarinda bright as riſing day,
Divinely bonny, great and gay,
Of thinking even,
Whaſe words and looks, and ſmiles diſplay
Full views of heaven.

To rumage nature for what's braw,
Like lillies, roſes, gems and ſnaw;
Compar'd with her's, their luſtre fa',
And bauchly tell
Her beauties: ſhe excels them a',
And's like her ſell.

As fair a form as e'er was bleſt,
To have an angel for a gueſt;
Happy the prince who is poſſeſt
Of ſic a prize,
Whoſe vertues place her with the beſt
Beneath the ſkies.

O ſonſy *GAY*! this heavenly born,
Whom ev'ry grace ſtrives to adorn,
Looks not upon thy lays with ſcorn;
Then bend thy knees,
And bleſs the day that ye was born
With arts to pleaſe.

She ſays, thy ſonnet ſmoothly ſings,
Sae ye may craw and clap your wings,
And ſmile at *Ether-capite* ſtings
With careleſs pride,
When ſae much wit and beauty brings
Strength to your ſide.

Lilt up your pipes, and riſe aboon
Your *Trivia* and your moorland tune,
And ſing *Clarinda* late and ſoon,
In touring ſtrains,
'Till gratefu' gods cry out, well done,
And praiſe thy pains.

Exalt thy voice, that all around,
May echo back the lovely ſound,
Frae *Dover* cliffs, with ſamphire crown'd,
To *Thule*'s ſhore,
Where northward no more *Britains* found,
But ſeas that rore.

Thus ſing, — whilſt I frae *Arthur*'s height,
O'er *Chiviot* glowr with tyr'd ſight,
And langing wiſh, like raving wight,
To be ſet down,
Frae coach and ſax, baith trim and tight,
In *London* town.

But lang I'll gove and bleer my ee,
Before, alake! that ſight I ſee;
Then, beſt relief, I'll ſtrive to be
Quiet and content,
And ſtreek my limbs down eaſylie
Upon the bent.

There ſing the gowans, broom and trees;
The cryſtal burn and weſtlin breez,
The bleeting flocks, and biſy bees,
And blythſome ſwains,
Wha rant and dance, with kiltit dees,
O'er moſſy plains.

Farewell; — but, e'er we part, let's pray,
GOD ſave *Clarinda* night and day,
And grant her a' ſhe'd wiſh to ha'e,
Withoutten end! —
Nae mair at preſent I've to ſay,
But am your friend.

Ode to the Right Honourable GRACE *Counteſs of* ABOYN, *on her Marriage Day.*

IN martial fields the heroe toils,
And wades throw blood to purchaſe fame;
O'er dreadful waves, from diſtant ſoils,
The merchant brings his treaſures hame.

But fame and wealth no joys beſtow,
If plac'd alane they cyphers ſtand;
'Tis to the figure *Love* they owe
The real joys that they command.

Bleſt He who love and beauty gains,
Gains what conteſting kings might claim,
Might bring brave armies to the plains,
And loudly ſwell the blaſt of fame.

How

How happy then is young *ABOYN!*
Of how much heaven is he poſſeſt!
How much the care of pow'rs divine,
Who lyes in lovely *LOCKHART*'s breaſt!

Gazing in raptures on thy charms,
Thy ſparkling beauty, ſhape and youth
He graſps all ſoftneſs in his arms,
And ſips the nectar from thy mouth.

If ſympathetick likeneſs crave
Indulgent parents to be kind,
Each pow'r ſhall guard the charm they gave,
Venus thy face, *Pallas* thy mind.

O muſe, we could, — but ſtay thy flight;
The field is ſacred as 'tis ſweet;
Who dares to paint the ardent night,
When raviſh'd youth and beauty meet?

Here we muſt draw a veil between,
And ſhade thoſe joys too dazling clear,
By ev'ry eye not to be ſeen,
Not to be heard by ev'ry ear.

Still in her ſmiles, ye *Cupids*, play;
Still in her eyes your revels keep;
Her pleaſure be your care by day,
And whiſper ſweetneſs in her ſleep.

Be baniſh'd, each ill natur'd care,
Baſe offſpring of fantaſtick ſpleen;
Of acceſs here you muſt deſpair,
Her breaſt for you is too ſerene.

May

May guardian angels hover round
Thy head, and ward aff all annoy;
Be all thy days with raptures crown'd,
And all thy nights be bleſt with joy.

EPIGRAM.

MINERVA wandring in a myrtle grove,
Accoſted thus the ſmiling queen of love,
Revenge your ſelf, you've cauſe to be afraid,
Your boaſted pow'r yields to a *Britiſh* maid:
She ſeems a goddeſs, all her graces ſhine;
Love leads her beauty, which eclipſes thine.
Each youth, I know (ſays *Venus*) thinks ſhe's me;
Immediately ſhe ſpeaks, they think ſhe's thee:
Good *Pallas*, thus you're foil'd as well as I.
Ha, ha! (crys *Cupid*) that's my *MALYSLEIGH*.

On the Marriage of ALEXANDER BRODIE *of* Brodie, *Lord Lyon King of Arms, and Mrs.* MARY SLEIGH.

WHEN time was young, and innocence,
With tender love govern'd this round,
No mean deſign to give offence
To conſtancy and truth was found;
All free from fraud, upon the flow'ry ſward,
Lovers careſt with fond and chaſt regard.

From eaſy labours of the day
Each pair to leafy bowers retir'd;
Contentment kept them ever gay,
While kind connubial ſweets conſpir'd,

With

With ſmiling quiet and balmy health throu' life,
To make the happy huſband and the wife.

Our modern wits in wiſdom leſs,
With ſpirits weak, and wavering minds;
Void of reſolve, poorly confeſs
They cannot reliſh aught that binds.
Let libertines of taſte ſae wond'rous nice,
Deſpiſe to be confin'd in Paradiſe.

While *BRODIE* with his beauteous *SLEIGH*,
On pureſt love can ſafely feaſt,
Quaff raptures from her ſparkling eye,
And judge of heaven within her breaſt:
No dubious cloud to gloom upon his joy.
Poſſeſſing of what's good can never cloy.

Her beauty might for ever warm,
Altho' her ſoul were leſs divine,
The brightneſs of her mind could charm,
Did leſs her graceful beauties ſhine:
But both united, with full force inſpire
The warmeſt wiſh, and the moſt laſting fire.

In your accompliſh'd mate, young *Thane*,
Without reſerve ye may rejoice;
The heavens your happineſs ſuſtain,
And all that think, admire your choice.
Around your treaſure circling arms entwine,
Be all thy pleaſure her's, and her's be thine.

Rejoice, dear *MARY*, in thy youth,
The firſt of his brave ancient clan,
Whoſe ſoul delights in love and truth;
And view'd in every light a man

To whom the fates with liberal hand have given
Good ſenſe, true honour, and a temper even.

When love and reaſon thus unite
An equal pair in ſacred ties,
They gain the humane bliſs complete,
And approbation from the ſkies.
Since you approve, kind heaven, upon them pour
The beſt of bleſſings to their lateſt hour.

To you who rule above the ſun,
To you who fly in fluid air,
We leave to finiſh what's begun,
Still to reward and watch the *Pair*.
Thus far the muſe, who did an anſwer wait,
And heard the gods name happineſs their fate.

To JOSIAH BURCHET, *Esq*; *On his being choſen Member of Parliament.*

MY *BURCHET*'s name! well pleas'd, I ſaw
Amang the choſen leet,
Wha are to give *Britannia* law,
And keep her rights complete.

O may the reſt wha fill the houſe
Be of a mind with thee,
And *Britiſh* liberty eſpouſe;
We glorious days may ſee.

The name of Patriot is mair great
Than heaps of ill win gear:
What boots an opulent eſtate,
Without a conſcience clear?

While

While ſneaking ſauls for caſh wad troke
Their Country, GOD and King,
With pleaſure we the villain mock,
And hate the worthleſs thing.

With a' your pith, the like of you
Superior to what's mean,
Shou'd gar the truckling rogues look blew,
And cow them laigh and clean.

Down with them,—down with a' that dare
Oppoſe the nation's right;
Sae may your fame like a fair ſtar
Throu' future times ſhine bright.

Sae may kind heaven propitious prove,
And grant what e'er ye crave;
And him a corner in your love,
Wha is your humble ſlave.

The GENERAL MISTAKE: *A* Satyre. *Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable Lord* ERSKINE.

THE finiſh'd mind in all its movements bright,
Surveys the ſelf-made ſumph in proper light,
Allows for native weakneſs, but diſdains
Him who the character with labour gains:
Permit me then, *my Lord* (ſince you ariſe
With a clear ſaul aboon the common ſize)
To place the following ſketches in your view;
The warld will like me, if I'm roos'd by you.

Is there a fool, frae *Senator* to *Swain*?
Take ilk ane's verdict for himſell, —— there's nane.
A thouſand other wants make thouſands fret,
But nane for want of *Wiſdom* quarrels fate.
Alas! how gen'ral prove the great miſtake,
When others throu' their neighbours failings rake?
Detraction then, by ſpite, is born too far,
And repreſents men warſe then what they are.
Come then, *Impartial Satyre*, fill the ſtage
With fools of ilka ſtation, ſex and age;
Point out the folly, hide the perſon's name,
Since obduration follows publick ſhame:
Silent conviction calmly can reform,
While open ſcandal rages to a ſtorm.

Proceed, but in the liſt, poor things forbear,
Who only in the humane form appear,
Scarce animated with that heavenly fire
Which makes the ſoul with boundleſs thoughts aſpire;
Such move our pity, — nature is to blame ——
'Tis fools, in ſome things wiſe, that Satyre claim;
Such as *Nugator*, mark his ſolemn mien,
Stay'd are his features, ſcarcely move his een,
Which deep beneath his knoted eye-brows ſink,
And he appears as ane wad gueſs to think;
Even ſae he does, and can exactly ſhaw
How mony beans make five, take three awa!
Deep read in *Latin Folio's*, four inch thick,
He probs your crabit points into the quick;
Delights in dubious things to give advice,
Admires your judgment, if you think him wiſe:
And ſtifly ſtands by what he anes thought right,
Altho' oppos'd with reaſon's cleareſt light.
On him ilk argument is thrown away,
Speak what ye will, he tents not what you ſay:

He hears himſell, and currently runs o'er
All on the ſubject he has ſaid before:
'Till glad to eaſe his jaws and tired tongue,
Th' opponent reſts, —— *Nugator* thinks him dung.
Thou ſolemn trifler, —— ken thou art deſpis'd,
Thy ſtiff pretence to wiſdom, nathing priz'd
By ſic as can their notions fauſe decline,
When truth darts on them with convicting ſhine.
How hateful's dull opinion! prop'd with words,
That nought to any ane of ſenſe affords,
But tireſome jargon. —— Learn to laugh, at leaſt,
That part of what thou ſays may paſs for jeſt.

Now turn your eye to ſmooth *Chicander* next,
In whom good ſenſe ſeems with good humour mixt;
But only ſeems: —— for envy, malice, guile,
And ſic baſe vices, crowd behind his ſmile.
Nor can his thoughts beyond mean quirks extend,
He thinks a trick nae crime that gains his end;
A crime! no, 'tis his brag; he names it *Wit*,
And triumphs o'er a better man he' as bit.
Think ſhame *Chicander* of your creeping ſlights,
True wiſdom in ſincerity delights;
The ſumphiſh mob of penetration ſhawl,
May gape and ferly at your cunning ſaul,
And make ye fancy that there is deſert
In thus employing a' your ſneaking art.
But do not think that men of clearer ſenſe
Will e'er admit of ſic a vile pretence,
To that which dignifies the humane mind,
And acts in honour with the bright and blind.

Reverſe of this fauſe face, obſerve yon youth,
A ſtrict plain dealer, aſt o'er ſtretching truth;

Severely ſowr, he's ready to reprove
The leaſt wrang ſtep in thoſe who have his love:
Yet what's of worth in them he over-rates;
But much they're to be pitied whom he hates.
Here his miſtake, his weakeſt ſide appears,
When he a character in pieces tears;
He gives nae quarter, nor to great or ſma',
Even beauty guards in vain; he lays at a'.
This humour, often flowing o'er due bounds,
Too deeply mony a reputation wounds;
For which he's hated by the ſuffering crowd,
Who jointly 'gree to rail at him aloud,
And as much ſhun his ſight and bitter tongue,
As they wad do a waſp that had them ſtung.
Cenſorious learn ſometimes at faults to wink,
The wiſeſt ever ſpeak leſs than they think;
Tho' thus ſuperior judgment you may vaunt,
Yet this proud worm-wood ſhow o't, ſpeaks a want:
A want in which your folly will be ſeen,
'Till you increaſe in wit, and have leſs ſpleen.

Make way there, — when a mortal god appears!
Why do ye laugh? King *Midas* wore ſic ears —
How wiſe he looks? Well, wad he never ſpeak,
People wad think him neither dull nor weak:
But ah! he fancies, 'cauſe he's chos'n a tool,
That a furr'd gown can free him frae the fool;
Straight he, with paughty mien, and lordly glooms,
A vile affected air, not his, aſſumes;
Stawks ſtifly by, when better men ſalute,
Diſcovering leſs of ſenator than brute.
Yet, is there e'er a wiſer man than he?
Speer at himſell; and, if he will be free,
He'll tell you, *Nane*. — Will judges tell a lie?

But

But let him paſs, and with a ſmile obſerve
Yon tatter'd ſhadow, almaiſt like to ſtarve;
And yet he ſtrutes, proud of his vaſt ingine,
He is an author, writes exquiſite fine:
Sae fine, in faith! that every vulgar head
Cannot conceive his meaning while they read.
He hates the world for this; — with bitter rage
He damns the ſtupid dulneſs of the age.
The printer is unpaid. — Bookſellers ſwear,
Ten copies will not ſell in ten lang year:
And wad not that ſair fret a learned mind,
To ſee thoſe ſhou'd be patrons prove ſae blind,
Not to approve of what coſt meikle pains,
Neglect of bus'neſs, ſleep, and waſte of brains?
And a' for nought, but to be vilely us'd,
As pages are whilk buyers have refus'd.
Ah! fellow lab'rers for the preſs, take heed,
And force nae fame that way, if ye wad ſpeed:
Mankind muſt be (we have nae other) judge,
And if they are diſpleas'd, why ſhould we grudge?
If happily you gain them to your ſide,
Then bauldly mount your *Pegaſus*, and ride:
Value your ſell only what they deſire;
What does not take, commit it to the fire.

Next him a penman with a bluffer air
Stands 'tween this twa beſt friends that lull his care,
Nam'd *Money in baith Pouches* —— with three lines
Yclipt a bill, he digs the *Indian* mines,
Jobs, changes, lends, extorſes, cheats and grips,
And no ae turn of gainfu' us'ry ſlips,
'Till he has won, by wiſe pretence and ſnell,
As meikle as may drive his bairns to hell,
His ain lang hame. — This ſucker thinks nane wiſe,
But him who can to immenſe riches riſe:

Lear, honour, vertue, and ſic heavenly beams,
To him appear but idle airy dreams,
Nor fit for men of buſineſs to mind,
That are for great and golden ends deſign'd.
Send for him, deel! — till then, good men, take care
To keep at diſtance frae his hook and ſnare;
He has nae rewth, if coin comes in the play,
He'll draw, indorſe, and horn to death his prey.

Not thus *Macſomno* puſhes after praiſe,
He treats, and is admir'd in all he ſays;
Caſh well beſtow'd, which helps a man to paſs
For wiſe in his ain thinking, that's an aſs:
Poor ſkybalds, curs'd with leſs of wealth than wit,
Blyth of a *gratis Gaudeamus*, ſit
With look attentive, ready all about,
To give the laugh when his dull joke comes out;
Accuſtom'd with his converſation bright,
They ken as by a watch the time of night,
When he's at ſic a point of ſic a tale,
Which to theſe paraſites grows never ſtale,
Tho' often tald. — Like *Lethe*'s ſtream, his wine
Makes them forget! — that he again may ſhine.
'Fy! ſatyre hald thy tongue, thou art too rude
'To jeer a character that ſeems ſae good:
'This man may beet the poet bare and clung,
'That rarely has a ſhilling in his ſpung.'
Hang him! — there's patrons of good ſenſe enew
To cheriſh and ſupport the tuneful few,
Whoſe penetration's never at a loſs
In right diſtinguiſhing of gold frae droſs:
Employ me freely, if thou'd laurels wear,
Experience may teach thee not to fear.

But

But ſee anither gives mair cauſe for dread,
He thraws his gab, and aft he ſhakes his head;
A ſlave to ſelf-conceit, and a' that's ſowr,
T' acknowledge merit, is not in his power:
He reads, —— but ne'er the author's beauties minds,
And has nae pleaſure where nae faults he finds.
Much hated gowk, tho' vers'd in kittle rules,
To be a wirry-kow to writing fools,
Thy ſell the greateſt, only learn'd in words,
Which naithing but the cauld and dry affords.
Dar'ſt thou of a' thy betters ſlighting ſpeak,
That have nae grutten ſae meikle learning *Greek:*
Thy depths well kend, and a' thy ſilly vaunts,
To ilka ſolid thinker ſhaw thy wants.
Thus cowards deave us with a thouſand lies
Of dangerous vict'ries they have won in pleas.
Sae ſhallow upſtarts ſtrive with care to hide
Their mean deſcent (which inly gaws their pride)
By counting kin, and making endleſs faird,
If that their grany's uncle's oye's a laird.
Scar-crows, hen-hearted, and ye meanly born,
Appear juſt what ye are, and dread nae ſcorn;
Labour in words, keep hale your ſkins: why not?
Do well, and nane your laigh extract will quote,
But to your praiſe.— Walk aff, till we remark

Yon little coxy wight, that makes ſic wark
With tongue and gate: how crouſly does he ſtand?
His taes turn'd out, on his left haunch his hand;
The right beats time a hundred various ways,
And points the *Pathos* out in a' he ſays.
Wow! but he's proud! when almaiſt out of breath,
At ony time he clatters a man to death,
Wha is oblig'd ſometime t' attend the ſot,
To ſave the captiv'd buttons of his coat.

Thou

Thou dinſome jack-daw, ken 'tis a diſeaſe
This palſy in thy tongue that ne'er can pleaſe;
Of a' mankind, thou art the maiſt miſtane
To think this way the name of *Sage* to gain.

Now, leſt I ſhou'd be thought too much like thee,
I'll give my readers leave to breathe a wee;
If they allow my pictur's like the life,
Mae ſhall be drawn; originals are rife.

The PHOENIX *and the* OWL.

PHOENIX the firſt, th' *Arabian* lord,
And chief of all the feather'd kind,
A hundred ages had ador'd
The ſun, with ſanctity of mind.

Yet, mortal, he maun yield to fate,
He heard the ſummons with a ſmile,
And unalarm'd, without regret,
He form'd himſell a fun'ral pile.

A *Howlet*, bird of mean degree,
Poor, doſen'd, lame, and doited auld,
Lay lurking in a neighb'ring tree,
Curſing the ſun loot him be cauld.

Said *Phœnix*, brother, why ſo griev'd,
To ban the being gives thee breath?
Learn to die better than thou'ſt liv'd;
Believe me, there's nae ill in death.

Believe ye that? the *Owl* reply'd,;
Preach as ye will, death is an ill:
When young I ilka pleaſure try'd,
But now I die againſt my will.

For

For you, a ſpecies by your ſell,
Near eeldins with the ſun your god,
Nae ferly 'tis to hear you tell,
Ye're tired, and incline to nod.

It ſhou'd be ſae; for had I been
As lang upon the warld as ye,
Nae tears ſhou'd e'er drap frae my een,
For tinſel of my hollow tree.

And what, return'd the *Arabian* ſage,
Have ye t' obſerve ye have not ſeen?
Ae day's the picture of an age,
'Tis ay the ſame thing o'er again.

Come, let us baith togither die:
Bow to the ſun that gave thee life;
Repent thou frae his beams did flee,
And end thy poortith, pain and ſtrife.

Thou wha in darkneſs took delight,
Frae twangs of guilt could'ſt ne'er be free:
What won thou by thy ſhunning light? ——
But time flees on; —— I haſte to die.

Ye'r ſervant, ſir, reply'd the *Owl*,
I likena in the dark to lowp:
The byword ca's that cheil a fool,
That ſlips a certainty for hope.

Then ſtraight the zealous feather'd king
To's aromatick neſt retir'd,
Collected ſun-beams with his wing,
And in a ſpicy flame expir'd.

Mean

Mean time there blew a weſtlin gale,
Which to the *Howlet* bore a coal;
The ſaint departed on his pile,
But the blaſphemer in his hole.

He died for ever, — fair and bright;
The *Phœnix* frae his aſhes ſprang.
Thus wicked men ſink down to night,
While juſt men join the glorious thrang.

To the Honourable Sir JOHN CLERK *of* PENNYCUIK *Baronet, one of the Barons of Exchequer, on the Death of his moſt accompliſhed Son* JOHN CLERK *Eſq; who died the 20th Year of his Age.*

IF tears can ever be a duty found,
'Tis when the deaths of dear relations wound;
Then you muſt weep, you have too juſt a ground.

A ſon whom all the good and wiſe admir'd,
Shining with ev'ry grace to be deſir'd;
Rais'd high your joyful hopes, and then retir'd.

Nature muſt yield, when ſuch a weighty load
Rouzes the paſſions, and makes reaſon nod:
But who may contradict the will of GOD!

By his great Author, man was ſent below,
Some things to learn, great pains to undergo,
To fit him for what further he's to know.

This end obtain'd, without regarding time,
He calls the ſoul home to its native clime,
To happineſs and knowledge more ſublime.

Thus

Thus ſome in youth like eagles mount the ſteep,
Which leads to man, and fathom learning's deep;
Others thro' age with reptile motion creep.

Like lazy ſtreams which fill the fenny ſtrand,
In muddy pools they long unactive ſtand,
'Till ſpent in vapour, or immers'd in ſand.

But down its flinty channel, without ſtain,
The mountain rill flows eagerly to gain,
With a full tide, its origine the main.

Thus your lov'd *Youth*, whoſe bright aſpiring mind
Could not to lazy minutes be confin'd,
Sail'd down the ſtream of life before the wind.

Perform'd the taſk of man, ſo well, ſo ſoon,
He reach'd the ſea of bliſs before his noon,
And to his memory laſting laurels won.

When life's tempeſtuous billows ceas'd to rore,
And e'er his broken veſſel was no more,
His ſoul ſerenely view'd the heavenly ſhore.

Bravely reſign'd, obeying fate's command,
He fix'd his eyes on the immortal land,
Where crowding ſeraphs reach'd him out the hand.

SOUTHESKA's ſmiling cherub * firſt appear'd,
With *CARLIES*' conſort †, who vaſt pleaſures ſhar'd,
Conducting him where virtue finds reward.

Think in the world of ſp'rits, with how much joy
His tender *Mother* would receive her boy,
Where fate no more their union can deſtroy.

* James Lord Carnegie. See p. 46.
† Lady Carliel, p. 49. both his near Relations.

His

His good *Grandſire*, who lately went to reſt,
How fondly would he graſp him to his breaſt,
And welcome him to regions of the bleſt!

From us, 'tis true, his youthful ſweets are gone,
Which may plead for our weakneſs, when we moan;
The loſs indeed is ours, he can have none.

Thus ſailors with a crazy veſſel croſt,
Expecting every minute to be loſt,
With weeping eyes behold a ſunny coaſt.

Where happy land-men ſafely breathe the air,
Baſk in the ſun, or to cool ſhades repair,
They longing ſigh, and wiſh themſelves were there.

But who would after death to bliſs lay claim,
Muſt, like your *Son*, each vicious paſſion tame,
Fly from the crowd, and at perfection aim.

Then grieve no more, nor vex your ſelf in vain,
To lateſt age the character maintain
You now poſſeſs, you'll find your *Son* again.

On receiving a Letter to be preſent at the Burial of Mr. ROBERT ALEXANDER *of* Blackhouſe.

THOU ſable border'd ſheet be gone,
Harbour to thee I muſt refuſe;
Sure thou canſt welcome find from none,
Who carries ſuch ungrateful news.

Who

Who can attend thy mournful tale,
And ward his ſoul from piercing woe?
In viewing thee, grief muſt prevail,
And tears from guſhing eyes o'erflow.

From eyes of all that knew the man,
And in his friendſhip had a ſhare;
Who all the world's affections won,
By vertues that all natural were.

His merits dazzle, while we view,
His goodneſs is a theme ſo full,
The muſe wants ſtrength to pay what's due,
While eſtimation prompts the will.

But ſhe endeavours to make known
To fareſt down poſterity,
That good *BLACKHOUSE* was ſuch an one
As every one ſhould wiſh to be.

The FAIR ASSEMBLY: *A* Poem.

AWAKE, *Thalia*, and defend,
With chearfu' carroling,
Thy bonny care, — thy wings extend,
And bear me to your ſpring;
That harmony full force may lend
To reaſons that I bring: —
Now *Caledonian* nymphs attend,
For 'tis to you I ſing.

Then

As lang as minds maun organs wear,
Compos'd of fleſh and blood,
We ought to keep them hale and clear,
* With exerciſe and food.
Then, but debate, it will appear
That dancing muſt be good,
It ſtagnant humours ſets a ſteer,
And fines the purple blood.

Diſeaſes, heavineſs and ſpleen,
And ill things mony mae,
That gar the lazy fret and grane,
With viſage dull and blae.
'Tis dancing can do mair alane;
Than drugs frae far away,
To ward aff theſe, make nightly pain;
And ſowr the ſhining day.

Health is a prize; — yet meikle mair
In dancing we may find;
It adds a luſtre to the fair,
And, when the fates unkind
Cloud with a blate and aukward air
A genius right refin'd,
* The ſprightly art helps to repair
This blemiſh on the mind.

* The wiſe for health on exerciſe depend,
GOD never made his works for man to mend. *Dryd.*

~ Since nothing appears to me to give children ſo much becoming confidence and behaviour, and ſo raiſe them to the converſation of thoſe above their age, as dancing; I think they ſhould be taught to dance aſſoon as they are capable of learning it. For tho' this conſiſts only in outward gracefulneſs of motion; yet I know not how, it gives manly thoughts, and carriage more than any thing. *Lock.*

How

How mony do we daily ſee,
  * Right ſcrimp of wit and ſenſe,
Wha gain their aims aft eaſily
  By well bred confidence?
Then what e'er helps to qualifie
  A ruſtick negligence,
Maun without doubt a duty be,
  And ſhou'd give nae offence.

Hell's doctrine's dung, when equal pairs
  Together join their hands,
And vow to ſooth ilk other's cares,
  In haly wedlock bands:
Sae when to dance the maid prepares,
  And fluſh'd with ſweetneſs ſtands,
At her the wounded lover ſtares,
  And yields to heaven's commands.

The firſt command * he ſoon obeys,
  While love inſpires ilk notion;
His wiſhing look his heart diſplays,
  While his lov'd mate's in motion:
He views her with a blyth amaze,
  And drinks with deep devotion
That happy draught, that throu' our days
  Is own'd a cordial potion.

The cordial which conſerves our life,
  And makes it ſmooth and eaſy:
Then, ilka wanter, wale a wife,
  E'er eild and humdrums ſeize ye,

* It is certain, that for want of a competent knowledge in this art of dancing, which ſhould have been learned when young, the publick loſes many a man of exquiſite intellectuals and unbyaſs'd probity, purely for want of that ſo neceſſary accompliſhment, aſſurance; while the preſſing knave or fool ſhoulders him out, and gets the prize. Mr. Weaver.

* Dixit eis Deus, fœtificate, augeſcite & implete terram.

Whaſe charms can ſilence dumps or ſtrife,
And frae the rake releaſe ye,
Attend th' *Aſſembly*, where there's riſe
Of vertuous maids to pleaſe ye.

Theſe modeſt maids inſpire the muſe,
In flowing ſtrains to ſhaw
Their beauties, which ſhe likes to rooſe,
And let the envious blaw:
That taſk ſhe canna well refuſe,
Wha ſinle ſays them na. ——
To paint *Bellinda* firſt we chuſe,
With breaſts like driven ſnaw.

Like lilly-banks ſee how they riſe,
With a fair glen between,
Where living ſtreams, blew as the ſkies,
Are branching upward ſeen,
To warm her mouth, where rapture lyes,
And ſmiles, that baniſh ſpleen,
Wha ſtrikes with love and ſaft ſurpriſe,
Where e'er ſhe turns her een.

ISABELLA gracefully complete,
Straight as the mountain pine,
Like pearl and rubies ſet in jet,
Her lovely features ſhine:
In her the gay and ſolid meet,
And blended are ſae fine,
That when ſhe moves her lips or feet,
She ſeems ſome power divine.

O *Daphne*! ſweeter than the dawn,
When rays glance on the height,
Diffuſing gladneſs o'er the lawn,
With ſtrakes of riſing light.

The dewy flowers when newly blawn,
Come ſhort of that delight,
Which thy far freſher beauties can
Afford our joyfu' ſight.

How eaſy ſits ſweet *Celia* s dreſs,
Her gate how gently free;
Her ſteps, throu'out the dance, expreſs
The juſteſt harmony:
And when ſhe ſings, all muſt confeſs,
Wha're bleſt to hear and ſee,
They'd deem't their greateſt happineſs
T' enjoy her company.

And wha can ca' his heart his ain,
That hears *Aminta* ſpeak?
Againſt love's arrows, ſhields are vain,
When he aims frae her cheek;
Her cheek, where roſes free from ſtain,
In glows of youdith beek:
Unmingl'd ſweets her lips retain;
Theſe lips ſhe ne'er ſhou'd ſteek,

Unleſs when fervent kiſſes cloſe
That av'new of her mind,
Thro' which true wit in torrents flows,
As ſpeaks the nymph deſign'd:
The brag and toaſt of wits and beaus,
And wonder of mankind;
Whaſe breaſt will prove a bleſt repoſe
To him with whom ſhe'll bind.

See with what gayety, yet grave,
Serena ſwims alang;
She moves a goddeſs 'mang the lave,
Diſtinguiſh'd in the thrang.

Ye ſourocks, hafflines fool, haf knave,
Wha hate a dance or ſang,
To ſee this ſtately maid behave,
'Twad gi'e your hearts a twang.

Your hearts! ſaid I, trowth I'm to blame,
I had amaiſt forgotten,
That ye to nae ſic organ claim;
Or if ye do, 'tis rotten.
A ſaul with ſic a thowleſs flame,
Is ſure a ſilly ſot ane:
Ye ſcandalize the humane frame,
When in our ſhape begotten.

Theſe lurdanes came juſt in my light,
As I was tenting *Chloe*,
With jet black een that ſparkle bright,
She's all o'er form'd for joy;
With neck and waiſt, and limbs as tight
As her's wha drew the boy,
Frae feeding flocks upon the height,
And fled with him to *Troy*.

Now *Myra* dances; mark her mien,
Sae diſengag'd and gay,
Mix'd with that innocence that's ſeen
In bonny ew-bught *May*,
Wha wins the garland on the green
Upon ſome bridal-day;
Yet ſhe has graces for a queen
And might a ſcepter ſway.

What lays, *Caliſta*, can commend
The beauties of thy face!
Whaſe fancy can ſae touring ſtend,
Thy merits a' to trace!

Frae

Frae 'boon the ſtarns, ſome bard, deſcend,
And ſing her ev'ry grace,
Whaſe wondrous worth may recommend
Her to a god's embrace.

A ſeraph wad our *Aikman* paint,
Or draw a lively wit;
The features of a happy ſaint,
Say, art thou fond to hit?
Or a *Madona* compliment,
With lineaments maiſt fit?
Fair copies thou need'ſt never want,
If bright *Caliſta* ſit.

MELLA the heavieſt heart can heez,
And ſowreſt thoughts expell,
Her ſtation grants her rowth and eaſe,
Yet is the ſprightly *Belle*
As active as the eydent bees,
Wha rear the waxen cell;
And, place her in what light you pleaſe,
She ſtill appears herſell.

Beauties on beauties come in view
Sae thick, that I'm afraid
I ſhall not pay to ilk their due,
'Till *Phœbus* lend mair aid:
But this in gen'ral will had true,
And may be ſafely ſaid,
There's ay a ſomething ſhining new
In ilk delicious maid.

Sic as againſt th' *Aſſembly* ſpeak,
The rudeſt ſauls betray,
When *Matrons* noble, wiſe and meek,
Conduct the healthſu' play:

Where they appear, nae vice dare keek,
But to what's good gives way,
Like night, ſoon as the morning creek
Has uſher'd in the day.

Dear *Ed'nburgh*, ſhaw thy gratitude,
And of ſic friends make ſure,
Wha ſtrive to make our minds leſs rude,
And help our wants to cure;
Acting a gen'rous part and good,
In bounty to the poor:
Sic vertues, if right underſtood,
Shou'd ev'ry heart alure.

On the Royal Company *of* Archers, *ſhooting for the* Bowl, *July* 6th, 1724. *On which Day his Grace* James *Duke of* Hamilton *was choſen their* Captain General; *and Mr.* David Drummond *their* Præſes *won the Prize.*

AGAIN the year returns the day,
That's dedicate to joy and play,
To *Bonnets*, *Bows* and *Wine*.
Let all who wear a ſullen face,
This day meet with a due diſgrace,
And in their ſowrneſs pine;
Be ſhun'd as ſerpents, that wad ſtang
The hand that gi'es them food:
Sic we debar frae laſting ſang,
And all their grumbling brood,

While

While, to gain ſport and haleſome air,
The blythſome ſpirit draps dull care,
And ſtarts frae bus'neſs free:
Now to the fields the *Archers* bend,
With friendly minds the day to ſpend,
In manly game and glee;
Firſt ſtriving wha ſhall win the Bowl,
And then gar't flow with wine;
Sic manly ſport refreſh'd the ſoul
Of ſtalwart men lang ſyne.

E'er parties thrawn, and int'reſt vile,
Debauch'd the grandeur of our iſle,
And made ev'n brethren faes:
Syne truth frae friendſhip was exil'd,
And fauſe the honeſt hearts beguil'd,
And led them in a maze
Of politicks; —— with cunning craft,
The *Iſſachars* of ſtate,
Frae haly drums firſt dang us daft,
Then drown'd us in debate.

Drap this unpleaſing thought, dear muſe;
Come, view the men thou likes to rooſe;
To *Bruntsfield* green let's hy,
And ſee the royal *Bowmen* ſtrive,
Wha far the feather'd arrows drive,
All ſoughing thro' the ſky;
Ilk ettling with his utmoſt ſkill,
With artfu' draught and ſtark,
Extending nerves with hearty will,
In hopes to hit the mark.

See *HAMILTON*, wha moves with grace,
Chief of the *Caledonian* race
Of peers; to whom is due
All honours, and a' fair renown;
Wha lays aſide his ducal crown,
Sometime to ſhade his brow
Beneath St. *Andrew*'s bonnet blew,
And joins to gain the prize:
Which ſhaws true merit match'd by few,
Great, affable and wiſe.

This day, with univerſal voice,
The *Archers* him their chieftain choſe;
Conſenting powers divine,
They bleſt the day with general joy,
By giving him a princely boy,
To beautify his line;
Whoſe birth-day, in immortal ſang
Shall ſtand in fair record,
While bended ſtrings the *Archers* twang,
And beauty is ador'd.

Next *DRUMMOND* view, who gives their law;
It glads our hearts to ſee him draw
The bow, and guide the *Band*;
He, like the ſaul of a' the lave,
Does with ſic honour ſtill behave,
As merits to command.
Blyth be his hours, heal be his heart,
And lang may he preſide:
Lang the juſt fame of his deſert
Shall unborn *Archers* read.

How

How on this fair propitious day,
With conqueſt leal he bore away
The *Bowl* victoriouſly;
With following ſhafts in number four,
Succeſs the like ne'er kend before,
The prize to dignify.
Haſte to the garden then bedeen,
The roſe and laurel pow,
And plet a wreath of white and geen,
To buſk the victor's brow.

The victor crown, who with his bow,
In ſpring of youth and am'rous glow,
Juſt fifty years ſinſyne,
The ſilver arrow made his prize,
Yet ceaſes not in fame to riſe,
And with new feats to ſhine.
May every *Archer* ſtrive to fill
His bonnet, and obſerve
The pattern he has ſet with ſkill,
And praiſe like him deſerve.

On the Royal Company of Archers, *marching under the Command of his Grace Duke of* HAMILTON, *in their proper Habits, to ſhoot for the* Arrow *at* MUSSELBURGH, *Auguſt* 4, 1724.

APOLLO, *Patron of the Lyre,*
And of the valiant Archers Bow,
Me with ſic Sentiments inſpire,
As may appear from thee they flow,
When, by thy ſpecial Will, and high Command,
I ſing the Merits of the ROYAL BAND.

NOW like themſells again the *Archers* raiſe
The Bow, in brave aray, and claim our lays.
Phœbus well pleas'd, ſhines from the blew ſerene,
Glents on the ſtream, and guilds the checquer'd green.
The winds ly huſh in their remoteſt caves,
And *Forth* with gentle ſwell his margin leaves.
See to his ſhore, the gathering thouſands roll,
As if one gen'ral ſp'rit inform'd the whole.
The bonnieſt fair of a' *Great Britain*'s iſle,
From chariots and the crowded caſements ſmile;
Whilſt horſe and foot promiſcuous form a lane,
Extending far along the deſtin'd plain,
Where, like *Bellona*'s troops, or guards of love,
The *Archers* in their proper habits move.

Their

Their guardian ſaint, from yon etherial height,
Diſplays th' auſpicious croſs of blazing light;
While on his care he chearfully looks down,
The pointed thiſtle wears his ruby crown,
And ſeems to threat, arm'd ready to engage,
No man unpuniſh'd ſhall provoke my rage.
Well pleas'd the rampant *Lyon* ſmooths his mane,
And gambols gay upon his golden plain.

Like as the ſun, when wintry clouds are paſt,
And fragrant gales ſucceed the ſtormy blaſt,
Shines on the earth, the fields look freſh and gay;
So ſeem the *Archers* on this joyful day:
Whilſt with his graceful mien, and aſpect kind,
Their *Leader* raiſes every follower's mind,
Who love the conduct of a youth, whoſe birth
To nothing yields but his ſuperior worth;
And happier is with his ſelected train,
Than *Philip*'s ſon who ſtrove a world to gain.
That *Prince* whole nations to deſtruction drove,
This PRINCE delights his country to improve.
A monarch rais'd upon a throne may nod,
And paſs amongſt the vulgar for a god;
Whilſt men of penetration juſtly blame
Thoſe who hang on their anceſtors for fame;
But own the dignity of high deſcent,
When the ſucceſſor's ſpirit keeps the bent,
Which through revolving ages grac'd the line,
With all thoſe qualities that brighteſt ſhine:
The *Archers* chiftain thus with active mind,
In all that's worthy never falls behind.
Theſe noble characters, from whom he ſprung,
In hiſt ry fam'd: whom ancient bards have ſung.
See, from his ſteady hand, and aiming eye,
How ſtraight in equal lengths the arrows fly:

Both

Both at one end cloſe by the mark they ſtand,
Which points him worthy of his brave command;
That as they to his num'rous merits bow,
This victory makes homage fully due.

Sage *Drummond* next, the chief, with counſel grave,
Becomes his poſt, inſtructing all that's brave:
So *Pallas* ſeem'd, who *Mentor*'s form put on,
To make a heroe of *Ulyſſes*' ſon.

Each officer his character maintains,
While love and honour gratify their pains.
No view inferior brings them to the field,
To whom great chiefs of clans with pleaſure yield.

No hidden murmure ſwells the *Archer*'s heart,
While each with gladneſs acts his proper part.
No factious ſtriſe, nor plots, the bane of ſtates,
Give birth to jealouſies or dire debates:
Nor leſs their pleaſure who obedience pay,
Good order to preſerve, as thoſe who ſway.
O ſmiling muſe, full well thou knows the fair;
Admire the courteous, and with pleaſure ſhare
Their love with him that's generous and brave,
And can with manly dignity behave;
Then haſte to warn thy tender care with ſpeed,
Leſt by ſome random-ſhaft their hearts may bleed.
Yon dangerous youths both *Mars* and *Venus* arm,
While with their double darts they threat and charm;
Thoſe at their ſide forbid invading foes,
With vain attempt true courage to oppoſe;
While ſhafts mair ſubtile, darted from their eye,
Thro' ſofter hearts with ſilent conqueſt fly.

To the Right Honourable Earl of Hartford, *Lord* Peircy, *President, and the reſt of the Honourable Members of the Society of* British *Antiquarians. A* Scots Ode.

TO *HARTFORD* and his learned friends,
Whaſe fame for ſcience far extends,
A *Scottiſh* muſe her duty ſends,
From *Pictiſh* towers:
Health, length of days, and happy ends,
Be ever yours.

Your generous cares make light ariſe
From things obſcure to vulgar eyes,
Finding where hidden knowledge lies,
T' improve the mind;
And moſt delightfully ſurpriſe,
With thoughts refin'd.

When you the broke inſcription read,
Or amongſt antique ruins tread,
And view remains of princes dead,
In funeral piles,
Your penetration ſeems decreed
To bleſs theſe iſles,

Where *Romans* form'd their camps of old,
Their gods and urns of curious mold,
Their medals ſtruck of braſs or gold,
'Tis you can ſhow,
And truth of what's in ſtory told,
To you we owe.

How

How beneficial is the care,
That brightens up the claſſick lere!
When you the documents compare,
With authors old,
You raviſh, when we can ſo fair
Your light behold.

Without your comments, each old book
By all the world would be forſook:
For who of thought wou'd deign to look,
On doubtful works,
'Till by your ſkilful hands they're ſtruck
With ſterling marks?

By this your learning men are fir'd
With love of glory, and inſpir'd
Like ancient heroes, who ne'er tir'd
To win a name;
And, by their god-like acts, aſpir'd
T' immortal fame.

Your uſeful labours ſhall endure,
True merit ſhall your fame ſecure,
And will poſterity allure,
To ſearch about
For truth, by demonſtration ſure,
Which leaves no doubt.

The muſe forſees brave *HARTFORD*'s name
Shall to all writers be a theme,
To laſt while arts and greatneſs claim
Th' hiſtorian's ſkill,
Or the chief inſtrument of fame,
The poet's quill.

PEM-

PEMBROKE's a name to *Britain* dear,
For learning and brave deeds of wier;
The genius ſtill continues clear
In him whoſe art,
In your rare fellowſhip can bear
So great a part.

Bards yet unborn ſhall tune their lays,
And monuments harmonious raiſe
To *WINCHELSEA* and *DEVON*'s praiſe,
Whoſe high deſert,
And vertues bright, like genial rays,
Can life impart.

Nor want we *Caledonian*'s ſage,
Who read the painted vellum page,
No ſtrangers to each antique ſtage,
And *Druids* cells,
And ſacred ruins of each age,
On plains and fells.

Amongſt all thoſe of the firſt rate,
Our learned * *CLERK* bleſt with the fate
Of thinking right, can beſt relate
Theſe beauties all,
Which bear the marks of ancient date,
Be-north the wall.

The wall which *Hadrian* firſt begun,
And bold *Severus* carried on,
From riſing to the ſetting ſun,
On *Britain*'s coaſt,
Our anceſtors fierce arms to ſhun,
which gall'd them moſt.

* Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, Baronet.

But

But now no need of walls or towers,
Ag'd enmity no more endures,
Brave *Britain* joins her warlike powers,
That always dare,
To open and to ſhut the doors
Of peace and war.

Advance, great men, your wiſe deſign,
And proſper in the taſk divine;
Draw from antiquity's deep mine,
The precious ore,
And in the *Britiſh* Annals ſhine,
'Till time's no more.

On the Marqueſs of ANNANDALE'S *conveying me a Preſent of* Guineas *in my* Snuff-mill, *after he had taken all the* Snuff.

THE *Chief* requir'd my Sniſhing-mill,
And well it was beſtow'd;
The *Patron*, by the rareſt ſkill,
Turn'd all the Snuff to gowd.

Gowd ſtampt with royal *Anna*'s face,
Piece after piece came forth;
The pictures ſmil'd, gi'en with ſuch grace,
By ane of ſo much worth.

Sure thus the patronizing *Roman*
Made *Horace* ſpread the wing;
Thus *Dorſet*, by kind deeds uncommon,
Rais'd *Prior* up to ſing.

That

That there are patrons yet for me,
Here's a convincing proof,
Since *ANNANDALE* gives gowd as free;
As I can part with Snuff.

The Monk *and the* Miller's Wife. *A* Tale.

NOW lend your lugs, ye benders fine,
Wha ken the benefit of wine;
And you wha laughing ſcud brown ale,
Leave jinks a wee, and hear a tale.

An honeſt *Miller* wond in *Fife*,
That had a young and wanton wife,
Wha ſometimes thol'd the pariſh prieſt
To mak her man a twa-horn'd beaſt:
He paid right money viſits till her;
And to keep in with *Hab* the miller,
He endeavour'd aft to mak him happy,
Where e'er he kend the ale was nappy.
Sic condeſcenſion in a paſtor,
Knit *Halbert*'s love to him the faſter;
And by his converſe, troth 'tis true,
Hab learn'd to preach when he was fou.
Thus all the three were wonder pleas'd,
The wife well ſerv'd, the men well eas'd.
This ground his corns, and that did cheriſh
Himſell with dining round the pariſh.
Beſs the good-wife thought it nae ſkaith,
Since ſhe was fit to ſerve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,
And *Ceres* gives the ſchools the play,

A youth ſprung frae a gentle *Pater*,
Bred at ſaint *Andro*'s *Alma Mater*,
Ae day gawn hameward, it fell late,
And him benighted by the gate:
To ly without, pit-mirk did ſhore him;
He coudna ſee his thumb before him:
But, clack, — clack, — clack, he heard a mill,
Whilk led him be the lugs theretill.
To tak the threed of tale alang,
This mill to *Halbert* did belang.
Not leſs this note your notice claims,
The ſcholar's name was maſter *James*.

Now, ſmiling muſe, the prelude paſt,
Smoothly relate a tale ſhall laſt
As lang as *Alps* and *Grampian* hills,
As lang as wind or water-mills.

In enter'd *James*, *Hab* ſaw and kend him,
And offer'd kindly to befriend him
With ſic good chear as he cou'd make,
Baith for his ain and father's ſake.
The ſcholar thought himſell right ſped,
And gave him thanks in terms well bred.
Quoth *Hab*, I canna leave my mill
As yet; — but ſtep ye weſt the kill
A bow-ſhot, and ye'll find my hame:
Gae warm ye, and crack with our dame,
'Till I ſet aff the mill; ſyne we
Shall tak what *Beſſy* has to gi'e.
James, in return, what's handſome ſaid,
O'er lang to tell; and aff he gade.
Out of the houſe ſome light did ſhine,
Which led him till't as with a line:
Arriv'd, he knock'd; for doors were ſteekit;
Straight throw a window *Beſſy* keekit,

And

And cries, 'Wha's that gi'es fowk a fright
'At ſic untimous time of night?'
James with good humour, maiſt diſcreetly,
Tald her his circumſtance completely.
'I dinna ken ye, quoth the wife,
'And up and down the thieves are rife:
'Within my lane, I'm but a woman;
'Sae I'll unbar my door to nae man.
'But ſince 'tis very like, my dow,
'That all ye're telling may be true,
'Hae there's a key, gang in your way
'At the neiſt door, there's braw ait ſtrae;
'Streek down upon't, my lad, and learn,
'They're no ill lodg'd that get a barn.'
Thus after meikle clitter-clatter,
James fand he coudna mend the matter;
And ſince it might not better be,
With reſignation took the key;
Unlockt the barn, — clam up the mou,
Where was an opening near the hou,
Thwow whilk he ſaw a glent of light,
That gave diverſion to his ſight:
By this he quickly cou'd diſcern
A thin wa' ſeparate houſe and barn;
And throw this rive was in the wa',
All done within the houſe he ſaw:
He ſaw (what ought not to be ſeen,
And ſcarce gave credit to his een)
The pariſh prieſt of reverend fame
In active courtſhip with the dame. —
To lengthen out deſcription here,
Wou'd but offend the modeſt ear,
And beet the lewder youthfu' flame,
That we by ſatyre ſtrive to tame.

Suppoſe the wicked action o'er,
And *James* continuing ſtill to glowre;
Wha ſaw the wife, as faſt as able,
Spread a clean ſervite on the table,
And ſyne, frae the ha' ingle, bring ben
A pyping het young roaſted hen,
And twa good bottles ſtout and clear,
Ane of ſtrong ale, and ane of beer.

But wicked luck, juſt as the prieſt
Shot in his fork in chucky's breaſt,
Th' unwelcome Miller ga'e a roar,
Cry'd, *Beſſy, haſte ye ope the door.* —
With that the haly letcher fled,
And darn'd himſell behind a bed;
While *Beſſy* huddl'd a' things by,
That nought the cuckold might eſpy;
Syne loot him in; — but out of tune,
Speer'd why he left the mill ſae ſoon,
I come, ſaid he, *as manners claims,*
To crack and wait on maſter James,
Whilk I ſhou'd do, tho' ne'er ſae biſſy,
I ſent him here, goodwife, where is he?
'Ye ſent him here! (quoth *Beſſy,* grumbling;)
'Kend I this *James!* a chiel came rumbling:
'But how was I aſſur'd, when dark,
'That he had been nae thieviſh ſpark,
'Or ſome rude wencher, gotten a doſe,
'That a weak wife cou'd ill oppoſe?'
And what came of him? ſpeak nae langer,
Crys *Halbert* in a highland anger.
'I ſent him to the barn,' quoth ſhe.
Gae quickly bring him in, quoth he.

JAMES was brought in; — the *Wife* was bawked;
The *Prieſt* ſtood cloſe; — the *Miller* cracked: —

Then

Then aſk'd his ſunkan gloomy ſpouſe,
What ſupper had ſhe in the houſe,
That might be ſuitable to gi'e,
Ane of their lodger's qualitie?
Quoth ſhe, 'Ye may well ken, goodman,
'Your feaſt comes frae the pottage-pan:
'The ſtov'd or roaſted we afford,
'Are aft great ſtrangers on our board.'
Pottage, quoth *Hab*, *ye ſenſeleſs tawpie!*
Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpy;
And that his gentle ſtamock's maſter
To worry up a pint of plaiſter,
Like our mill knaves that lift the laiding,
Whaſe kytes can ſtreek out like raw plaiding.
Swith roaſt a hen, or fry ſome chickens,
And ſend for ale frae Maggy Pickens.
'Hout I, quoth ſhe, ye may well ken,
'Tis ill brought but that's no there ben;
'When but laſt owk, nae farder gane,
'The laird got a' to pay his kain.'

Then *James*, wha had as good a gueſs
Of what was in the houſe as *Beſs*,
With pawky ſmile, this plea to end,
To pleaſe himſell, and eaſe his friend,
Firſt open'd with a ſlee oration
His wond'rous ſkill in conjuration.
Said he, 'By this fell art I'm able
'To whop aff any great man's table
'What e'er I like, to make a mail of,
'Either in part, or yet the haill off;
'And if ye pleaſe, I'll ſhaw my art.——'
Crys *Halbert*, *faith with a' my heart!*
Beſs ſain'd herſelf, —— cry'd, *LORD be here!*
And near hand fell a ſwoon for fear.

James leugh, and bade her nathing dread,
Syne to his conjuring went with ſpeed;
And firſt he draws a circle round,
Then utters mony a magick ſound,
Of words part *Latin*, *Greek* and *Dutch*,
Enow to fright a very witch:
That done, he ſays, *Now, now 'tis come,*
And in the boal beſide the lum:
Now ſet the board; goodwife, gae ben,
Bring frae yon boal a roaſted hen.
She wadna gang, but *Haby* ventur'd;
And ſoon as he the ambrie enter'd,
It ſmell'd ſae well, he ſhort time ſought it,
And, wondring, 'tween his hands he brought it.
He view'd it round, and thrice he ſmell'd it,
Syne with a gentle touch he felt it.
Thus ilka ſenſe he did conveen,
Leſt glamour had beguil'd his een:
They all, in an united body,
Declar'd it a fine fat how-towdy.
Nae mair about it, quoth the Miller,
The fowl looks well, and we'll fa' till her.
Sae be't, ſays *James*; and in a doup,
They ſnapt her up baith ſtoup and roup.

'Neiſt, O! crys *Halbert*, cou'd your ſkill,
'But help us to a waught of ale,
'I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,
'And offer to the deel my wife,
'To ſee if he'll diſcreeter make her,
'But that I'm fleed he winna take her.'
Said *James*, *ye offer very fair;*
The bargain's hadden, ſae nae mair.

Then

Then thrice he ſhook a willow wand,
With kittle words thrice gave command;
That done, with look baith learn'd and grave,
Said, *Now ye'll get what ye wad have;*
Twa bottles of as nappy liquor,
As ever ream'd in horn or bicquor,
Behind the Ark that hads your meal,
Ye'll find twa ſtanding corkit well.
He ſaid, and faſt the Miller flew,
And frae their neſt the bottles drew;
Then firſt the ſcholar's health he toaſted,
Whaſe art had gart him feed on roaſted;
His father's neiſt, — and a' the reſt
Of his good friends that wiſh'd him beſt,
Which were o'er langſome at the time,
On a ſhort tale to put in rhime.

Thus while the *Miller* and the *Youth*,
Were blythly ſlock'ning of their drowth,
Beſs fretting ſcarcely held frae greeting,
The *Prieſt* enclos'd ſtood vex'd and ſweating.

O wow! ſaid *Hab, if ane might ſpeer,*
Dear maſter James, *wha brought our chear?*
Sic laits appear to us ſae awfu',
We hardly think your learning lawfu'.

'To bring your doubts to a concluſion,
'Says *James*, ken I'm a *Roſiecrucian*,
'Ane of the ſet that never carries
'On traffick with black deels or fairies:
'There's mony a ſp'rit that's no a deel,
'That conſtantly around us wheel.
'There was a ſage call'd *Albumazor*,
'Whaſe wit was gleg as ony razor.

'Frae this great man we learn'd the ſkill,
'To bring theſe gentry to our will;
'And they appear when we've a mind,
'In ony ſhape of humane kind:
'Now, if you'll drap your fooliſh fear,
'I'll gar my *Paeolet* appear.'

HAB fidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew,
Baith fear'd and fond a ſp'rit to view:
At laſt his courage wan the day,
He to the ſcholar's will gave way.

BESSY be this began to ſmell
A rat, but kept her mind to'r ſell:
She pray'd like Howdy in her drink,
But mean time tipt young *James* a wink.
James frae his eye an anſwer ſent,
Which made the wife right well content.
Then turn'd to *Hab*, and thus advis'd,
'What e'er ye ſee, be nought ſurpriz'd;
'But for your ſaul move not your tongue,
'And ready ſtand with a great rung;
'Syne as the ſp'rit gangs marching out,
'Be ſure to lend him a ſound rout.
'I bidna this be way of mocking;
'For nought delytes him mair than knocking.'

HAB got a kent, — ſtood by the hallan;
And ſtraight the wild miſchievous callan,
Cries, '*Radamanthus Huſky Mingo*,
'*Monk-horner*, *Hipock*, *Jinko*, *Jingo*,
'Appear in likeneſs of a Prieſt,
'No like a deel in ſhape of beaſt,
'With gaping chafts to fleg us a'.
'Wauk forth; the door ſtands to the wa'.'

Then

Then frae the hole where he was pent,
The Prieſt approach'd right well content,
With ſilent pace ſtrade o'er the floor,
'Till he was drawing near the door;
Then, to eſcape the cudgel, ran;
But was not miſs'd by the goodman,
Wha lent him on the neck a lounder,
That gart him o'er the threſhold founder.
Darkneſs ſoon hid him frae their ſight;
Ben flew the Miller in a fright:
I trow, quoth he, *I laid well on*;
But wow he's like our ain Meſs John!

Advice to Mr. —— *on his Marriage.*

ALL joy to you and your *Amelie*,
May ne'er your purſe nor vigour fail ye;
But have a care how you employ
Them baith; and tutor well your joy.
Frae me an auld dab tak advice,
And hane them baith, if ye be wiſe;
For warld's waſters, like poor cripples,
Look blunt with poverty and ripples:
There an auld ſaw to ilk ane *notum*,
Better to ſave at braird than bottom;
Which means, your purſe and perſon uſe
As canny poets do their muſe;
For whip and ſpurring never prove
Effectual, or in verſe or love.

Sae far, my friend, in merry ſtrain,
I've given a douſe advice and plain,

And

And honeſtly diſcharg'd my conſcience
In lines (tho' hamely) far frae nonſenſe.
Some other chiel may daftly ſing,
That kens but little of the thing,
And blaw ye up with windy fancies
That he has thigit frae romances,
Of endleſs raptures, conſtant glee,
That never was, or ne'er will be.
Alake! poor mortals are not gods,
And therefore often fall at odds;
But little quarrels now and than
Are nae great faults 'tween wife and man:
Theſe help right aften to improve
His underſtanding and her love.
Your rib and you, 'bout hours of drinking,
May chance to differ in your thinking;
But that's juſt like a ſhower in *May*,
That gars the ſun-blink ſeem mair gay.
If e'er ſhe tak the pet, or fret,
Be calm, and yet maintain your ſtate;
And ſmiling, ca' her little foolie,
Syne with a kiſs evite a toolie.
This method's ever thought the braver,
Than either cuffs, or cliſh-ma-claver.
It ſhaws a ſpirit low and common,
That with ill nature treats a woman:
They're of a make ſae nice and fair,
They muſt be manag'd with ſome care;
Reſpect them, they'll be kind and civil,
But diſregarded, prove the devil.

To Mrs. M. M. *on her painting.*

TO paint his *Venus*, auld *Apelles*
Wal'd a' the bonny maids of *Greece:*
Thou needs nae mair, but paint *thy ſell*, laſs,
To ding the *Painter* and his *Piece.*

The LURE: *A Tale.*

THE ſun juſt o'er the hills was peeping,
The hynds ariſing, gentry ſleeping,
The dogs were barking, cocks were crawing,
Night-drinking ſots counting their lawing;
Clean were the roads, and clear the day,
When forth a falconer took his way,
Nane with him but his ſhe knight errant,
That acts in air the bloody tyrant;
While with quick wing, fierce beek and claws,
She breaks divine and humane laws;
Ne'er pleas'd, but with the hearts and livers
Of peartricks, teals, moor-powts and plivers;
Yet is ſhe much eſteem'd and dandl'd,
Clean lodg'd, well fed, and ſaftly handl'd.
Reaſon for this need be nae wonder,
Her paraſites ſhare in the plunder.
Thus ſneaking rooks about a court,
That make oppreſſion but their ſport,
Will praiſe a paughty bloody king,
And hire mean hackney-poets to ſing
His glories; while the deel be licket
He e'er attempt but what he ſticket.

So,

So, ſir, as I was gawn to ſay,
This falconer had tane his way
O'er *Calder*-moor; and gawn the moſs up,
He there forgather'd with a goſſip:
And wha was't, trow ye, but the deel,
That had diſguis'd himſell ſae weel
In human ſhape, ſae ſnug and wylie;
Jude took him for a burrlie-baillie:
His cloven cloots were hid with ſhoon,
A bonnet coor'd his horns aboon:
Nor ſpat he fire, or brimſtone rifted,
Nor awſome glowr'd; but cawmly lifted
His een and voice, and thus began,
Good morning t'ye, honeſt man,
Ye're early out: — How far gae ye
This gate? — I'm blyth of company —
What fowl is that, may ane demand,
That ſtands ſae trigly on your hand?
'Wow man! quoth *Juden*, where won ye?
'The like was never ſpeer'd at me!
'Man, 'tis a *Hawk*, and e'en as good
'As ever flew, or wore a hood.'
Friend, I'm a ſtranger, quoth *auld Symmie*,
I hope ye'll no be angry wi' me;
The ignorant maun ay be ſpeering
Queſtions, 'till they come to a clearing.
Then tell me mair — What do ye wi't?
Is't good to ſing? or good to eat?
'For neither, anſwer'd ſimple *Juden*;
'But helps to bring my lord his food in:
'When fowls ſtart up that I wad hae,
'Straight frae my hand I let her gae;
'Her hooe-tane aff, ſhe is not langſome
'In taking captives, which I ranſome

'With

'With a dow's wing, or chicken's leg.'
Trowth, quoth the deel, *that's nice! I beg*
Ye'll be ſae kind, as let me ſee
How this ſame bird of yours can flee.
'T'oblige ye, friend, I winna ſtand.' ——
Syne loos'd the *Falcon* frae his hand.
Unhooded, up ſhe ſprang with birr,
While baith ſtood ſtaring after her.
But how d'ye get her back? ſaid Nick.
'For that, quoth *Jude*, I have a trick.
'Ye ſee this *Lure*, — it ſhall command
'Her upon ſight down to my hand.'
Syne twirl'd it thrice, with whieu-whieu-whieu —
And ſtraight upon't the *Falcon* flew.
As I'm a ſinner! crys the deel,
I like this paſtime wonder weel;
And ſince ye've been ſae kindly free,
To let her at my bidding flee,
I'll entertain ye in my gate. ——
Mean time it was the will of fate,
A hooded friar (ane of that clan
Ye have deſcriv'd by father * *Gawin*,
In *Maſter-keys*) came up; good ſaul!
Him *Satan* cleek'd up by the ſpaul,
Whip'd aff his hood, and without mair,
Ga'e him a toſs up in the air.
High flew the ſon of ſaint *Loyola*.
While ſtartled *Juden* gave a *Hola!*
Bumbaz'd with wonder, ſtill he ſtood,
The ſerly had 'maiſt crudled his blood,

* The reverend Anthony Gawin, formerly a Spaniſh Roman Catholick Prieſt, now an Iriſh Proteſtant Miniſter, who hath lately wrote three volumes on the tricks and whoredoms of the prieſts and nuns; which book he names Maſter-keys to Popery.

To

To ſee a monk mount like a facon,
He 'gan to doubt if he was wakin:
Thrice did he rub his een to clear;
And having maſter'd part o's fear,
'His preſence be about us a'!
'*He cries*, the like I never ſaw:
'See, ſee! he like a lavrock tours —
'He'll reek the ſtarns in twa'r three hours!
'Is't poſſible to bring him back?'
For that, quoth nick, *I have a knack;*
To train my Birds, *I want na* Lures,
Can manage them as ye do your's:
And there's ane *coming, hie gate, hither,*
Shall ſoon bring down the haly brither.

This was a freſh young landwart *Laſs*,
With cheeks like cherries, een like glaſs;
Few coats ſhe wore, and they were kilted,
And (*John come kiſs me now*) ſhe lilted,
As ſhe ſkift o'er the benty knows,
Gawn to the bught to milk the ews;
Her in his hand ſlee *Belzie* hint up,
As eith as ye wad do a pint-ſtoup,
Inverted, wav'd her round his head:
Whieu, — *whieu*, — he whiſtled, and with ſpeed
Down, quick as ſhooting ſtarns, the prieſt
Came ſouſe upon the laſs's breaſt.

The moral of this tale ſhews plainly
That carnal minds attempt but vainly
Aboon this laigher warld to mount,
While ſlaves to *Satan*.

An

An ANACREONTIQUE *on* Love.

WHEN a' the warld had clos'd their een,
Fatigu'd with labour, care and din,
And quietly ilka weary wight
Enjoy'd the ſilence of the night:
Then *Cupid*, that ill-deedy get,
With a' his pith rapt at my yet.
Surpriz'd, throw ſleep, I cry'd, wha's that?
Quoth he, *A poor young wean a' wet;*
Oh! haſte ye apen, — *fear nae ſkaith,*
Elſe ſoon this ſtorm will be my death.

With his complaint my ſaul grew wae,
For as he ſaid I thought it ſae;
I took a light, and faſt did rin
To let the chittering infant in:
And he appear'd to be nae kow,
For a' his quiver, wings and bow.
His bairnly ſmiles and looks gave joy,
He ſeem'd ſae innocent a boy:
I led him ben but any pingle,
And beekt him brawly at my ingle;
Dighted his face, his handies thow'd,
'Till his young cheeks, like roſes, glow'd.
But ſoon as he grew warm and fain,
Let's try, quoth he, *if that the rain*
Has wrang'd ought of my ſporting gear,
And if my bow-ſtring's hale and fier.
With that his arch'ry graith he put
In order, and made me his butt;
Mov'd back apiece, —— his bow he drew;
Faſt throw my breaſt his arrow flew.

That

That done, as if he'd found a neſt,
He leugh, and with unſonſy jeſt,
Cry'd, *Nibour, I'm right blyth in mind,*
That in good tiſt my bow I find:
Did not my arrow flie right ſmart?
Ye'll find it ſtitking in your heart.

On Mr. Drummond's *being choſen one of the Honourable Commiſſioners of the Cuſtoms; An* Epigram.

THE good are glad, when merit meets reward;
And thus they ſhare the pleaſure of another,
While little minds, who only ſelf regard,
Will ſicken at the ſucceſs of a brother.
Hence I am pleas'd to find my ſelf right claſs'd,
Even by this mark, that's worthy of obſerving;
It gives me joy, the patent lately paſs'd
In favour of dear *DRUMMOND*, moſt deſerving.

The Addreſs *of the* Muse, *to the Right Honourable* George Drummond *Eſq; Lord Provoſt; and Council of* Edinburgh.

MY Lord, my patron, kood and kind,
Whoſe every act of generous care
The patriot ſhews, and truſty friend;
While favours by your thoughts refin'd,
Both publick and the private ſhare.

To

To you the muſe her duteous homage pays,
While *Edinburgh*'s intereſt animates her lays.

Nor will the beſt ſome hints refuſe:
The narrow ſoul, that leaſt brings forth,
To an advice the rareſt bows;
Which the extenſive mind allows,
Being conſcious of its genuine worth,
Fears no eclipſe; nor with dark pride declines,
A ray from light, that far inferior ſhines.

Our reaſon and advantage call
Us to preſerve what we eſteem;
And each ſhould contribute, tho' ſmall,
Like ſilver rivulets that fall
In one, and make a ſpreading ſtream.
So ſhould a city all her care unite,
T' engage with entertainments of delight.

Man for ſociety was made,
His ſearch of knowledge has no bound;
Through the vaſt deep he loves to wade,
But ſubjects ebb, and ſpirits fade,
On wilds and thinly peopl'd ground.
Then where the world, in minature, employs
Its various arts, the ſoul its wiſh enjoys.

Sometimes the ſocial mind may rove,
And trace, with contemplation high,
The natural beauties of the grove,
Pleas'd with the turtle's making love,
While birds chant in a ſummer ſky.
But when cold winter ſnows the naked fields,
The city then its changing pleaſure yields.

Then you, to whom pertains the care,
And have the power to act aright,
Nor pains, nor prudent judging ſpare,
The GOOD TOWN's failings to repair,
And give her lovers more delight.
Much you have done, both uſeful and polite;
O never tire! till every plan's complete.

Some may object, we mony want,
Of every project ſoul and nerve.
'Tis true; —— but ſure, the parliament
Will ne'er refuſe frankly to grant
Such funds as good deſigns deſerve.
The thriving well of each of *Britain*'s towns,
Adds to her wealth, and more her grandeur crowns.

Allow that fifteen thouſand pounds
Were yearly on improvements ſpent;
If luxury produce the funds,
And well laid out, there are no grounds
For murmuring, or the leaſt complaint:
Materials all within our native coaſt,
The poor's employ'd, we gain, and nothing's loſt.

Two hundreds, for five pounds a day,
Will work like *Turkiſh* galey ſlaves;
And, e'er they ſleep, they will repay
Back all the publick forth did lay,
For ſmall ſupport that nature craves.
Thus kept at work, few twangs of guilt they feel,
And are not tempt' by pinching want to ſteal.

Moſt wiſely did our city move,
When * *HOPE*, who judges well and nice,
Was choſen fitteſt to improve,
From ruſhy tufts the pleaſing grove,
From bogs a riſing paradiſe.
Since earth's foundation, to our preſent day,
The beauteous plain in mud neglected lay.

Now, evenly planted, hedg'd and drain'd,
Its verdures pleaſe the ſcent and ſight;
And here the FAIR may walk unpain'd,
Her flowing ſilks and ſhoes unſtain'd,
Round the green *Circus* of delight:
Which ſhall by ripening time ſtill ſweeter grow,
And *HOPE* be fam'd while *Scotſmen* draw the bow.

Ah! while I ſing, the nothern air,
Throu' gore and carnage gives offence;
Which ſhould not, while a river fair,
Without our walls flows by ſo near;
Carriage from thence but ſmall expence:
The uſeful *Corporation* too would find,
By working there, more health, and eaſe of mind.

Then ſweet our nothern flow'rs would blow,
And ſweet our nothern alleys end:
Sweet all the nothern ſprings would flow,
Sweet nothern trees and herbs would grow,
And from the lake a field be gain'd:
Where on the ſprings green margent by the dawn,
Our maids might waſh, and blanch their lace and lawn.

* Mr. Hope of Rankeilour, who has beautifully planted, hedged and drained Stratton's Meadow, which was formerly the bottom of a Lake.

* Forbid a naſty pack to place
On ſtalls unclean their herbs and roots,
On the high-ſtreet a vile diſgrace,
And tempting to our infant-race,
To ſwallow poiſon with their fruits.
Give them a ſtation, where leſs ſpoil'd and ſeen,
The healthful herbage may keep freſh and clean.

Beſides, they ſtraiten much our ſtreet,
When thoſe who drive the hack and dray,
In drunk and rude confuſion meet,
We know not where to turn our feet;
Mortal our hazard every way.
Too oft the ag'd, the deaf and little fry,
Hem'd in with ſtalls, cruſh'd under axles ly.

Clean order yields a vaſt delight,
And genius's that brighteſt ſhine,
Preſer the pleaſure of the ſight
Juſtly, to theirs who day and night
Sink health and active thought in wine.
Happy the man that's clean in houſe and weed,
Tho' water be his drink, and oats his bread.

Kind fate, on them whom I admire
Beſtow neat rooms and gardens fair,
Pictures that ſpeak the painter's fire,
And learning which the nine inſpire,
With friends that all his thoughts may ſhare;
A houſe in *Edinburgh*, when the ſullen ſtorm
Defaces nature's joyous fragrant form.

* With the more freedom ſome thoughts in theſe ſtanza's are advanced, becauſe ſeveral citizens of the beſt thinking, both in and out of the magiſtracy, incline to, and have ſuch views, if they were not oppos'd by ſome of groſs old-faſhion'd notions. ſuch will tell you, O! the ſtreet of Edinburgh is the fineſt garden of Scotland. And how can it otherwiſe be, conſidering how well 'tis dung'd every night? but this abuſe we hope to ſee reform'd ſoon, when the cart and warning bell ſhall leave the lazy ſlatern without excuſe, after ten at night.

O!

O! may we hope to ſee a ſtage,
Fill'd with the beſt of ſuch as can
Smile down the follies of the age,
Correct dull pride and party-rage,
And cultivate the growing man;
And ſhew the virgin every proper grace,
That makes her mind as comely as her face.

Nor will the moſt devout oppoſe,
When with a ſtrict judicious care,
The ſcenes moſt vertuous ſhall be choſe,
That numerous are, forbidding thoſe
That ſhock the modeſt, good and fair.
The beſt of things may often be abus'd;
That argues not, when right, to be refus'd.

Thus, what our fathers waſting blood,
Of old from the ſouth *Britons* won,
When *Scotland* reach'd to *Humber*'s flood,
We ſhall regain by arts leſs rude,
And bring the beſt and faireſt down,
From *England*'s nothern counties, nigh as far
Diſtant from court, as we of *Pictland* are.

Thus far inſpir'd with honeſt zeal,
Theſe thoughts are offer'd with ſubmiſſion,
By your own bard, who ne'er ſhall fail
The intereſt of the common weal;
While you indulge and grant permiſſion
To your oblig'd, thus humbly to rehearſe
His honeſt and well-meaning thoughts in verſe.

On his Grace the Duke of HAMILTON's *ſhooting an* Arrow *through the Neck of an* Eel.

AS from a bow a fatal ſlane,
Train'd by *Apollo* from the main,
In water pierc'd an Eel
Sae may the PATRIOT's power and art,
Sic fate to ſouple rogues impart,
That drumble at the common-weal.
Tho' they, as ony Eels, are ſlid,
And thro' what's vile can ſcud,
A bolt may reach them, tho' deep hid,
They ſculk beneath their mud.

BETTY *and* KATE; *A Paſtoral Farewell to Mr.* AIKMAN, *when he went for* LONDON.

BETTY.

DEAR *Katie*, *Willy*'s e'en away!
Willy, of herds the wale,
To feed his flock, and make his hay
Upon a diſtant dale,
Far to the ſouthward of this height
Where now we dowie ſtray;
Ay hartſome when he chear'd our ſight,
And leugh with us a' day.

KATE.

KATE.

O *Willy* can dale dainties pleaſe
Thee mair than moorland ream;
Does *Iſis* flow with ſweeter eaſe
Than *Fortha*'s gentle ſtream?
Or takes thou rather mair delyt
In the ſtrae-hatted maid,
Than in the blooming red and whyt
Of her that wears the plaid?

BETTY.

Na, *Kate*, for that we needna mourn,
He is not gi'en to change:
But ſauls of ſic a ſhining turn,
For honours like to range:
Our laird, and a' the gentry round,
Who mauna be ſaid nay,
Sic pleaſure in his art have found,
They winna let him ſtay.
Blyth I have ſtood frae morn to een,
To ſee how true and weel
He coud delyt us on the green
With a piece cawk and keel,
On a ſlid ſtane, or ſmoother ſlate,
He can the picture draw
Of you or me, or ſheep or gait,
The likeſt e'er ye ſaw.
Laſs thinkna ſhame to eaſe your mind,
I ſee ye're like to greet;
Let gae theſe tears, 'tis juſtly kind,
For ſhepherd ſae complete.

KATE.

Far, far! o'er far frae *Spey* and *Clyde*,
Stands that great town of *Lud*,
To whilk our beſt lads rin and ride;
That's like to put us wood:
For ſindle times they e'er come back,
Wha anes are heftit there.
Sure *Beſs* their hills are no ſae black,
Nor yet their howms ſae bare.

BETTY.

Our riggs are rich, and green our heights,
And well our cares reward;
But yield, nae doubt, far leſs delights,
In abſence of our laird.
But we maun cawmly now ſubmit,
And our ill luck lament,
And leave't to his ain ſenſe and wit
To find his heart's content.
A thouſand gates he had to win
The love of auld and young,
Did a' he did with little din;
And in nae deed was dung.

KATE.

WILLIAM and *MARY* never fail'd
To welcome with a ſmile,
And hearten us, when ought we ail'd,
Without deſigning guile.
Lang may ſhe happily poſſeſs
Wha's in his breaſt inſeſt,
And may their bonny bairns increaſe,
And a' with rowth be left.

O *William* win your laurels faſt,
And ſyne we'll a' be fain,
Soon as your wandring days are paſt,
And you're return'd again.

BETTY.

Revive her joys by your return,
To whom you firſt gave pain;
Judge how her paſſions for you burn,
By theſe you bear your ain.
Sae may your kirn with fatneſs flow,
And a' your ky be ſleek;
And may your hearts with gladneſs glow,
In finding what ye ſeek.

To Mr. DAVID MALLOCH, *on his departure from* Scotland.

SINCE fate, with honour, bids thee leave
Thy country for a while,
It is nae friendly part to grieve,
When powers propitious ſmile.

The taſk aſſign'd thee's great and good
To cultivate two *GRAHAMS*,
Wha from bauld heroes draw their blood
Of brave immortal names.

Like wax the dawning genius takes
Impreſſions, thrawin or even;
Then he wha fair the molding makes,
Does journey-work for heaven.

The

The four weak pedants ſpoil the mind
Of thoſe beneath their care,
Who think inſtruction is confin'd
To poor grammatick ware.

But better kens my friend, and can
Far nobler plans deſign,
To lead the boy up to a man
That's fit in courts to ſhine.

Frae *Grampian* heights, ſome may object,
Can you ſic knowledge bring?
But thoſe laigh thinkers ne'er reflect,
Some ſauls ken ilka thing.

With vaſter eaſe at the firſt glance,
Than miſty minds that plod
And threſh for thought, but ne'er advance
Their ſtawk aboon their clod.

But he * that could in tender ſtrains
Raiſe *Margaret*'s plaining ſhade,
And paint diſtreſs that chills the veins,
While *William*'s crimes are red;

Shaws to the world, cou'd they obſerve,
A clear deſerving flame ——
Thus I can rooſe without reſerve,
When truth ſupports my theme.

* William and Margaret, a ballad in imitation of the old Manner, wherein the ſtrength of thought and paſſion is more obſerved than a rant of unmeaning words.

Gae,

Gae, Lad, and win a nation's love,
By making thoſe in truſt,
Like *WALLACE*'s* *ACHATES* prove,
Wiſe, Generous, Brave and Juſt.

Sae may his grace, the illuſtrious *Sire*,
With joy paternal ſee
Their riſing bleez of manly fire,
And pay his thanks to thee.

To CALISTA: *An* Epigram.

ANES wiſdom, majeſty and beauty,
Contended to allure the ſwain,
Wha fain wad paid to ilk his duty;
But only ane the prize could gain.

Were *Jove* again to redd debate
Between his ſpouſe and daughters twa,
And were it dear *Caliſta*'s fate
To bid amang them for the ba';

When given to her, the ſhepherd might
Then with the ſingle apple ſerve a';
Since ſhe's poſſeſt of a' that's bright
In *Juno*, *Venus* and *Minerva*.

* The heroick Sir John Graham, the glory of his name and nation, (and deareſt friend of the renowned Sir William Wallace) anceſtor of his grace Duke of Montroſe.

Inſcrip-

Inſcription *on the Tomb-ſtone of Mr.* ALEXANDER WARDLAW, *late Chamberlain to the Right Honourable Earl of* Wigton, *erected by his Son Mr.* JOHN WARDLAW *in the Church of* Biggar.

HERE lyes a man, whoſe upright heart
With virtue was profuſely ſtor'd,
Who acted well the honeſt part
Between the tenants and their lord.

Between the ſands and flinty rock
Thus ſteer'd he in the golden mean,
While his blyth countenance beſpoke
A mind unrufflí'd and ſerene.

As to great *BRUCE* the *FLEMINGS* prov'd
Faithful, ſo to the *FLEMINGS* heir
WARDLAW behav'd, and was belov'd
For's juſtice, candor, faith and care.

His merit ſhall preſerve his fame
To lateſt ages, free from ruſt,
Till the arch-angel raiſe his frame
To join his ſoul amongſt the juſt.

An

An Ode, *ſacred to the Memory of her Grace* ANNE *Dutcheſs of* HAMILTON.

WHY ſounds the plain with ſad complaint?
Why hides the ſun his beams?
Why ſigh the winds ſae bleak and cauld?
Why mourn the ſwelling ſtreams?

Wail on, ye heights; ye glens, complain;
Sun, wear thy cloudy veil:
Sigh, winds, frae frozen caves of ſnaw;
Clyde, mourn the rueful tale.

She's dead, the beauteous *ANNA*'s dead;
All nature wears a gloom:
Alas! the comely budding flower,
Is faded in the bloom.

Clos'd in the weeping marble vault,
Now cauld and blae ſhe lies;
Nae mair the ſmiles adorn her cheek,
Nae mair ſhe lifts her eyes.

Too ſoon, O ſweeteſt, faireſt, beſt,
Young parent, lovely mate,
Thou leaves thy lord and infant Son,
To weep thy early fate.

But late thy chearfu' marriage-day,
Gave gladneſs all around;
But late in thee, the youthful chief
A heaven of bleſſings found.

His

His boſom ſwells, for much he lov'd;
Words fail to paint his grief:
He ſtarts in dream, and graſps thy ſhade,
The day brings nae relief.

The fair illuſion ſkims away,
And grief again returns;
Life's pleaſures make a vain attempt,
Diſconſolate he mourns.

He mourns his loſs, a nations loſs,
It claims a flood of tears,
When ſic a lov'd illuſtrious ſtar
Sae quickly diſappears.

With roſes and the lilly buds,
Ye nymphs, her grave adorn,
And weeping tell, thus ſweet ſhe was,
Thus early from us torn.

To ſilent twilight ſhades retire,
Ye melancholy ſwains,
In melting notes repeat her praiſe,
In ſighing vent your pains.

But haſte, calm reaſon, to our aid,
And paining thoughts ſubdue,
By placing of the pious Fair
In a mair pleaſing view:

Whoſe white immortal mind now ſhines,
And ſhall for ever bright,
Above th' inſult of death and pain,
By the *firſt ſpring of light*.

There

There joins the high melodious thrang,
That ſtrike eternal ſtrings:
In preſence of *Omnipotence*,
She now a *Seraph* ſings.

Then ceaſe, great *JAMES*, thy flowing tears,
Nor rent thy ſoul in vain:
Frae bowers of bliſs ſhe'll ne'er return
To thy kind arms again,

With goodneſs ſtill adorn thy mind,
True greatneſs ſtill improve;
Be ſtill a Patriot juſt and brave,
And meet thy Saint above.

Ode *to the Memory of Sir* Isaac Newton; *Inſcrib'd to the Royal Society of* London *for the Improving of Natural Knowledge.*

GREAT *NEWTON*'s dead,--full ripe his fame;
Ceaſe, vulgar grief, to cloud our ſong:
We thank the *Author* of our frame,
Who lent him to the earth ſo long.

The god-like *Man* now mounts the ſky,
Exploring all yon radiant ſpheres;
And with one view can more deſcry,
Than here below in eighty years:

Tho' none, with greater ſtrength of ſoul,
Could riſe to more divine a height,
Or range the *Orbs* from *Pole* to *Pole*,
And more improve the humane ſight.

Now

Now with full joy he can ſurvey
  Theſe worlds, and ev'ry ſhining blaze,
That countleſs in the *Milky Way*,
  Only thro' glaſſes ſhew their rays.

Thouſands in thouſand arts excell'd,
  But often to one part confin'd;
While ev'ry ſcience ſtood reveal'd
  And clear to his capacious mind.

His penetration, moſt profound,
  Launch'd far in that extended ſea,
Where humane minds can reach no bound,
  And never div'd ſo deep as he.

Sons of the eaſt and weſtern world,
  When on this *Leading Star* ye gaze,
While magnets guide the ſail unfurl'd,
  Pay to his memory due praiſe.

Thro' ev'ry maze he was the guide;
  While others crawl'd, he ſoar'd above:
Yet modeſty, unſtain'd with pride,
  Increas'd his merit, and our love.

He ſhunn'd the ſophiſtry of words,
  Which only hatch contentious ſpite;
His learning turn'd on what affords
  By *Demonſtration* moſt delight.

BRITAIN may honourably boaſt,
  And glory in her *matchleſs Son*,
Whoſe genius has *invented* moſt,
  And *finiſh'd* what the reſt begun.

Ye *Fellows* of the *Royal Claſs*,
Who honour'd him to be your *Head*,
Erect in fineſt ſtone and braſs
Statues of the *Illuſtrious Dead*.

Altho' more laſting than them all,
Or ev'n the *Poët*'s higheſt ſtrain,
His *Works*, as long as wheels this ball,
Shall his great memory ſuſtain.

May from your *Learned Band* ariſe,
Newtons to ſhine thro' future times,
And bring down knowledge from the ſkies,
To plant on wild *Barbarian* climes.

'Till nations, few degrees from brutes,
Be brought into each proper road,
Which leads to wiſdom's happieſt fruits,
To know their Saviour and their God.

To William Somervile *of* Warwickſhire, *Eſq; on reading ſeveral of his excellent Poems.*

SIR, I have read, and much admire
Your muſe's gay and eaſy flow,
Warm'd with that true *Idalian* fire
That gives the bright and chearful glow.

I con'd each line with joyous care,
As I can ſuch from ſun to ſun;
And like the glutton o'er his fare
Delicious, thought them too ſoon done.

The witty ſmile, nature and art,
In all your numbers ſo combine,
As to complete their juſt deſert,
And grace them with uncommon ſhine.

Delighted we your muſe regard,
When ſhe like *Pindar*'s ſpreads her wings;
And virtue being its own reward,
Expreſſes by the *Siſter Springs*.

Emotions tender croud the mind,
When with the royal bard you go,
To ſigh in notes divinely kind,
The mighty fall on mount Gilbo.

Much ſurely was the virgin's joy,
Who with the *Iliad* had your lays;
For e'er, and ſince the ſiege of *Troy*
We all delight in love and praiſe.

Theſe heaven-born paſſions, ſuch deſire,
I never yet cou'd think a crime;
But firſt-rate virtues which inſpire
The ſoul to reach at the ſublime.

But often men miſtake the way,
And pump for fame by empty boaſt,
Like your *gilt Aſs*, who ſtood to bray,
'Till in a flame his tail he loſt.

Him th' incurious bencher hits,
With his own tale, ſo tight and clean,
That while I read, ſtreams guſh, by fits
Of hearty laughter, from my een.

Old

Old *Chaucer*, hard of vaſt ingine,
Fontaine and *Prior*, who have ſung
Blyth tales the beſt; had they heard thine
On *Lob*, they'd own'd themſelves out-done.

The plot's purſu'd with ſo much glee,
The two officious *Dog* and *Prieſt*,
The '*Squire oppreſs'd*, I own, for me,
I never heard a better jeſt.

POPE well deſcrib'd an *Omber Game*,
And *King revenging Captive Queen*;
He merits; but had won more fame,
If author of your *Bowling-green*.

You paint your parties, play each bowl,
So natural, juſt, and with ſuch eaſe,
That while I read, upon my ſoul!
I wonder how I chance to pleaſe.

Yet I have pleas'd, and pleaſe the beſt;
And ſure to me laurels belong,
Since *Britiſh* fair, and 'mongſt the beſt,
Somervile's conſort likes my ſong.

Raviſh'd I heard th' harmonious fair
Sing, like a dweller of the ſky,
My verſes with a *Scotian* air;
Then ſaints were not ſo bleſt as I.

In her the valu'd charms unite;
She really is what all would ſeem,
Gracefully handſome, wiſe and ſweet:
'Tis merit to have her eſteem.

Your noble kinſman her lov'd mate,
Whoſe worth claims all the world reſpect,
Met in her love a ſmiling fate,
Which has, and muſt have good effect.

You both from one great lineage ſpring,
Both from *de Somervile*, who came,
With *William*, *England*'s conquering king,
To win fair plains, and laſting fame.

WHICHNOUR he left to's eldeſt ſon;
That firſt-born chief you repreſent:
His ſecond came to *Caledon*,
From whom our *SOMERVILE* takes deſcent.

On him and you may fate beſtow
Sweet balmy health and cheerful fire,
As long's ye'd wiſh to live below,
Still bleſt with all you wou'd deſire.

O ſir! oblige the world, and ſpread
In print * thoſe and your other lays;
This (ſhall be better'd while they read)
And after ages ſound your praiſe.

I cou'd enlarge —— but if I ſhou'd
On what you've wrote, my *Ode* wou'd run
Too great a length —— Your thoughts ſo croud,
To note them all, I'd ne'er have done.

Accept this offering of a muſe,
Who on her *Pictland* hills ne'er tires;
Nor ſhou'd (when worth invites) refuſe
To ſing the perſon ſhe admires.

* Since the writing of this Ode, Mr. Somervile's poems are printed by Mr. Lintot in an 8vo vol.

A

An Epiſtle *from Mr.* SOMERVILE.

NEAR fair *Avona*'s ſilver tide,
Whoſe waves in ſoft meanders glide,
I read, to the delighted ſwains,
Your jocund ſongs, and rural ſtrains.
Smooth as her ſtreams your numbers flow,
Your thoughts in vary'd beauties ſhow,
Like flow'rs that on her borders grow.
While I ſurvey, with raviſh'd eyes,
This * friendly gift, my valu'd prize,
Where ſiſter *Arts*, with charms divine,
In their full bloom and beauty ſhine,
Alternately my ſoul is bleſt.
Now I behold my welcome gueſt,
That graceful, that engaging air,
So dear to all the brave and fair.
Nor has th' ingenious artiſt ſhown
His outward lineaments alone,
But in th' expreſſive draught deſign'd,
The nobler beauties of his mind;
True friendſhip, love, benevolence,
Unſtudied wit, and manly ſenſe.
Then, as your book, I wander o'er,
And feaſt on the delicious ſtore,
(Like the laborious buſy bee,
Pleas'd with the ſweet variety)
With equal wonder and ſurprize,
I ſee reſembling portraits riſe.
Brave archers march in bright array,
In troups the vulgar line the way.

* Lord Somervile was pleaſed to ſend me his own picture, and Mr. Ramſay's works,

Here the droll figures ſlily ſneer,
Or coxcombs at full length appear.
There woods and lawns, a rural ſcene,
And ſwains that gambol on the green.
Your pen can act the pencil's part
With greater genius, fire and art.

Believe me, bard, no hunted hind
That pants againſt the ſouthern wind,
And ſeeks the ſtream thro' unknown ways;
No matron in her teeming days,
E'er felt ſuch longings, ſuch deſires,
As I to view thoſe lofty ſpires,
Thoſe domes, where fair *Edina* ſhrouds
Her tow'ring head amid the clouds.
But oh! what dangers interpoſe?
Vales deep with dirt, and hills with ſnows,
Proud winter floods with rapid force,
Forbid the pleaſing intercourſe.
But ſure we bards whoſe purer clay,
Nature has mixt with leſs allay,
Might ſoon find out an eaſier way.
Do not ſage matrons mount on high,
And ſwitch their broom-ſticks thro' the ſky;
Ride poſt o'er hills, and woods, and ſeas,
From *Thule* to th' † *Heſperides?*
And yet the men of *Greſham* own
That this and ſtranger feats are done,
By a warm fancy's power alone.
This granted; why can't you and I
Stretch forth our wings, and cleave the ſky?
Since our poetick brains, you know,
Than theirs muſt more intenſely glow.

* The Scilly Iſlands were ſo called by the antients, as Mr. Camden obſerves.

Did

Did not the *Theban* ſwan take wing,
Sublimely ſoar, and ſweetly ſing?
And do not we of humbler vein,
Sometimes attempt a loftier ſtrain,
Mount ſheer out of the reader's ſight,
Obſcurely loſt in clouds and night?

Then climb your *Pegaſus* with ſpeed,
I'll meet thee on the banks of *Tweed*:
Not as our fathers did of yore,
To ſwell the flood with crimſon gore;
Like the *Cadmean* murd'ring brood,
Each thirſting for his brother's blood.
For now all hoſtile rage ſhall ceaſe;
Lull'd in the downy arms of peace,
Our honeſt hands and hearts ſhall join,
O'er jovial banquets, ſparkling wine.
Let *Peggy* at thy elbow wait,
And I ſhall bring my bonny *Kate*.
But hold — oh! take a ſpecial care,
T' admit no prying *Kirkman* there;
I dread the *Penitential Chair*.
What a ſtrange figure ſhou'd I make,
A poor abandon'd *Engliſh* rake;
A ſquire well-born, and ſix foot high,
Perch'd in that ſacred pillory?
Let ſpleen and zeal be baniſh'd thence,
And troubleſome impertinence,
That tells his ſtory o'er again:
Ill manners and his ſaucy train,
And ſelf conceit, and ſtiff-rumpt pride,
That grin at all the world beſide;
Foul ſcandal, with a load of lies,
Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies;

Fame's buſy hawker, light as air,
That feeds on frailties of the fair:
Envy, hypocriſy, deceit,
Fierce party-rage, and warm debate;
And all the hell-hounds that are foes
To friendſhip, and the world's repoſe.
But mirth inſtead, and dimpling ſmiles,
And wit, that gloomy care beguiles;
And joke, and pun, and merry tale,
And toaſts, that round the table ſail:
While laughter, burſting thro' the crowd
In vollies, tells our joys aloud.
Hark! the ſhrill piper mounts on high,
The woods, the ſtreams, the rocks reply,
To his far-ſounding melody.
Behold each lab'ring ſqueeze prepare
Supplies of modulated air.
Obſerve *Croudero*'s active bow,
His head ſtill noddling to and fro,
His eyes, his cheeks with raptures glow.
See, ſee the baſhful nymphs advance,
To lead the regulated dance;
Flying ſtill, the ſwains purſuing,
Yet with backward glances wooing.
This, this ſhall be the joyous ſcene;
Nor wanton elves that ſkim the green
Shall be ſo bleſt, ſo blyth, ſo gay,
Or leſs regard what dotards ſay.
My *Roſe* ſhall then your *Thiſtle* greet,
The *Union* ſhall be more compleat;
And, in a bottle and a friend,
Each national diſpute ſhall end.

Anſwer

Anſwer to the above Epiſtle from WILLIAM SOMERVILE, *Eſq; of* Warwickſhire.

SIR, I had your's, and own my pleaſure,
On the receipt, exceeded meaſure.
You write with ſo much ſp'rit and glee,
Sae ſmooth, ſae ſtrong, correct and free;
That any he (by you allow'd
To have ſome merit) may be proud.
If that's my fault, bear you the blame,
Wha've lent me ſic a lift to fame.
Your ain tours high, and widens far,
Bright glancing like a firſt-rate ſtar,
And all the world beſtow due praiſe
On the *Collection* of your lays;
Where various arts and turns combine,
Which even in parts firſt poets ſhine:
Like *Mat* and *Swift* ye ſing with eaſe,
And can be *Waller* when you pleaſe.
Continue, ſir, and ſhame the crew
That's plagu'd with having nought to do,
Who fortune in a merry mood
Has overcharg'd with gentle blood,
But has deny'd a genius fit
For action or aſpiring wit;
Such kenna how t'employ their time,
And think activity a crime:
Aught they to either do, or ſay,
Or walk, or write, or read, or pray!
When money, their *Factotum*'s able
To furniſh them a numerous rabble,

Who

Who will, for daily drink and wages,
Be chair-men, chaplains, clerks, and pages:
Could they, like you, employ their hours
In planting theſe delightful flowers,
Which carpet the poetick fields,
And laſting funds of pleaſure yields;
Nae mair they'd gaunt and gove away,
Or ſleep or loiter out the day,
Or waſte the night damning their ſauls
In deep debauch, and bawdy brawls:
Whence pox and poverty proceed
An early eild, and ſpirits dead.
Reverſe of you; —— and him you love,
Whoſe brighter ſpirit tours above
The mob of thoughtleſs lords and beaus,
Who in his ilka actions ſhows
True friendſhip, love, benevolence,
Unſtudy'd wit, and manly ſenſe.
Allow here what you've ſaid your ſell,
Nought can b' expreſt ſo juſt and well:
To him and her, worthy his love,
And every bleſſing from above,
A ſon is given, G o d ſave the boy,
For theirs and every *Som'ril's* joy.
Ye wardins round him take your place,
And raiſe him with each manly grace;
Make his *Meridian* vertues ſhine,
To add freſh luſtres to his line:
And many may the mother ſee
Of ſuch a lovely progeny.

Now, ſir, when *Boreas* nae mair thuds
Hail, ſnaw and ſleet, frae blacken'd clouds;
While *Caledonian's* hills are green,
And a' her *Straths* delight the een;

While

While ilka flower with fragrance blows,
And a' the year it's beauty ſhows;
Before again the winter lour,
What hinders then your nothern tour?
Be ſure of welcome: nor believe
Theſe wha an ill report would give
To *Ed'nburgh* and the land of cakes,
That nought what's neceſſary lacks.
Here plenty's goddeſs frae her horn
Pours fiſh and cattle, claith and corn,
In blyth abundance; —— and yet mair,
Our men are brave, our ladies fair.
Nor will *North Britain* yield for ſouth
Of ilka thing, and fellows couth,
To any but her ſiſter *South*. ——

True, rugged roads are curſed driegh,
And ſpeats aft roar frae mountains high:
The body tires, —— poor tottering clay,
And likes with eaſe at hame to ſtay;
While ſauls ſtride warlds at ilka ſtend,
And can their widening views extend.
Mine ſees you, while you chearfu' roam
On ſweet *Avona*'s flow'ry howm,
There recollecting, with full view,
Theſe follies which mankind purſue;
While, conſcious of ſuperior merit,
You riſe with a correcting ſpirit;
And, as an agent of the gods,
Laſh them with ſharp ſatyrick rods:
Labour divine! — Next, for a change,
O'er hill and dale I ſee you range,
After the fox or whidding hare,
Confirming health in pureſt air;

While

While joy frae heights and dales reſounds,
Rais'd by the *Hola*, *Horn* and *Hounds*:
Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd, the chace out-run,
I ſee the friend, and ſetting ſun,
Invite you to the temp'rate bicquor,
Which makes the blood and wit flow quicker.
The clock ſtrikes twelve, to reſt you bound,
To ſave your health by ſleeping ſound.
Thus with cool head and healſome breaſt
You ſee new day ſtream frae the eaſt:
Then all the muſes round you ſhine,
Inſpiring every thought divine;
Be long their aid Your years and bleſſes,
Your ſervant *ALLAN RAMSAY* wiſhes.

REASONS *for not anſwering the Hackney Scriblers, my obſcure Enemies.*

THESE to my blyth indulgent friends;
Dull faes nought at my hand deſerve:
To pump an anſwer's a' their ends;
But not ae line, if they ſhou'd ſtarve.

Wha e'er ſhall with a midding fight,
Of victory will be beguil'd;
Dealers in dirt will be to dight,
Fa' they aboon or 'neath, they're fil'd.

It helps my character to heez,
When I'm the butt of creeping tools;
The warld, by their daft medley, ſees,
That I've nae enemies but fools.

But

But ſae it has been, and will be,
While real poets riſe to fame,
Sic poor *Macflecknos* will let flee
Their venom, and ſtill miſs their aim.

Should ane like *Young* or *Somer'le* write,
Some canker'd coof can ſay 'tis wrang;
On *Pope* ſic mungrels ſhaw'd their ſpite;
And ſhot at *Addiſon* their ſtang.

But well dear *Spec* the feckleſs aſſes
To wieſt inſects even'd and painted,
Sic as by magnifying glaſſes
Are only kend when throu' them tented.

The blundering fellows ne'er foryet,
About my tade to f—— their fancies,
As if, forſooth, I wad look blate
At what my honour maiſt advances.

Auld *Homer* ſang for's daily bread;
Surprizing *Shakeſpear* ſin'd the wool;
Great *Virgil* creels and baſkets made;
And famous *Ben* employ'd the trowel.

Yet *Dorſet*, *Launſdown*, *Lauderdale*,
Bucks, *Stirling*, and the ſon of *Angus*,
Even monarchs, and of men the wale,
Were proud to be inrow'd amang us.

Then, hackneys, write 'till ye gae wood,
Drudge for the hawkers day and night;
Your malice cannot move my mood,
And equally your praiſe I ſlight.

I've

I've gotten mair of fame than's due,
Which is ſecur'd amang the beſt;
And ſhou'd I tent the like of you,
A little ſaul wad be confeſt.

Nae maſtive minds a yamphing cur;
A craig defies a frothy wave;
Nor will a lyon raiſe his fur,
Altho' a monkey misbehave.

Nam ſatis eſt equitem mihi plaudere.

To Mr. DONALD MACEWEN *Jeweller at St.* Peterſburg.

HOW far frae hame my friend ſeeks fame!
And yet I canna wyte ye,
T'employ your fire, and ſtill aſpire,
By vertues that delyte ye.

Should fortune lour, 'tis in your power,
If heaven grant bawmy health,
T'enjoy ilk hour a ſaul unſowr;
Content's nae bairn of wealth.

It is the mind that's not confin'd
To paſſions mean and vile,
That's never pin'd, while thoughts refin'd
Can gloomy cares beguile.

Then *Donald* may be e'en as gay,
On *Ruſſia*'s diſtant ſhore,
As on the *Tay*, where *Uſquebae*
He us'd to drink before.

But

But howſoe'er, haſte, gather gear,
And ſyne pack up your treaſure;
Then to *Auld Reekie* come, and beek ye,
And cloſe your days with pleaſure.

To the ſame, on receiving a Preſent from him of a Seal, Homer's *Head finely cut in Chryſtal, and ſet in Gold.*

THANKS to my frank ingenious friend;
Your preſent's moſt gentile and kind,
Baith rich and ſhining as your mind;
And that immortal laurell'd pow,
Upon the gem ſae well deſign'd
And execute, ſets me on low.

The heavenly fire inflames my breaſt,
Whilſt I unweary'd am in queſt
Of fame, and hope that ages nieſt
Will do their highland bard the grace,
Upon their ſeals to cut his creſt,
And blytheſt ſtrakes of his ſhort face.

Far leſs great *Homer* ever thought
(When he, harmonious beggar! ſought
His bread throu' *Greece*) he ſhould be brought,
Frae *Ruſſia*'s ſhore by Captain * *Hugh*,
To *Pictland* plains, ſae finely wrought
On precious ſtone, and ſet by you.

* Captain Hugh Eccles, Maſter of a fine Merchant ſhip, which he left in the unhappy fire at St. Peterſburg.

A Bal-

A Ballad on bonny KATE.

CEASE, poets, your cunning deviſing
Of rhimes that low beauties o'er-rate;
They all, like the ſtars at the riſing
Of *Phœbus*, muſt yield to fair *KATE*.

We ſing, and we think it our duty
To admire th' kind bleſſings of fate
That has favour'd the earth with ſuch beauty,
As ſhines ſo divinely in *KATE*.

In her ſmiles, in her features and glances,
The graces ſhine forth in full ſtate,
While the god of love dang'rouſly dances
On the neck and white boſom of *KATE*.

How ſtraight, how well-turn'd, and gentile, are
Her limbs! and how graceful her gait!
Their hearts made of ſtone, or of ſteel are,
That are not adorers of *KATE*.

But ah! what a ſad palpatation
Feels the heart, and how ſimple and blate
Muſt he look, almoſt dead with vexation,
Whoſe love is fixt hopeleſs on *KATE*?

Had I all the charms of *Adonis*,
And galleons freighted with plate,
As *SOLOMON* wiſe; I'd think none is
So worthy of all, as dear *KATE*.

Ah

Ah! had ſhe for me the ſame paſſion,
I'd tune the lyre early and late;
The ſage's ſong on his *Circaſian*,
Should yield to my ſonnets on *KATE*.

His pleaſure each moment ſhall bloſſom,
Unfading, gets her for his mate;
He'll graſp every bliſs in his boſom,
That's linked by *Hymen* to *KATE*.

Pale envy may raiſe up falſe ſtories,
And hell may promp malice and hate;
But nothing ſhall ſully their glories,
Who are ſhielded with vertue like *KATE*.

This name, ſay ye, many a laſs has,
And t'apply it may raiſe a debate;
But ſure he as dull as an aſs is,
That cannot join *COCHRAN* to *KATE*.

To Dr. J. C. *who got the foregoing to give to the young* Lady.

HERE, happy Doctor, take this ſonnet,
Bear to the fair the faithful ſtrains:
Bow, make a leg, and d'off your bonnet;
And get a kiſs, for *ALLAN*'s pains.

For ſuch a raviſhing reward,
The *Cloud Compeller*'s ſelf would try
To imitate a *Britiſh* bard,
And bear his ballads from the ſky.

PROLOGUE, *before the acting of* AURENZEBE *and the* DRUMMER, *by the young Gentlemen of the Grammar School of* HADDINGTON, *Auguſt* 1727, *ſpoke by Mr.* CHARLES COCKBURN, *Son to Colonel* COCKBURN.

BE huſh, ye crowd, who preſſing round appear
Only to ſtare —— we ſpeak to thoſe can hear
The nervous phraſe, which raiſes thoughts more hy,
When added action leads them thro' the eye.
To paint fair vertue, humours and miſtakes,
Is what our ſchool with pleaſure undertakes,
Thro' various incidents of life, led on
By *DRYDEN*, and immortal *ADDISON:*
Thoſe ſtudy'd men, and knew the various ſprings,
That mov'd the minds of *Coachmen* and of *Kings.*
Altho' we're young —— allow no thought ſo mean,
That any here's to act the *Harlequin*
We leave ſuch dumb-ſhow mimickry to fools,
Beneath the ſp'rit of *Caledonian Schools.*
Learning's our aim, and all our care, to reach
At elegance and graceſulneſs of ſpeech,
And the addreſs, from baſhfulneſs refin'd,
Which hangs a weight upon a worthy mind.
The *Grammar*'s good, but pedantry brings down
The gentle *Dunce* below the ſprightly *Clown.*
Get ſeven ſcore verſe of Ovid's Triſt *by heart,*
To rattle o'er, elſe I ſhall make you ſmart,

Cry

Cry ſnarling *Dominies* that little ken:
Such may teach parots, but our * *LESLY* men.

EPILOGUE, *after the acting of the* DRUMMER, *ſpoke by Mr.* MAURICE COCKBURN, *another Son of Colonel* COCKBURN'S.

OUR plays are done —now criticiſe, and ſpare not;
And tho' you are not fully pleas'd, we care not.
We have a reaſon on our ſide — and that is,
Your treat has one good property —— 'tis *gratis*.
We've pleas'd our ſelves; and if we have good judges,
We value not a head where nothing lodges.
The generous men of ſenſe will kindly praiſe us,
And, if we make a little ſnapper, raiſe us:
Such know th' aſpiring ſoul at manly dawn,
Abhors the ſowr rebuke, and carping thrawin;
But riſes, on the hope of a great name,
Up all the rugged roads that lead to fame.
Our breaſts already pant to gain renown
At *Senates*, *Courts*, by *Arms* or by the *Gown*;
Or by improvements of *Paternal* fields,
Which never failing joy and plenty yields;
Or by deep draughts of the *Caſtalian* ſprings,
To ſoar with *Mantuan* or *Horatian* wings.

Hey boys! the day's our ain! the *Ladies* ſmile!
Which over-recompenſes all our toil!

* Mr. John Leſly, maſter of the ſchool, a gentleman of true learning; who, by his excellent method, moſt worthily fills his place.

Delights of mankind, tho' in ſome *ſmall Parts*
We are deficient, yet our wills and hearts
Are your's; and, when more perfect, ſhall endeavour,
By *acting better*, to ſecure your favour:
To ſpinnets then retire, and play a few tunes,
'Till we get thro' our *Gregories* and *Newtons*;
And, ſome years hence, we'll tell another tale;
'Till then, ye bonny blooming buds, — farewell.

PROLOGUE *ſpoke by Mr.* ANTHONY ASTON, *the firſt Night he acted in Winter* 1726.

'TIS I, — dear *Caledonians*, blythſome *TONY*,
That oft, laſt winter, pleas'd the brave and bonny
With medley, merry ſong, and comick ſcene;
Your kindneſs *then* has brought me here again:
After a circuit round the queen of iſles,
To gain your friendſhip and approving ſmiles,
Experience bids me hope; — tho' ſouth the *Tweed*
The daſtards ſaid, 'He never will ſucceed:
'What! ſuch a country look for any good in!
'That does not reliſh plays, — nor pork, — nor pudding!'
Thus great *Columbus* by an idiot crew
Was ridicul'd, at firſt, for his juſt view;
Yet his undaunted ſpirit ne'er gave ground,
'Till he a new and *better* world had found.
So I — laugh on — the ſimile is bold;
But faith 'tis juſt: for 'till this body's cold,
Columbus like, I'll puſh for fame and gold.

A CHA-

A CHARACTER.

OF judgment juſt, and fancy clear,
Induſtriou, yet not avaritious;
No ſlave to groundleſs hope and fear,
Chearful, yet hating to be vitious.

From envy free, tho' prais'd not vain,
Ne'er acting without honour's warrant;
Still equal, generous and humane,
As husband, maſter, friend and parent.

So modeſt, as ſcarce to be known
By glaring, proud conceited aſſes,
Whoſe little ſpirits aften frown
On ſuch as their leſs worth ſurpaſſes.

Ye'll own he's a deſerving man,
That in theſe out-lines ſtand before ye;
And trowth the picture I have drawn,
Is very like my friend *.....

* The Character, tho' true, has ſomething in it ſo great, that my too modeſt friend will not allow me to ſet his name to it. But this, and ſome few other wants, ſhall be made out afterwards from my regiſter of ſupplies.

Ode *to* Alexander Murray *of* Brughton, *Esq*; *on his Marriage with Lady* Euphemia, *Daughter to the Right Hon. Earl of* Galloway.

'TIS conquering love alone can move
The best to all that's great;
It sweetly binds two equal minds,
And makes a happy state,
When such as *MURRAY*, of a temper even,
And honour'd worth receives a mate from heaven.

Joy to you, Sir, and joy to her,
Whose softer charms can sooth,
With smiling pow'r, a sullen hour,
And make your life flow smooth.
Man's but unfinish'd, 'till by *Hymen*'s ties,
His sweeter half lock'd in his bosom lyes.

The general voice, approve your choice,
Their sentiments agree,
With fame allow'd, that she's a good
Branch sprung from a right tree.
Long may the Graces of her mind delight
Your soul, and long her beauties bless your sight.

May the bright guard, who love reward,
With man recoyn'd again,
In offspring fair make her their care,
In hours of joyful pain:
And may my Patron healthful live to see,
By her a brave and bonny progeny.

Let

Let youthful ſwains who 'tend your plains,
Touch the tun'd reed, and ſing,
While maids advance in ſprightly dance,
All in the rural ring;
And with the *Muſe* thank the immortal powers,
Placing with joy *EUPHEMIA*'s name with your's.

Ode *to the Memory of Mrs.* FORBES, *Lady* NEWHALL.

AH life! thou ſhort uncertain blaze,
Scarce worthy to be wiſh'd, or lov'd;
When by ſtrict death, ſo many ways,
So ſoon the ſweeteſt are remov'd.

In prime of life and lovely glow,
The dear *BRUCINA* muſt ſubmit;
Nor could ward off the fatal blow,
With every beauty, grace and wit.

If outward charms, and temper ſweet,
The chearful ſmile, and thought ſublime,
Could have preſerv'd, ſhe ne'er had met
A change, 'till death had ſunk with time.

Her ſoul glanc'd with each heavenly ray,
Her form with all theſe beauties fair,
For which young brides and mothers pray,
And wiſh for to their infant care.

Sowr ſpleen or anger, paſſion rude,
Theſe oppoſites to peace and heaven,
Ne'er pal'd her cheek, or fir'd her blood;
Her mind was ever calm and even.

Come, faireſt nymphs, and gentle ſwains,
Give looſe to tears of tender love;
Strow fragrant flowers on her remains,
While ſighing round her grave you move.

In mournful notes your pain expreſs,
While with reflection you run o'er,
How excellent, how good ſhe was!
She was! alas! but is no more!

Yet piouſly correct your moan,
And raiſe religious thoughts on hie,
After her ſpotleſs ſoul, that's gone
To joys that ne'er can fade or die.

On a Slate's falling from a Houſe on Mris. M. M——k's *Breaſt.*

WAS *Venus* angry, and in ſpite,
Allow'd that ſtane to fa',
Imagining theſe breaſts ſo white
Contain'd a heart of ſnaw?

Was her wing'd *Son* ſae cankert ſet
To wound her lovely skin,
Becauſe his arrows could not get
A paſſage farder in?

Nó: She is to love's goddeſs dear,
Her ſmiling boy's delight ——
It was ſome hag that doughtna bear
Sic charms to vex her ſight.

Some ſilly ſowr pretending ſaint,
In heart an imp of hell,
Whaſe hale religion lyes in cant,
Her vertue in wrang zeal;

She threw the ſtane, and ettled death;
But watching *Zylphs* flew round,
So guard dear *MADIE* from all skaith,
And quickly cur'd the wound.

To my kind and worthy Friends in IRELAND, *who on a Report of my Death, made and publiſhed ſeveral Elegies* Lyrick *and* Paſtoral, *very much to my Honour.*

SIGHING ſhepherds of *Hibernia*,
Thank ye for your kind concern a',
When a fauſe report, beguiling,
Prov'd a draw back on your ſmiling;
Dight your een, and ceaſe your grieving,
ALLAN's hale, and well, and living,
Singing, laughing, ſleeping ſoundly,
Cowing beef, and drinking roundly;
Drinking roundly *Rum* and *Claret*,
Ale and *Uſquae*, bumpers fair out,
Supernaculum but ſpilling,
The leaſt diamond * drawing, filling;
Sowſing ſonnets on the laſſes,
Hounding ſatyres at the aſſes;

* See Note Vol. 1. p. 18.

Smiling

Smiling at the ſurly criticks,
And the pack-horſe of politicks;
Painting meadows, ſchaws and mountains,
Crooking burns and flowing fountains;
Flowing fountains, where ilk gowan
Grows about the borders glowan,
Smelling ſweetly, and inviting
Poets lays, and lovers meeting;
Meeting kind to niffer kiſſes,
Bargaining for better bleſſes.

Hills in dreary dumps now lying,
And ye *Zephyrs* ſwiftly flying,
And ye rivers gently turning,
And ye *Philomellas* mourning,
And ye double ſighing ecchoes,
Ceaſe your ſobing, tears, and hey! ho's!
Baniſh a' your care and grieving,
ALLAN's hale, and well, and living,
Early up on morning's ſhining,
Ilka fancy warm refining,
Giving ilka verſe a burniſh
That maun *Second Volume* furniſh,
To bring in frae lord and lady
Meikle fame and part of Ready;
Splendid thing of conſtant motion,
Fiſh'd for in the ſouthern ocean;
Prop of gentry, nerve of battles,
Prize for which the Gameſter rattles;
Belzie's banes, deceitfu', kittle,
Risking a' to gain a little.

Pleaſing *Philip*'s tunefu' tickle,
Philomel, and kind *Arbuckle*:

Singers

Singers ſweet, baith lads and laſſes,
Tuning pipes on hill *Parnaſſus*,
ALLAN kindly to you wiſhes
Laſting life, and rowth of bleſſes;
And that he may, when ye ſurrender
Sauls to heaven, in number tender
Give a' your fames a happy heezy,
And gratefully immortalize ye.

THE

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD, A *Paſtoral Comedy*;

Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable,

SUSANNA *Counteſs of* EGLINTOUN.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a deſire to pleaſe the beſt, have ever encouraged the Poets *to finiſh their deſigns with chearfulneſs. But conſcious of their own inability to oppoſe a ſtorm of ſpleen and haughty ill nature, it is generally an ingenious cuſtom amongſt them to chuſe ſome honourable ſhade.*

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Paſtoral *under your* Ladyſhip's *protection. If my* Patroneſs *ſays, The* Shepherds *ſpeak as they ought, and that there are ſeveral natural flowers that beautify the rural wild; I ſhall have good reaſon to think my ſelf ſafe from the aukward cenſure of ſome pretending judges that condemn before examination.*

I am ſure of vaſt numbers that will croud into your Ladyſhip's *opinion, and think it their honour to agree in*

in their ſentiments with the Counteſs *of* EGLINTOUN, *whoſe penetration, ſuperior wit, and ſound judgment, ſhines with an uncommon luſtre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodneſs and equality of mind.*

If it were not for offending only your Ladyſhip, *here,* Madam, *I might give the fulleſt liberty to my muſe to delineate the fineſt of women, by drawing your* Ladyſhip's *character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; ſince flattery lies not in paying what's due to merit, but in praiſes miſplaced.*

Were I to begin with your Ladyſhip's *honourable birth and alliance, the field's ample, and preſents us with numberleſs, great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of* KENNEDY *and* MONTGOMERY: *be that the care of the herauld and hiſtorian. 'Tis perſonal merit, and the heavenly ſweetneſs of the fair, that inſpire the tuneful lays. Here every* Lesbia *muſt be excepted, whoſe tongues give liberty to the ſlaves, which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flatter'd; but your* Ladyſhip *juſtly claims our admiration and profoundeſt reſpect: for whilſt you are poſſeſt of every outward charm in the moſt perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wiſdom and piety, which adorn your* Ladyſhip's *mind, command devotion.*

All this is very true, cries one of better ſenſe than good nature: but what occaſion have you to tell us the ſun ſhines, when we have the uſe of our eyes, and feel his influence? — Very true; but I have the liberty to uſe the Poet's privilege, which is, To ſpeak what every body thinks. *Indeed there might be ſome ſtrength in the reflection, if the* Idalian *regiſters were of as ſhort duration as life but the* Bard, *who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praiſe-worthy pleaſure, in communicating to poſterity the fame of diſtinguiſhed*

guiſhed Characters. — I write this laſt ſentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: but if I ſhall prove ſo happy as to pleaſe your Ladyſhip *in the following attempt, then all my doubts ſhall vaniſh like a morning vapour; I ſhall hope to be claſs'd with* Taſſo *and* Guarini, *and ſing with* Ovid,

If 'tis allowed to poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine.

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient,

and moſt devoted Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

To the Counteſs of EGLINTOUN, *with the following* Paſtoral.

ACCEPT, O *EGLINTOUN!* the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays:
The muſe, that oft has rais'd her tuneful ſtrains,
A frequent gueſt on *Scotia*'s bleſsful plains,
That oft has ſung, her liſt'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,
Once more reſumes the ſtill ſucceſsful lay,
Delighted, thro' the verdant meads to ſtray.
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with her repair,
To breathe the balmy ſweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the ſtream, or in the rural ſhade,
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'ſt, approve
The *Gentle Shepherd*'s tender tale of love.
Inſtructed from theſe ſcenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breaſt that real love inſpires!
The fair ſhall read of ardors, ſighs and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears.
Hence too, what paſſions in his boſom riſe!
What dawning gladneſs ſparkles in his eyes!
When firſt the Fair One, pitious of his fate,
Kind of her ſcorn, and vanquiſh'd of her hate,
With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
And bluſhing beauteous ſmiles the kind conſent!
Love's paſſion here in each extreme is ſhown,
In *Charlot*'s ſmile, or in *Maria*'s frown.
With words like theſe, that fail'd not to engage,
Love courted beauty in a golden age.

Pure

Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.
His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.
He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,
As thy *Eliza* might be pleas'd to hear.
Heaven only to the *Rural State* bestows
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;
Secure alike from envy and from care;
Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear:
Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
No secret guilt its stedfast peace destroys,
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.
Blest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,
In humble goodness, and in calm content.
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
Sinless and pure, in fair *Humeia*'s soul.
But now the *Rural State* these joys has lost;
Even swains no more that innocence can boast.
Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
Now *Happiness* forsakes her blest retreat,
The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her seat.
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
Companion to an upright sober race;
When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
Free and familiar with the sons of men,
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
She uninvited came a welcome guest:
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts;
Then grudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed;

Then

Then dowrleſs beauty loſt the power to move;
The ruſt of lucre ſtain'd the gold of love.
Bounteous no more, and hoſpitably good,
The genial hearth firſt bluſh'd with ſtrangers blood:
The friend no more upon the friend relies,
And ſemblant falſhood puts on truth's diſguiſe.
The peaceful houſhold fill'd with dire alarms,
The raviſh'd virgin mourns her ſlighted charms;
The voice of impious mirth is heard around;
In guilt they feaſt, in guilt the bowl is crown'd:
Unpuniſh'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
And *Happineſs* forſakes the guilty ſwains.

Oh *Happineſs!* from humane ſearch retir'd,
Where art thou to be found by all deſir'd?
Nun ſober and devout! why art thou fled,
To hide in ſhades thy meek contented head?
Virgin of aſpect mild! ah why unkind,
Fly'ſt thou diſpleas'd, the commerce of mankind?
O! teach our ſteps to find the ſecret cell,
Where, with thy ſire *Content*, thou lov'ſt to dwell.
Or ſay, doſt thou a duteous handmaid wait
Familiar at the chambers of the great?
Doſt thou purſue the voice of them that call
To noiſy revel, and to midnight ball?
Or the full banquet when we feaſt our ſoul,
Doſt thou inſpire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
Or, with th' induſtrious planter, doſt thou talk,
Converſing freely in an evening walk?
Say, does the miſer e'er thy face behold
Watchful and ſtudious of the treaſured gold?
Seeks *Knowledge*, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,
Still muſing ſilent at the morning hour?
May we thy preſence hope in war's alarms,
In *Stair*'s wiſdom, or in *Erſkine*'s charms.

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our ſteps beguile,
The flying good eludes the ſearcher's toil:
In vain we ſeek the city or the cell,
Alone with vertue knows the pow'r to dwell.
Nor need mankind deſpair theſe joys to know,
The gift themſelves may on themſelves beſtow.
Soon, ſoon we might the precious bleſſing boaſt;
But many paſſions muſt the bleſſing coſt:
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,
And envy, grieving at another's ſtate.
Revenge no more muſt in our hearts remain,
Or burning luſt, or avarice of gain.
When theſe are in the humane boſom nurſt,
Can peace reſide in dwellings ſo accurſt?
Unlike, O *EGLINTOUN!* thy happy breaſt,
Calm and ſerene, enjoys the heavenly gueſt;
From the tumultuous rule of paſſions free'd,
Pure in thy thought, and ſpotleſs in thy deed.
In vertues rich, in goodneſs unconfin'd,
Thou ſhin'ſt a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,
How ſwift to praiſe, how guiltleſs to defame?
Bold in thy preſence *Baſhfulneſs* appears,
And backward *Merit* loſes all its fears.
Supremely bleſt by heav'n, heav'n's richeſt grace,
Conſeſt is thine, an early blooming race.
Whoſe pleaſing ſmiles ſhall guardian wiſdom arm,
Divine Inſtruction! taught of thee to charm.
What tranſports ſhall they to thy ſoul impart?
(The conſcious tranſports of a parent's heart)
When thou beholdſt them of each grace poſſeſt,
And ſighing youths imploring to be bleſt;
After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
Or in the viſit, or the dance to ſhine.

Thrice

Thrice happy! who ſucceed their mother's praiſe,
The lovely *EGLINTOUNS* of other days.
Mean while peruſe the following tender ſcenes,
And liſten to thy native poet's ſtrains.
In ancient garb the home-bred muſe appears,
The garb our muſes wore in former years;
As in a glaſs reflected, here behold
How ſmiling goodneſs look'd in days of old.
Nor bluſh to read where beauty's praiſe is ſhown,
Or vertuous love, the likeneſs of thy own;
While 'midſt the various gifts that gracious heaven,
To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,
Let this, O *EGLINTOUN!* delight thee moſt,
T'enjoy that *Innocence* the world has loſt.

W. H.

The PERSONS.

MEN.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, { *The Gentle Shepherd, in Love with* Peggy.

ROGER, { *A rich young Shepherd, in Love with* Jenny.

SYMON, { *Two old Shepherds, Tenants*
GLAUD, { *to Sir* William.

BAULDY, *A Hynd engaged with* Neps.

WOMEN.

PEGGY, *Thought to be* Glaud's *Niece.*

JENNY, Glaud's *only Daughter.*

MAUSE, { *An old Woman suppos'd to be a Witch.*

ELSPA, Symon's *Wife.*

MADGE, Glaud's *Sister.*

SCENE, *a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few Miles from* Edinburgh.

Time of Action, *within Twenty Hours.*

First Act *begins at Eight in the Morning.*
Second Act *begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.*
Third Act *begins at Four in the Afternoon.*
Fourth Act *begins at Nine o' Clock at Night.*
Fifh Act *begins by Day-Light next Morning.*

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE to the SCENE.

Beneath the ſouth ſide of a craigy bield,
Where chriſtal ſprings the haleſome waters yield,
Twa youthful ſhepherds on the gowans ly,
Tenting their flocks ae bony morn of May.
Poor Roger *granes, 'till hollow echo's ring;*
But blither Patie *likes to laugh and ſing.*

PATIE *and* ROGER.

SANG I. *Tune,* The wawking of the faulds.

PATIE. MY Peggy *is a young thing,*
Juſt enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and ſweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.

My Peggy *is a young thing,*
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy *ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,*
When'er we meet alane,
I wiſh nae mair to lay my care,
I wiſh nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy *ſpeaks ſae ſweetly,*
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But ſhe gars a' my ſpirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy *ſmiles ſae kindly,*
Whene'er I whiſper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy *ſmiles ſae kindly,*
It makes me blythe and bauld,
And naithing gi'es me ſic delight,
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy *ſings ſae ſaftly,*
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the reſt it is confeſt,
By a' the reſt, that ſhe ſings beſt.
My Peggy *ſings ſae ſaftly,*
And in her ſangs are tald,
With innocence the wale of ſenſe,
At wawking of the fauld.

THIS ſunny morning, *Roger*, chears my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How hartſome is't to ſee the riſing plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleaſing rants?

How

How haleſom 'tis to ſnuff the cawler air,
And all the ſweets it bears, when void of care.
What ails thee, *Roger*, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cauſe of thy ill-ſeaſon'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O *Patie*, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to ſtrive with hardſhips ſad and great.
Tempeſts may ceaſe to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grein for lambkins blood,
But I, oppreſt with never ending grief,
Maun ay deſpair of lighting on relief.

Patie. The bees ſhall loath the flour, and quit the hive,
The ſaughs on boggie ground ſhall ceaſe to thrive,
Ere ſcornful queans, or loſs of warldly gear,
Shall ſpill my reſt, or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae might I ſay; but it's no eaſy done
By ane whaſe ſaul is ſadly out of tune.
You have ſae faſt a voice, and ſlid a tongue,
You are the darling baith of auld and young.
If I but ettle at a ſang, or ſpeak,
They dit their lugs, ſyne up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with many a vexing thought:
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a laſs's eye.
For ilka ſheep ye have I'll number ten,
And ſhould, as ane may think, come farer hen.

Patie. But ablins, Nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be true, what ſignifies your gear?
A mind that's ſcrimpit never wants ſome care.

Roger. My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were ſmoor'd,
Three elf-ſhot were, yet I theſe ills endur'd;
In winter laſt my cares were very ſma',
Tho' ſcores of wathers periſh'd in the ſnaw.

Patie. Were your bien rooms as thinly ſtock'd as mine,
Leſs you wad loſs, and leſs ye wad repine.
He that has juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep:
The o'ercome only faſhes fowk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a croſs,
That thou may'ſt thole the pangs of mony a loſs:
O may'ſt thou doat on ſome fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench:
'Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Patie. Sax good fat lambs, I ſauld them ilka clute
At the *Weſt-port*, and bought a winſome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round;
A dainty whiſtle, with a pleaſant ſound:
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool!
Than you with all your caſh, ye dowie fool.

Roger. Na, *Patie*, na! I'm nae ſic churliſh beaſt,
Some other thing lyes heavier at my breaſt;
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my fleſh a' creep yet with the fright.

Patie. Now, to a friend, how ſilly's this pretence
To ane wha you and a' your ſecrets kens.
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well-ſeen love, and dorty *Jenny*'s pride:
Take courage, *Roger*, me your ſorrows tell,
And ſafely think nane kens them but your ſell.

Roger. Indeed now, *Patie*, ye have gueſs'd o'er true,
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon aſquint;
To ſpeak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka place ſhe jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unko blate:
But yeſterday I met her yont a know,
She fled as frae a ſhelly-coated kow.

She *Bauldy* looes, *Bauldy* that drives the car,
But gecks at me, and ſays I ſmell of Tar.
Patie. But *Bauldy* looes not her, right well I wat,
He ſighs for *Neps*;——ſae that may ſtand for that.
Roger. I wiſh I cou'dna loo her——but in vain,
I ſtill maun doat, and thole her proud diſdain.
My *Bawty* is a cur I dearly like,
'Till he yowl'd ſair ſhe ſtrak the poor dumb tyke:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breaſt,
She wad have ſhawn mair kindneſs to my beaſt.
When I begin to tune my ſtock and horn,
With a' her face ſhe ſhaws a caulrife ſcorn.
Laſt night I play'd, ye never heard ſic ſpite;
O'er Bogie was the ſpring, and her delyte:
Yet tauntingly ſhe at her cuſin ſpear'd,
Gif ſhe could tell what tune I play'd, and ſneer'd.
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whiſtle mair.
Patie. E'en do ſae, *Roger*, wha can help miſluck?
Saebeins ſhe be ſic a thrawn-gabit chuck.
Yonder's a Craig, ſince ye have tint all hope,
Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp.
Roger. I needna mack ſic ſpeed my blood to ſpill,
I'll warrant death come ſoon enough a-will.
Patie. Daft gowk! leave off that ſilly whinging way;
Seem careleſs, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I ſerv'd my laſs I love as weel
As ye do *Jenny*, and with heart as leel.
Laſt morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about,
I ſaw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the lee;
I ſaw my *Meg*, but *Peggy* ſaw na me:
For yet the ſun was wading thro' the miſt,
And ſhe was cloſe upon me e'er ſhe wiſt.

Her

Her coats were kiltit, and did ſweetly ſhaw
Her ſtraight bare legs that whyter were than ſnaw.
Her cockernony ſnooded up fou ſleek,
Her haffet-locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks ſae ruddy, and her Eyen ſae clear;
And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat ſhe was, in buſtine waiſtcoat clean,
As ſhe came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blythſome, I cry'd, my bony *Meg*, come here,
I ſerly wherefore ye're ſo ſoon aſteer:
But I can gueſs, ye're gawn to gather dew:
She ſcour'd awa, and ſaid, What's that to you?
Then fare ye weel, *Meg-Dorts*, and e'en's ye like,
I careleſs cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
I trow, when that ſhe ſaw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveleſs errand back:
Miſcaw'd me firſt—than bad me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ews ſtray'd on the bog.
I leugh; and ſae did ſhe; then with great haſte
I claſp'd my arms about her neck and waiſt;
About her yielding waiſt, and took a fouth
Of ſweeteſt kiſſes frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and faſt I held her in my grips,
My very ſaul cam lowping to my lips.
Sair ſair ſhe flet wi' me 'tween ilka ſmack;
But weel I kend ſhe meant nae as ſhe ſpak.
Dear *Roger*, when your Jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye ſae too, and never faſh your thumb.
Seem to forſake her, ſoon ſhe'll change her mood:
Gae woo anither, and ſhe'll gang clean wood.

SANG

SANG II. *Tune*, Fy gar rub her o'er with Strae.

Dear Roger, *if your* Jenny *geck*,
And anſwer kindneſs with a ſlight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight:
But them deſpiſe who're ſoon defeat,
And with a ſimple face give way
To a repulſe——*then be not blate*,
Puſh bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say often what they never mean;
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue;
But tent the language of their een:
If theſe agree, and ſhe perſiſt
To anſwer all your love with hate,
Seek elſewhere to be better bleſt,
And let her ſigh when 'tis too late.

Roger. Kind *Patie*, now fair-fa your honeſt heart,
Ye're ay ſae cadgy, and have ſic an art
To hearten ane: For now as clean's a leek,
Ye've cheriſh'd me, ſince ye began to ſpeak.
Sae, for your pains, I'll mak ye a propine,
(My mother, reſt her ſaul! ſhe made it fine;)
A tartan plaid, ſpun of good hawſlock woo,
Scarlet and green the ſets, the borders blew:
With ſprainges like gowd, and filler croſs'd with black;
I never had it yet upon my back.
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have ſae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.
Patie. Weel, hald ye there——and ſince ye've frankly made
To me a preſent of your braw new plaid,

My

My flute's be yours, and she too that's sae nice
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Roger. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bony spring;
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

Patie. But first we'll take a turn up to the height,
And see gif all our flocks be feeding right:
Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please:
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
To season meat with health, instead of spice.
When we have tane the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my sell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flowrie bowm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths,
A trotting burnie wimpling throw the Grownd,
Its channel peebles, shining smooth and round,
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
First please your eye, then gratify your ear;
While Jenny *what she wishes discommends,*
And Meg *with better sense true love defends.*

PEGGY *and* JENNY.

Jenny. COME, *Meg*, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
The shining day will bleech our linen clean;
The water's clear, the lift unclouded blew,
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

Peggy.

Peggy. Go farer up the burn to *Habie's How*,
Where a' that's ſweet in ſpring and ſimmer grow:
Between twa birks out-o'er a little lin
The water fa's, and makes a ſing and din:
A pool breaſt-deep, beneath as clear as glaſs,
Kiſſes with eaſy whirles the bordering graſs.
We'll end our waſhing, while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There waſh our ſells—'T'is healthſou now in *May*,
And ſweetly cauler on ſae warm a day.

Jenny. Daft laſſie, when we're naked, what'll ye ſay,
Gif our twa *Herds* come brattling down the brae,
And ſee us ſae? that jeering fallow *Pate*
Wad taunting ſay, haith laſſes ye're no blate.

Peggy. We're far frae ony road, and out of ſight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height:
But tell me now, dear *Jenny*, we're our-lane,
What gars ye plague your wooer with diſdain?
The neighbours a' tent this as well as I,
That *Roger* loo's ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth between us twa,
He's wordy you the beſt day e'er ye ſaw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, *Peggy*, there's an end,
A *Herd* mair ſheepiſh yet I never kend.
He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right ſnug,
With ribbon-knots at his blew bonnet lug;
Whilk penſylie he wears a-thought a-jee,
And ſpreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.
He ſalds his owrelay down his breaſt with care,
And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair,
For a' that, he can neither ſing nor ſay,
Except, *How d'ye?* —— or, *There's a bony day.*

Peggy. Ye daſh the lad with conſtant ſlighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco ſair to bide:

But

But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld.
What like's a dorty maiden, when ſhe's auld?
Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
That for ſome feckleſs whim will orp and greet:
The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's paſt,
And ſyne the fool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or ſcart anither's leavings at the laſt.
Fy, *Jenny*, think, and dinna ſit your time.

SANG III. *Tune, Polwart on the Green.*

The dorty will repent,
If lover's heart grow cauld,
And nane her ſmiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld:

The dawted Bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave.

They jeſt it till the dinner's paſt,
Thus by it ſell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to faſt,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

Jenny. I never thought a ſingle life a crime.
Peggy. Nor I —— but love in whiſpers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.
Jenny. If *Roger* is my jo, he kens himſel,
For ſic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glowts and ſighs, and I can gueſs the cauſe,
But wha's oblig'd to ſpell his hums and haws.
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'ſe tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're

They're fools that ſlav'ry like, and may be free;
The chiels may a' knit up themſelves for me.
Peggy. Be doing your ways; for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my *Patie*'s kind.
Jenny. Heh Laſs! how can ye loo that rattle-ſkull?
A very deel, that ay maun hae his will.
We'll ſoon hear tell what a poor feightan life
You twa will lead, ſae ſoon's ye're man and wife.
Peggy. I'll rin the riſk, nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langſome day a year,
'Till I with pleaſure mount my bridal bed,
Where on my *Patie*'s breaſt I'll lean my head.
There he may kiſs as lang as kiſſing's good,
And what we do, there's none dare call it rude.
He's get his will: why no? 'tis good my part
To give him that, an he'll give me his heart.
Jenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco fraiſe,
And daut ye baith afore fowk, and your lane:
But ſoon as his newfangleneſs is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-ſtake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your ſake.
Inſtead then of lang days of ſweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neiſt he'll flyte:
And may be, in his barlicods ne'er ſtick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV. *Tune,* O dear mother, what ſhall I do?

O dear Peggy, *love's beguiling,*
We ought not to truſt his ſmiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Leſt a harder luck betide you.
Laſſes when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd;

Running

Running to a life deſtroys
Heartſome, free, and youthfu' joys.

Peggy. Sic coarſe-ſpun thoughts as that want pith to move
My ſettl'd mind, I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,
But want of him I dread nae other ſkaith.
There's nane of a' the *Herds* that tread the green
Has ſic a ſmyle, or ſic twa glancing een.
And then he ſpeaks with ſic a taking art,
His words they thirle like muſick throw my heart.
How blithely can he ſport, and gently rave,
And jeſt at little fears that fright the lave.
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle ſkill.
He is —— but what need I ſay that or this,
I'd ſpend a month to tell you what he is!
In a he ſays or does, there's ſic a gate,
The reſt ſeem coofs compar'd with my dear *Pate*.
His better ſenſe will hang his love ſecure:
Ill nature heffs in ſauls are weak and poor.

SANG V. *Tune*, How can I be ſad on my, &c.

How ſhall I be ſad when a huſband I hae,
That has better ſenſe than any of thae
Sour weak ſilly fellows, that ſtudy like fools,
To ſink their ain Joy, and make their wives ſnools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages ſtrife;
He praiſes her virtue, and ne'er will abuſe
Her for a ſmall failing, but find an excuſe.

Jenny. Hey *Bony Laſs of Brankſome*, or't be lang,
Your witty *Pate* will put you in a ſang.

O 'tis

O 'tis a pleaſant thing to be a bride;
Syne whindging gets about your ingle-ſide,
Yelping for this or that with faſheous din:
To mak them brats then ye maun toil and ſpin.
Ae wean ſa's ſick, ane ſcads it ſell wi' broe,
Ane breaks his ſhin, anither tines his ſhoe.
The *Deel ga'es o'er* John Wobſter: hame grows hell:
When *Pate* miſcaws ye wat than tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yes, it's a handſome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle edge young ſprouts are riſe.
Gif I'm ſae happy, I ſhall have delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them tight:
Wow *Jenny!* can there greater pleaſure be
Than ſee ſic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at —— their greateſt wiſh,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kiſs?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like of them, when love makes care delight?

Jenny. But poortith, *Peggy*, is the warſt of a',
Gif o'er your heads ill chance ſhould begg'ry draw:
There little love or canty chear can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom:
Your nowt may die —— the ſpate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay ——
The thick-blawn wreaths of ſnaw, or blaſhy thows,
May ſmoor your wathers, and may rot your ews.
A dyvor buies your butter, woo and cheeſe,
But or the day of payment breaks and flees.
With glooman brow the laird ſeeks in his rent:
'Tis no to gie; your merchant's to the bent.
His honour manna want, he poinds your gear:
Syne driven frae houſe and hald, where will ye ſteer?
Dear *Meg*, be wiſe, and lead a ſingle life:
Troth its nae mows to be a married wife.

Peggy. May ſic ill luck befa' that ſilly ſhe
Wha has ſic fears, for that was never me.
Let fowk bode weel, and ſtrive to do their beſt;
Nae mair's requir'd: let heav'n make out the reſt.
I've heard my honeſt uncle aften ſay,
That lads ſhould a' for wives that's vertuous pray:
For the maiſt thrifty man could never get
A well-ſtor'd room, unleſs his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht ſhall be wanting on my part
To gather wealth to raiſe my ſhepherd's heart.
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For haleſome, clean, cheap, and ſufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheeſe, butter, and ſome woo,
Shall firſt be ſald to pay the laird his due.
Syne a' behind's our ain; — thus without fear,
With love and rowth we throw the warld will ſteer:
And when my *Pate* in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bleſs the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if ſome young giglit on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Should gar your *Patie* think his half-worn *Meg*,
And her kend kiſſes, hardly worth a feg.

Peggy. Nae mair of that — Dear *Jenny*, to be free,
There's ſome men conſtanter in love than we:
Nor is the ſerly great, when nature kind
Has bleſt them with ſolidity of mind.
They'll reaſon caumly, and with kindneſs ſmile,
When our ſhort paſſions wad our peace beguile:
Sae, whenſoe'er they ſlight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maiſt to blame.
Then I'll employ with pleaſure a' my art
To keep him chearfu', and ſecure his heart.
At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll have a' things made ready to his will.

In

In winter, when he toils throw wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-ſtane:
And ſoon as he flings by his plaid and ſtaff,
The ſeething Pot's be ready to tak aff.
Clean hag-a-bag I'll ſpread upon his board,
And ſerve him with the beſt we can afford.
Good humour and white bigonets ſhall be,
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A diſh of married love right ſoon grows cauld,
And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld togither, and ne'er find
The loſs of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns make ſure a firmer tye,
Than aught in love the like of us can ſpy.
See yon twa elms that grow up ſide by ſide;
Suppoſe them ſome years ſyne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've preſt,
'Till wide their ſpreading branches are increas'd;
And in their mixture now are fully bleſt.
This ſhields the other frae the eaſtlin blaſt;
That in return defends it frae the weſt.
Sic as ſtand ſingle (a ſtate ſae lyk'd by you!)
Beneath ilk ſtorm frae every airth maun bow.

Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear laſſie, I maun yield,
Your better ſenſe has fairly won the field,
With the aſſiſtance of a little ſae
Lyes dern'd within my breaſt this mony a day.

SANG VI. *Tune, Nanſy's to the green wood gane.*

I yield, dear laſſie, ye have won,
And there is nae denying,
That ſure as light flows frae the ſun,
Frae love proceeds complying;

For a' that we can do or ſay
'Gainſt love nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our boſoms lodge the fae,
That by the Heartſtrings leads us.

Peggy. Alake! poor pris'ner! *Jenny*, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wie thing take the air:
Haſte, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be *Bauldy*'s, or poor *Roger*'s man.
Jenny. Anither time's as good — for ſee the ſun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To ſreath the graith; — if canker'd *Madge* our aunt
Come up the burn, ſhe'll gie's a wicked rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this ſeems true, nae laſs can be unkind. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

A ſnug thack houſe, before the door a green;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are ſeen.
On this ſide ſtand a barn, on that a bayer:
A peet-ſtack joins, and forms a rural ſquair.
The houſe is Glaud's; — *there you may ſee him lean,*
And to his divet-ſeat invite his frien.

GLAUD *and* SYMON.

Glaud. GOOD-MORROW, nibour *Symon*, — come ſit down,
And gie's your cracks. — What's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And ſald your *Grummock*, and her baſſend quey.

I'll

I'll warrant ye've coſt a pund of cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Symon. With a' my heart; — and tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind with joy.
I cou'dna reſt 'till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken ſic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppreſſors ſtend like ſlaes,
And ſkulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Glaud. Fy blaw! — Ah *Symmie!* ratling chiels ne'er ſtand
To cleck and ſpread the groſſeſt lies aff-hand,
Whilk ſoon flies round like will-fire far and near:
But looſe your poke, be't true or faulſe, let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, *Glaud*, and I have ſeen
Hab, that abroad has with our *Maſter* been,
Our brave good *Maſter*, wha right wiſely fled,
And left a fair eſtate to ſave his head,
Becauſe ye ken ſou well he bravely choſe
To ſhine, or ſet in glory with *Montroſe*.
Now *Cromwell*'s gane to *Nick*; and ane ca'd *Monk*,
Has plaid the *Rumple* a right ſlee begunk;
Reſtor'd king *Charles*, and ilka thing's in tune;
And *Habby* ſays, we'll ſee ſir *William* ſoon.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed—but dinna ſlaw,
Tell o'er your news again! and ſwear til't a'.
And ſaw ye *Hab!* and what did *Halbert* ſay?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now god be thanked that our laird's come hame,
And his eſtate, ſay, can he eithly claim?

Symon. They that hag-rid us 'till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
And good ſir *William* ſall enjoy his ane.

For a' that we can do or ſay
'Gainſt love nae thinker heeds us,
They ken our boſoms lodge the fae,
That by the Heartſtrings leads us.

Peggy. Alake! poor priſ'ner! *Jenny*, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wie thing take the air:
Haſte, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be *Bauldy*'s, or poor *Roger*'s man.
Jenny. Anither time's as good — for ſee the ſun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the graith; — if canker'd *Madge* our aunt
Come up the burn, ſhe'll gie's a wicked rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this ſeems true, nae laſs can be unkind. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

A ſnug thack houſe, before the door a green;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are ſeen.
On this ſide ſtand a barn, on that a bayer:
A peet-ſtack joins, and forms a rural ſquair.
The houſe is Glaud's; — *there you may ſee him lean,*
And to his divet-ſeat invite his frien.

GLAUD *and* SYMON.

Glaud. GOOD-MORROW, nibour *Symon*, — come ſit down,
And gie's your cracks. — What's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And ſald your *Crummock*, and her baſſend quey.

I'll

I'll warrant ye've coſt a pund of cut and dry;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.
Symon. With a' my heart; — and tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind with joy.
I cou'dna reſt 'till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken ſic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppreſſors ſtend like ſlaes,
And ſkulk in hidlings on the hether braes.
Glaud. Fy blaw! — Ah *Symmie!* ratling chiels ne'er ſtand
To cleck and ſpread the groſſeſt lies aff-hand,
Whilk ſoon flies round like will-fire far and near:
But looſe your poke, be't true or faulſe, let's hear.
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SANG VII. *Tune*, Cald Kale in *Aberdeen*.

Cauld be the rebels caſt,
Oppreſſors baſe and bloody,
I hope we'll ſee them at the laſt
Strung a' up in a woody.
Bleſt be he of worth and ſenſe,
And ever high his ſtation,
That bravely ſtands in the Defence
Of conſcience, king and nation.

Glaud. And may he lang, for never did he ſtent
Us in our thriving with a racker rent;
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or ſhor'd to raiſe
Out mailens, when we pat on *Sunday*'s claiths.
Symon. Nor wad he lang, with ſenſeleſs ſaucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.
'Put on your bonnet, *Symon* — tak a ſeat —
'How's all at hame? — How's *Elſpa?* — How does
Kate? —
'How fells black cattle? — What gies woo this year? —
And ſic like kindly queſtions wad he ſpear.

SANG VIII. *Tune*, Mucking of *Geordy*'s byer.

The Laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, ſhould be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants who labour
To riſe aboon poverty:
Elſe like the pack-horſe that's unfother'd
And burthen'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardſhip is ſmother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.

Glaud. Then wad he gat his *Butler* bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glaſſes clean,

Whilk

Whilk in our breaſt rais'd ſic a blythſome flame,
As gar me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en raiſ'd! — Dear nibour will ye ſtay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day.
We'll ſend for *Elſpith* too — and upo' ſight,
I'll whiſtle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the height.
I'll yoke my ſled, and ſend to the neiſt town,
And bring a draught of ale, baith ſtout and brown,
And gar our cottars a', man, wife and wean,
Drink 'till they tine the gate to ſtand their lane.

Symon. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth deſign,
Gif that it hadna firſt of a' been mine:
For here-yeſtreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
Yeſtreen I ſlew twa wathers prime and fat;
A furlet of good cakes my *Elſpa* beuk,
And a large ham hangs reeſting in the nook.
I ſaw my ſell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our meikle pot, that ſcads the whey, put on,
A mutton bouk to boil; — and ane we'll roaſt;
And on the haggies *Elſpa* ſpares nae coſt.
Small are they ſhorn; and ſhe can mix ſou nice
The guſty ingans with a corn of ſpice.
Fat are the puddings, — Heads and feet well ſung;
And we've invited nibours auld and young,
To paſs this after-noon with glee and game,
And drink our *Maſter*'s health and welcome-hame.
Ye manna then refuſe to join the reſt,
Since ye're my neareſt friend that I like beſt.
Bring wi'ye all your family, and then,
Whene'er you pleaſe, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye'r ſell, auld-birky, never fear
But at your banquet I ſhall firſt appear:
Faith we ſhall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
'Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.

Auld, ſaid I! — Troth, I'm younger be a ſcore
With this good news, than what I was before.
I'll dance or een! hey, *Madge*, come forth, d'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

Madge. The man's gain gyte! Dear *Symon*, welcome here:
What wad ye, *Glaud*, with a' this haſte and din?
Ye never let a body ſit to ſpin.

Glaud. Spin! Snuff! — Gae break your wheel, and burn your tow,
And ſet the meikleſt peet-ſtack in a low.
Syne dance about the bane-fire 'till ye die,
Since now again we'll ſoon ſir *William* ſee.

Madge. Blyth news indeed! — And wha was't tald you o't.

Glaud. What's that to you? — gae get my *Sunday*'s coat;
Wale out the whiteſt of my bobit bands,
My whyt-ſkin hoſe, and mittans for my hands;
Then frae their waſhing cry the bairns in haſte,
And mak ye'r fells as trig, head, feet, and waiſt,
As ye were a' to get young lads or een;
For we're gawn o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeen.

Symon. Do honeſt *Madge* — and, *Glaud*, I'll o'er the gate,
And ſee that a' be done as I wad hae't. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

The open field.—A cotage in a glen,
An auld wife ſpinning at the ſunny end.——
At a ſmall diſtance, by a blaſted tree,
With falded arms, and haff-rais'd look ye ſee.

BAULDY *his lane.*

Bauldy. WHAT's this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than hell:
To be ſae burnt with love, yet darna tell!
O *Peggy*, ſweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new-mawn hay:
Blyther than lambs that friſk out-o'er the knows,
Straighter than aught that in the foreſt grows;
Her een the cleareſt blob of dew out-ſhines:
The lilly in her breaſt its beauty tines.
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my deid, that will be ſhortly ſeen!
For *Pate* loes her,—waes me! and ſhe loes *Pate*;
And I with *Neps*, by ſome unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow! O! but ane be a beaſt,
That makes raſh aiths, 'till he's afore the prieſt.
I darena ſpeak my mind, elſe a' the three,
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
'Tis fair to thole—I'll try ſome witchcraft art,
To brak with ane, and win the other's heart.
Here *Mauſy* lives, a witch, that for ſma' price,
Can caſt her cantraips, and give me advice.
She can o'ercaſt the night, and cloud the moon;
And mak the deils obedient to her crune.

At

At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards ſhe raves,
And howks uncriſten'd weans out of their graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow;
Rins witherſhins about the humlock low;
And ſeven times does her prayers backwards pray,
'Till *Plotcock* comes with lumps of *Lapland* clay,
Mixt with the venom of black taids and ſnakes.
Of this unſonſy pictures aft ſhe makes
Of any ane ſhe hates; —— and gars expire
With ſlaw and racking pains afore a fire,
Stuck fou of prines; the deviliſh pictures melt,
The pain by fowk they repreſent is felt.
And yonder's *Mauſe*: Ay, ay, ſhe kens fou weil,
When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.
She and her cat ſit beeking in her yard,
To ſpeak my errand, faith amaiſt I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't tho' I ſhou'd never thrive;
They gallop faſt, that deels and laſſes drive. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

A green kail-yard, a little fount,
Where water popilan ſprings,
There ſits a wife with wrinkle-front,
And yet ſhe ſpins and ſings.

SANG IX. *Tune,* Carle and the King come.

MAUSE. PEGGY, *now the king's come,*
Peggy, *now the king's come,*
Thou may dance, and I ſhall ſing,
Peggy, *ſince the king's come:*

Nae

Nae mair the bawkys ſhalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for ſilk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, ſince the king's come.

Enter BAULDY.

Bauldy. How does auld honeſt lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hale and raſh at threeſcore ten.

Mauſe. E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And Beeking my cauld limbs afore the ſun.
What brings my bairn this gate ſae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead, —— to threſh, nae corn?

Bauldy. Enough of baith —— But ſomething that requires
Your helping hand employs now all my cares.

Mauſe. My helping hand, alake! what can I do
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

Bauldy. Ay, but you're wiſe, and wiſer far than we,
Or maiſt part of the pariſh tells a lie.

Mauſe. Of what kind wiſdom think ye I'm poſſeſt,
That lifts my character aboon the reſt?

Bauldy. Well vers'd in herbs and ſeaſons of the moon,
By skilfu' charms 'tis kend what ye have done.

Mauſe. What fowk ſay of me, *Bauldy*, let me hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

Bauldy. Well, ſince ye bid me, I ſhall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you, bot a flaw.
When laſt the wind made *Glaud* a roofleſs barn,
When laſt the burn bore down my *Mither*'s yarn,
When *Brawny* elfshoot never mair came hame;
When *Tibi* kirn'd and there nae butter came;
When *Beſſy Freetock*'s chuffy-cheeked wean
To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna ſtand its lane.
When *Wattie* wander'd ae night thro' the ſhaw,
And tint himſel amaiſt amang the ſnaw.

When

When *Mungo*'s mear ſtood ſtill, and ſwat with fright,
When he brought eaſt the *Howdy* under night.
When *Bawſy* ſhot to dead upon the green,
And *Sara* tint a ſnood was nae mair ſeen;
You, *Lucky*, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
And ilka ane here dreads ye round about;
And ſae they may that mean to do ye skaith;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
But when I neiſt make grots, I'll ſtrive to pleaſe
You with a furlet of them mixt with peaſe.

Mauſe. I thank ye lad—now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Bauldy. Then I like *Peggy*—*Neps* is fond of me—
Peggy likes *Pate*;—and *Patie*'s bauld and ſlee,
And looes ſweet *Meg*—But *Neps* I downa ſee—
Cou'd ye turn *Patie*'s love to *Neps*, and then
Peggy's to me,——I'd be the happieſt man.

Mauſe. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right,
Sae gang your ways, and come again at night;
'Gainſt that time I'll ſome ſimple things prepare,
Worth all your peaſe and grots, tak ye na care.

Bauldy. Well, *Mauſe*, I'll come, gif I the road can find;
But if ye raiſe the *Deel*, he'll raiſe the wind;
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the night ſae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant in *Symmie*'s at a feaſt,
O will ye come like badrans for a jeſt;
And there ye can our different haviours ſpy;
There's nane ſhall ken o't there but you and I.

Mauſe. 'T is like I may—but let na on what's paſt
'Tween you and me, elſe fear a kittle caſt.

Bauldy. If I aught of your ſecrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to *France*. [*Exit* Bauldy.

Mauſe.

Mauſe. [*her lane.*] This fool imagines, as do mo
ny ſic,
That I'm a witch in compact with *Auld Nick*,
Becauſe by education I was taught
To ſpeak and act aboon their common thought.
Their groſs miſtake ſhall quickly now appear,
Soon ſhall they ken what brought, what keeps me here,
Now ſince the royal *Charles*, and right's reſtor'd.
A ſhepherdeſs is daughter to a lord.
The *bony foundling* that's brought up by *Glaud*,
Wha has an uncle's care on her beſtow'd,
Her infant life I ſav'd, when a falſe friend
Bow'd to the *Uſurper*, and her death deſign'd;
To eſtabliſh him and his in all theſe plains
That by right heritage to her pertains.
She's now in her ſweet bloom, has blood and charms
Of too much value for a ſhepherd's arms.
None knows't but me;—and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gat them all ſing dumb.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

Behind a tree upon the plain,
Pate *and his* Peggy *meet*,
In love without a vicious ſtain,
The bonny laſs and chearfu' ſwain
Change vows and kiſſes ſweet.

PATIE *and* PEGGY.

PEGGY. O PATIE, let me gang, I maunna ſtay:
We're baith cry'd hame, and *Jenny* ſhe's away.

Patie.

Patie. I'm laith to part ſae ſoon; now we're alane,
And *Roger* he's away with *Jenny* gane;
They're as content, for aught I hear or ſee,
To be alane themſelves, I judge, as we.
Here, where primroſes thickeſt paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,
How faſt the weſtlin winds ſough through the reeds.

Peggy. The ſcented meadows—birds—and healthy breeze,
For aught I ken, may mair than *Peggy* pleaſe.

Patie. Ye wrang me ſair, to doubt my being kind;
In ſpeaking ſae, ye ca' me dull and blind.
Gif I could fancy aught's ſae ſweet or fair
As my ſweet *Meg*, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is ſweeter than the ſweeteſt brier,
Thy cheek and breaſt the fineſt flow'rs appear.
Thy words excel the maiſt delightfu' notes,
That warble through the merle or mavis' throtes.
With thee I tent nae flowers that buſk the field,
Or ripeſt berries that our mountains yield.
The ſweeteſt fruits, that hing upon the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiſs of thee.

Peggy. But *Patrick* for ſome wicked end may fleech,
And lambs ſhould tremble when the foxes preach.
I darna ſtay,—ye joker, let me gang,
Or ſwear ye'll never tempt to do me wrang.

Patie. Sooner a mother ſhall her fondneſs drap,
And wrang the bairn ſits ſmiling on her lap.
The ſun ſhall change, the moon to change ſhall ceaſe,
The gaits to clim—the ſheep to yield the fleece,
Ere ought by me be either ſaid or done,
Shall do thee wrang, I ſwear by all aboon.

Peggy.

Peggy. Then keep your aith —— But mony lads will ſwear,
And be manſworn to twa in half a year:
Now I believe ye like me wander well;
But if anither laſs your heart ſhou'd ſteel,
Your *Meg*, forſaken, bootleſs might relate
How ſhe was dauted anes by faithleſs *Patie*.

Patie. I'm ſure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young I've loo'd you mony a year.
I mind it well, when thou cou'dſt hardly gang,
Or liſp our words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aſt to the tanſy-know or raſhy ſtrand;
Thou ſmiling by my ſide——I took delyte
To pou the raſhes green, with roots ſae whyte,
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and ſnood.

Peggy. When firſt thou gade with ſhepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ews firſt try'd my skill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bought at ev'n I met with thee.

SANG X. *Tune*, Winter was cauld, and my Cleathing was thin.

PEGGY.

When firſt my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking firſt ſeyd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie, no pain was to me,
When I at the boughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blew hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and ſweet riſing fells,

Nae

Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wreſtled, or putied the ſtane,
And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka ſport manly gave pleaſure to me;
For nane can put, wreſtle, or run ſwift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny *ſings ſaſtly the* cowdon broom-knows,
And Roſie *lilts ſwiftly the* milking the ews,
There's few Jenny Nettles *like* Nanſy *can ſing,*
At throw the wood laddie, beſs *gars our lugs ring:*

But when my dear Peggy *ſings with better ſkill,*
The Boatman, Twede-ſide, *or the* Laſs of the Mill,
'Tis many times ſweeter and pleaſing to me;
For tho' they ſing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How eaſy can laſſes trow what they deſire?
And praiſes ſae kindly increaſes love's fire;
Give me ſtill this pleaſure, my ſtudy ſhall be
To make my ſelf better and ſweeter for thee.

Patie. When corns grew yellow, and the hether bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and riſing fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me:
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peggy. When thou didſt wreſtle, run, or put that ſtane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain:
At all theſe ſports thou ſtill gave joy to me;
For nane can wreſtle, run, or putt with thee.

Patie.

Patie. *Jenny* ſings ſaft the *Broom of Cowdon Knows*,
And *Roſie* lilts the *Milking of the Ews*;
There's nane, like *Nanſie*, *Jenny Nettles* ſings:
At turns in *Maggy Lawder*, *Marion* dings:
But when my *Peggy* ſings with ſweeter ſkill
The *Boatman*, or the *Laſs of* Patie's *Mill*;
It is a thouſand times mair ſweet to me,
Tho' they ſing well, they canna ſing like thee.

Peggy. How eith can laſſes trow what we deſire,
And roos'd, by them we love, blaws up that fire:
But wha loves beſt, let time and carriage try;
Be conſtant, and my love ſhall time defy.
Be ſtill as now, and a' my care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſant is for thee.

Patie. Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave.
At naught they'll farley, —— ſenſeleſs tales believe,
Be blyth for ſilly-hechts, for trifles grieve ——
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
But thou in better ſenſe, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my care ſhall be,
How to contrive what pleaſing is for thee.

Peggy. Agreed;---but harken, yon's auld aunty's cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can make us ſtay.

Patie. And let them ferly, —— now a kindly kiſs,
Or fiveſcore good anes wad not be a-miſs;
And ſyne we'll ſing the ſong with tunefu' glee,
That I made up laſt owk on you and me.

Peggy. Sing firſt, ſyne claim your hyre ——

Patie. —— Well I agree.

SANG XI. To its own Tune.

PATIE [*ſings.*]

By the delitious warmneſs of thy mouth,
And rowing eye that ſmiling tells the truth,
I gueſs, my laſſie, that as well as I,
Ye're made for love, and why ſhould ye deny?

PEGGY [*ſings.*]

But ken ye, lad, gif we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tynes her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit will taſte but hard and ſowr.

PATIE [*ſings.*]

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their ſweetneſs they may tine, and ſae may ye.
Red-cheeked ye compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haf-year.

PEGGY [ſings, falling into *Patie*'s arms.]

Then dinna pow me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's *arms, for good and a':*
But ſtint your wiſhes to this kind embrace.
And mint nae farther, till we've got the grace.

PATIE [with his left hand about her waiſt.]

O charming armfu', hence ye cares away,
I'll kiſs my treaſure a' the live-lang day,
All night I'll dream my kiſſes o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a my ain.

Sung by both.

Sun gallop down the weſtlin ſkies,
Gang ſoon to bed, and quickly riſe;

O laſs

O laſh your ſteeds, poſt time away,
And haſte about our bridal-day;
And if you're weary'd, honeſt light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

[Let down the curtain, and let them kiſs.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon ſpreading lyne,
And tent a man whaſe heard ſeems bleech'd with time;
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean,
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedler been:
But whilſht it is the knight in maſquerade,
That comes hid in this cloud to ſee his lad.
Obſerve how pleas'd the loyal ſuff'rer moves
Throw his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.

Sir WILLIAM *ſolus.*

THE Gentleman, thus hid in low diſguiſe,
I'll for a ſpace, unknown, delight mine eyes
With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
Which once I loſt,---which now are mine again.
Yet, 'midſt my joys, ſome proſpects pain renew,
Whilſt I my once fair ſeat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it deſolately ſtands,
Without a roof, the gates faln from their bands;
The caſements all broke down, no chimney left,
The naked walls of tapſtry all bereft.
My ſtables and pavillions, broken walls!
That with each rainy blaſt decaying falls.

My gardens once adorn'd the moſt compleat
With all that nature, all that art makes ſweet:
Where round the figur'd green and peeble walks,
The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their ſtalks:
But overgrown with nettles, docks and brier,
No *Jaccacinths* or *Eglantines* appear.
How fail'd and broke's the riſing ample ſhade,
Where *Peach* and *Nect'rine* trees their branches ſpred,
Basking in rays, and early did produce
Fruit fair to view, delightful in the uſe;
All round in gaps, the walls in ruin lie,
And from what ſtands the wither'd branches fly.
Theſe ſoon ſhall be repair'd;——and now my joy
Forbids all grief,——when I'm to ſee my BOY,
My only prop, and object of my care,
Since heaven too ſoon call'd home his mother fair:
Him, e'er the rays of reaſon clear'd his thought,
I ſecretly to faithful *Symon* brought,
And charg'd him ſtrictly to conceal his birth,
'Till we ſhould ſee what changing times brought forth.
Hid from himſelf, he ſtarts up by the dawn,
And ranges careleſs o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge ſerenely gay,
With other ſhepherds whiſtling o'er the day.
Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free,
Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
A calm, contented mortal, ſpends his time
In health, his ſoul unſtain'd with crime.

SANG XII. *Tune,* Happy Clown.

Hid from himſelf, now by the dawn
He ſtarts as freſh as roſes blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks.

Healthful

Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whiſtles out the day;
Untaught to ſmile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocriſie,
When truth and love with joy agree,
Unſullied with a crime:
Unmov'd with what diſturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and ſtate,
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented ſpends his time.

Now tow'rds good *Symon*'s houſe I'll bend my way,
And ſee what makes yon gamboling to day,
All on the green in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gaylie dance and ſing.

[*Exit* Sir *William.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's *houſe, pleaſe to ſtep in,*
And viſſy't round and round,
There's nought ſuperfluous to give pain,
Or coſtly to be found.
Yet all is clean: A clear peat ingle
Glances amidſt the floor;
The green-horn ſpoons, beech-luggies mingle
On skelfs foregainſt the door.

While the young brood ſport on the green,
The auld anes think it beſt,
With the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, and take their reſt.

SYMON, GLAUD, *and* ELSPA.

Glaud. WE anes were young our ſells —— I like to ſee
The bairns bob round with other merrylie,
Troth, *Symon*, *Patie*'s grown a ſtrapan lad,
And better looks than his I never bade,
Amang our lads he bears the gree awa',
And tells his tale the cleverеſt of them a'.

Elſpa. Poor man! —— he's a great comfort to us baith;
God mak him good, and hide him ay frae ſkaith.
He is a bairn, I'll ſay't, well worth our care,
That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, goodwife, if I be not miſtane,
He ſeems to be with *Peggy*'s beauty tane,
And troth, my *Niece* is a right dainty wean,
As ye well ken; a bonnyer needna be,
Nor better —— be't ſhe were nae kin to me,

Symon. Ha, *Glaud!* I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
My *Patie*'s wild, and will be ill to catch;
And or he were, for reaſons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the mools my ſell.

Glaud. What reaſon can ye have, there's nane I'm ſure,
Unleſs ye may caſt up that ſhe's but poor:
But gif the laſſie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her as my ane *Jenny* kind;
Fourſcore of breeding ews of my ain birn,
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,

I'll

I'll gie to *Peggy* that day ſhe's a bride;
By and attour, if my good luck abide,
Ten lambs, at ſpaining time, as lang's I live,
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elſpa. Ye offer fair, kind *Glaud*, but dinna ſpeer
What may be is not fit ye yet ſhould hear.

Symon. Or this day eight days likely he ſhall learn,
That our denial diſna ſlight his bairn.

Glaud. Well nae mair o't,——come gi's the other bend,
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*

Symon. But will ye tell me, *Glaud*,——by ſome 'tis ſaid,
Your niece is but a *fundling*, that was laid
Down at your hallon ſide, ae morn in *May*,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clattern *Madge*, my titty, tells ſic flaws,
Whene'er our *Meg* her cankart humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. O father, there's an auld man on the green,
The felleſt fortune-teller e'er was ſeen:
He tents our loofs, and ſyne whops out a book,
Turns owre the leaves, and gies our brows a look:
Syne tells the oddeſt tales that e'er ye heard,
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can ſay,
Nane ſhall gang hungry by my houſe to day.

[*Exit* Jenny.

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my gray mare.

Glaud. Spae-men! the truth of a' their ſaws I doubt,
For greater liars never ran thereout. [*Returns* Jenny, *bringing in Sir* William; *with them* Patie.

Symon. Ye're welcome, honeſt carle—here, take a ſeat.
Sir *Will.* I give ye thanks, goodman, Iſe no be blate.
Glaud. [*drinks.*] Come, t'ye, friend — How far cam ye the day?
Sir *Will.* I pledge ye, Nibour, e'en but little way:
Rouſted with eild, a wie piece gate ſeems lang,
Twa miles or three's the maiſt that I dow gang.
Symon. Ye're welcome here to ſtay all night with me,
And take ſic bed and board as we can gi'e.
Sir *Will.* That's kind, unſought—well, gin ye have a bairn
That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I ſhall employ the fartheſt of my ſkill
To ſpae it faithfully, be't good or ill.
Symon. [*pointing to* Patie.] Only that lad——alack! I have nae mae,
Either to make me joyful now or wae.
Sir *Will.* Young man, let's ſee your hand——what gars ye ſneer?
Patie. Becauſe your ſkill's but little worth, I fear.
Sir *Will.* Ye cut before the point—But Billy byde,
I'll wager there's a mouſe-mark on your ſide.
Elſpa. Betootch-us-to! and well I wat that's true,
Awa, awa, the deel's owre grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever ſeen ſince he firſt wore a ſark.
Sir *Will.* I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be ſpair'd
But a ſhort while, he'll be a braw rich laird.
Elſpa. A laird! — Hear ye, goodman——what think ye now?
Symon. I dinna ken! ſtrange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart, 'tis good to bode of wealth,
Come, turn the timmer to laird *Patie*'s health.
[Patie's *health gaes round.*
Patie.

Patie. A laird of twa good whiſtles, and a kent,
Twa curs my truſty tenants on the bent,
Is all my great eſtate——and like to be;
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.
Symon. Whiſht, *Patie*——let the man look owre your hand,
Aftymes as broken a ſhip has come to land.
[*Sir* William *looks a little at* Patie's *hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*]
Elſpa. Preſerve's!---the man's a warlock, or poſſeſt
With ſome nae good, or ſecond ſight at leaſt,
Where is he now?——
Glaud. —— He's ſeeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.
Elſpa. Theſe ſecond-ſighted fowks, his peace be here!
See things far aff, and things to come as clear
As I can ſee my thumb——wow! can he tell?
(Speer at him ſoon as he comes to himſel)
How ſoon we'll ſee Sir *William.* Whiſht, he heaves,
And ſpeaks out broken words like ane that raves.
Symon. He'll ſoon grow better,—*Elſpa* haſte ye gae
And fill him up a taſs of *Uſquebae.*

Sir Will. [*ſtarts up and ſpeaks.*]

" A *Knight* that for a LYON fought
" Againſt a herd of bears,
" Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
" In which ſome thouſands ſhares:
" But now again the LYON rares,
" And joy ſpreads o'er the plain,
" The LYON has defeat the bears,
" The *Knight* returns again.

" The

" The *Knight* in a few days ſhall bring
" A ſhepherd frae the fauld;
" And ſhall preſent him to the king,
" A ſubject true and bauld.
" He Mr. *Patrick* ſhall be call'd ——
" All you that hear me now,
" May well believe what I have tald,
" For it ſhall happen true.

Symon. Friend, may your ſpaeing happen ſoon and weel;
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deel,
To tell ſome tales that fowks wad ſecret keep,
Or do you get them tald you in your ſleep.

Sir *Will.* Howe'er I get them, never faſh your beard,
Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward:
But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I propheſy ſhall ſoon appear.

Symon. You propheſying fowks are odd kind men!
They're here that ken, and here that diſna ken
The wimpled meaning of your unko tale,
Whilk ſoon will mak a noiſe o'er moor and dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae ſma' ſport to hear how *Sym* believes,
And taks't for goſpel what the ſpae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to *Pate:*
But what we wiſh we trow at ony rate.

Sir *Will.* Whiſht! doubtfu' carle, for e'er the ſun
Has driven twice down to the ſea,
What I have ſaid, ye ſhall ſee done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Well, be't ſae, friend; I ſhall ſay naithing mair,
But I have twa ſonſy laſſes young and fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wiſh ye cou'd foreſee
Sic fortunes for them might bring joy to me.

Sir *Will.*

Sir *Will.* Nae mair through ſecrets can I ſift,
'Till darkneſs black the bent,
I have but anes a day that gift;
Sae reſt a while content.

Symon. Elſpa, caſt on the claith, fetch but ſome meat,
And, of your beſt, gar this auld ſtranger eat.

Sir *Will.* Delay a while your hoſpitable care,
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair
Around yon ruin'd tower, to fetch a walk
With you, kind friend, to have ſome private talk.

Symon. Soon as you pleaſe I'll anſwer your deſire —
And, *Glaud*, you'll tak your pipe beſide the fire;
We'll but gae round the place, and ſoon be back,
Syne ſup together, and tak your pint, and crack.

Glaud. I'll out a ſpace, and ſee the young anes play,
My heart's ſtill light, abeit my locks be gray. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Jenny *pretends an errand hame,*
Young Roger *draps the reſt,*
To whiſper out his melting flame,
And thow his laſſie's breaſt.
Behind a buſh, well hid frae ſight they meet.
See Jenny's *laughing*, Roger's *like to greet.*
Poor Shepherd!

ROGER *and* JENNY.

Roger. DEAR *Jenny*, I wad ſpeak t ye wad ye let,
And yet I ergh ye'r ay ſae ſcornfu' ſet.

Jenny. And what wad *Roger* ſay, if he cou'd ſpeak;
Am I oblig'd to gueſs what ye'r to ſeek?

Roger.

Roger. Yes, ye may gueſs, right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my ſervice, ſighs, and langing een:
And I maun out wi't, tho' I riſk your ſcorn,
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith even and morn.
Ah! cou'd I loo ye leſs, I'd happy be,
But happier far! cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jenny. And wha kens, honeſt lad, but that I may?
Ye canna ſay, that e'er I ſaid ye nay.

Roger. Alake! my frighted heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear ſome tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.

Jenny. I loo my father, cuſin *Meg* I love;
But to this day, nae man my heart could move;
Except my kin, ilk lad's alyke to me;
And frae ye all I beſt had keep me free.

Roger. How lang, dear *Jenny*, — ſayna that again,
What pleaſure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad however that ye yet ſtand free,
Wha kens but ye may rew, and pity me?

Jenny. Ye have my pity elſe, to ſee you ſit
On that whilk makes our ſweetneſs ſoon foryet.
Wow! but we're bony, good, and every thing!
How ſweet we breathe, whene'er we kiſs or ſing!
But we're nae ſooner fools to give conſent,
Than we our daffine, and tint power repent:
When priſon'd in four waws a wife right tame,
Altho' the firſt, the greateſt drudge at hame.

Roger. That only happens, when for ſake of gear,
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mare:
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
(Tho' thou ſhould ſcorn) ſtill to delight in thee.

Jenny.

Jenny. What ſuggard words frae wooers lips can fa'!
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've ſeen with ſhining fair the morning riſe,
And ſoon the fleety clouds mirk a' the ſkies,
I've ſeen the ſilver ſpring a while rin clear,
And ſoon in moſſy puddles diſappear.
The bridegroom may rejoyce, the bride may ſmile;
But ſoon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Roger. I've ſeen the morning riſe with faireſt light,
The day unclouded, ſink in calmeſt night.
I've ſeen the ſpring run wimpling throw the plain,
Increaſe and join the ocean, without ſtain.
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may ſmile;
Rejoyce throw life, and all your fears beguile.

SANG XIII. *Tune,* Leith-Wynd.

Jenny.

Were I aſſur'd you'll conſtant prove,
You ſhould nae mair complain,
The eaſy maid, beſet with love,
Few words will quickly gain;
For I muſt own, now ſince you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-ſole true to thee,
Wiſh'd to be pair'd with thine.

Roger.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head
Upon thy breaſt recline!
The pleaſure ſtrikes me near-hand dead;
Is Jenny *then ſae kind?* ——

O let

O let me briſs thee to my heart!
And round my arms entwine:
Delytful thought, we'll never part!
Come preſs thy mouth to mine.

Jenny. Were I but ſure ye lang wou'd love maintain,
The feweſt words my eaſy heart could gain:
For I mawn own, ſince now at laſt you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmneſs in my breaſt,
That made ye dearer to me than the reſt.

Roger. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!—
This guſh of pleaſure's like to be my deid.
Come to my arms! or ſtrike me! I'm all fyr'd
With wondering love! let's kiſs 'till we be tyr'd.
Kiſs, kiſs! we'll kiſs the ſun and ſtarns away,
And ferly at the quick return of day!
O *Jenny!* let my arms about thee twine
And briſs thy bony breaſts and lips to mine.

[*They embrace.*

Jenny. With equal joy my ſafter heart does yield,
To own thy well-try'd love has won the field.
Now by theſe warmeſt kiſſes thou has tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Roger. I ſwear by fifty thouſand yet to come,
Or may the firſt ane ſtrike me deaf and dumb;
There ſhall not be a kyndlier dawted wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life.

Jenny. Well, I agree — neiſt to my parent gae,
Get his conſent, — he'll hardly ſay ye nay.
Ye have what will commend ye to him well,
Auld fowks like them that wants na milk and meal.

SANG

SANG XIV. *Tune,* O'er Bogie.

Well, I agree, ye're ſure of me;
Next to my father gae:
Make him content to give conſent,
He'll hardly ſay you nay.
For ye have what he wad be at,
And will commend you well,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld
Where bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny, I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain.
Tho' a' my kin had ſaid and ſworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like theſe in high degree:
And if you prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae fault in me.

Roger. My faulds contain twice fifteen ſorrow nowt,
As mony newcal in my bayers rowt:
Five pack of woo I can at *Lammaſs* ſell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
With meikle care, my thriſty mither made.
Ilk thing that makes a hartſome houſe and tight
Was ſtill her care, my father's great delight.
They left me all, which now gi'es joy to me,
Becauſe I can give a', my dear, to thee.
And had I fifty times as mickle mair,
Nane but my *Jenny* ſhou'd the ſamen ſkair.
My love and all is yours, now had them faſt,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them laſt.

Jenny.

Jenny. I'll do my beſt, but ſee wha gangs this way,
Patie and *Meg* — beſides I maunna ſtay;
Let's ſteal frae ither now, and meet the morn,
If we be ſeen, we'll dree a deal of ſcorn.

Roger. To where the ſaugh-tree ſhades the mennin-pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool;
Keep tryſt, and meet me there, there let us meet,
To kiſs and tell our loves; there's nought ſae ſweet.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

This ſcene preſents the Knight *and* Sim,
Within a Galery of the place,
Where all looks ruinous and grim,
Nor has the baron ſhown his face;
But joking with his ſhepherd leel,
Aft ſpeers the gate he kens fu' well.

Sir WILLIAM *and* SYMON.

Sir *Will.* TO whom belongs this houſe, ſo much decay'd?

Symon. To ane that loſt it, lending gen'rous aid,
To bear the *Head* up, when rebellious *Tail*
Againſt the laws of nature did prevail.
Sir *William Worthy* is our maſter's name,
Wha fills us all with joy, now *He's come hame.*

PROLOGUE.

Sir William *draps his maſking beard;*
Symon, *tranſported, ſees*
The welcome knight, with fond regard,
And graſps him round the knees.

My

My maſter! my dear maſter! — do I breath!
To ſee him healthy, ſtrong, and free frae ſkaith!
Return'd to cheer his wiſhing tenants ſight!
To bleſs his SON, my charge, the world's delight.

Sir *Will.* Riſe, faithful *Symon*, in my arms enjoy
A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
I came to view thy care in this diſguiſe,
And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wiſe;
Since ſtill the ſecret thou'ſt ſecurely ſeal'd,
And never to him his real birth reveal'd.

Symon. The due obedience to your ſtrict command
Was the firſt lock — neiſt my ane judgment fand
Out reaſon's plenty — Since, without eſtate,
A youth, tho' ſprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate.

Sir *Will.* And aften vain and idly ſpend their time,
'Till grown unfit for action, paſt their prime,
Hang on their friends—which gi'es their ſauls a caſt,
That turns them downright beggars at the laſt.

Symon. Now, well I wat, ſir, ye have ſpoken true;
For there's laird *Kytie*'s ſon, that's loo'd by few.
His father ſteght his fortune in his wame,
And left his heir nought but a gentle name:
He gangs about ſornan frae place to place,
As ſcrimp of manners as of ſenſe and grace,
Oppreſſing all as puniſhment of their ſin
That are within his tenth degree of kin:
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's ſae unjuſt.
To his ane fam'lie as to give him truſt.

Sir *Will.* Such uſeleſs branches of a common-wealth
Should be lopt off, to give a ſtate mair health.
Unworthy bare reflection — *Symon*, run
O'er all your obſervations on my ſon;
A parent's fondneſs eaſily finds excuſe,
But do not with indulgence truth abuſe.

Symon. To ſpeak his praiſe, the langeſt ſimmer day
Wad be owre ſhort — cou'd I them right diſplay.
In word and deed he can ſae well behave,
That out of ſight he runs before the lave:
And when there's e'er a quarrel or conteſt,
Patrick's made judge, to tell whaſe cauſe is beſt,
And his decree ſtands good — he'll gar it ſtand:
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand,
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudeſt of our herds obey.

Sir *Will.* Your tale much pleaſes—my good friend, proceed:
What learning has he? can he write and read?

Symon. Baith wonder well; for, troth, I didna ſpare
To gie him at the ſchool enough of lair;
And he delyts in books — He reads and ſpeaks
With ſowks that ken them, *Latin* words and *Greeks.*

Sir *Will.* Where gets he books to read — and of what kind?
Tho' ſome give light, ſome blindly lead the blind.

Symon. Whene'er he drives our Sheep to *Edenburgh* port,
He buys ſome Books of Hiſtory, ſangs or ſport:
Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.
About ane *Shakeſpear* and a famous *Ben*,
He aften ſpeaks, and ca's them beſt of men.
How ſweetly *Hawthrenden* and *Sterling* ſing,
And ane caw'd *Cowley*, loyal to his king,
He kens fou well, and gars their verſes ring.
I ſometimes thought, that he made o'er great fraſe
About fine poems, hiſtories and plays.
When I reprov'd him anes — a book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings.

Sir *Will.*

Sir *Will.* He anſwer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,
When ſuch accounts I of my ſhepherd hear:
Reading ſuch books can raiſe a peaſant's mind
Above a lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What ken we better, that ſae findle look,
Except on rainy *Sundays*, on a book?
When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf ſpell,
'Till a' the reſt ſleep round as well's our ſell.

Sir *Will.* Well jeſted, *Symon*, —— but one queſtion more,
I'll only aſk ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth's arriv'd the age, when little loves
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves;
Has no young laſſie, with inviting mein
And roſie cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthful heart?

Symon. I fear'd the warſt, but kend the ſmalleſt part;
'Till late I ſaw him twa three times mair ſweet
(With *Glaud*'s fair *Niece*) than I thought right or meet.
I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since like your ſelf, your ſon will ſoon appear,
A gentleman enrich'd with all theſe charms,
May bleſs the faireſt, beſt-born lady's arms.

Sir *Will.* This night muſt end his unambitious fire,
When higher views ſhall greater thoughts inſpire.
Go, *Symon*, bring him quickly here to me,
None but your ſelf ſhall our firſt meeting ſee.
Yonder's my horſe and ſervant nigh at hand,
They come juſt at the time I gave command:
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dreſs;
Now ye the ſecret may to all confeſs.

Symon. With how much joy I on this errand flee,
There's nane can know that is not down-right me.

[*Exit* Symon.

Sir William *ſolus*. Whene'er th' event of hopes
ſucceſs appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years.
A thouſand toils are loſt in *Lethe*'s ſtream,
And cares evaniſh like a morning dream;
When wiſh'd-for pleaſures riſe like morning light,
The pain that's paſt enhances the delight.
Theſe joys I feel, that words can ill expreſs,
I ne'er had known, without my late diſtreſs.

But from his ruſtick buſineſs and love,
I muſt, in haſte, my *Patrick* ſoon remove,
To courts and camps that may his ſoul improve:
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings ſhews its light,
'Till artful poliſhing has made it ſhine:
Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV. *Tune*, Wat ye wha I met yeſtreen.

Now from ruſticity, and love,
Whoſe flames but over lowly burn,
My Gentle Shepherd muſt be drove,
His ſoul muſt take another turn:
As the rough diamond, from the mine,
In breakings only ſhews its light,
'Till poliſhing has made it ſhine,
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

The Scene deſcrib'd in former page,
Glaud's *onſet* —— *Enter* Mauſe *and* Madge.

Mauſe. OUR laird come hame! and owns young *Pate* his heir,
That's news indeed! ——
Madge. —— As true as ye ſtand there.
As they were dancing all in *Symon*'s yard,
Sir *William*, like a warlock, with a beard,
Five nives in length, and white as driven ſnaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'*:
We ferly'd mickle at his unco look,
While frae his poutch he whirl'd forth a book.
As we ſtood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on *Pate* his een;
Then pawkylie pretended he cou'd ſpae,
Yet for his pains and ſkill wad naithing hae.
Mauſe. Then ſure the laſſes, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.
Madge. As faſt as fleas ſkip to the tate of woo,
Whilk ſlee tod *Lawrie* hads without his mow,
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In ſummer days ſlides backward in a pool:
In ſhort he did for *Pate* braw things fortel,
Without the help of conjuring or ſpell;
At laſt, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pou'd aff his beard to *Symon*, *Symon* knew
His welcome maſter; — round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and ſyne for blythneſs grat.

Patrick was ſent for —— happy lad is he!
Symon tald *Elſpa*, *Elſpa* tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the ſecret ſtory ſoon;
And troth 'tis e'en right odd when a' is done,
To think how *Symon* ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no ſae meikle as to *Pate* himſell.
Our *Meg*, poor thing, alake! has loſt her jo.

Mauſe. It may be ſae, wha kens, and may be no.
To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain;
Even kings has tane a queen out of the plain,
And what has been before, may be again.

Madge. Sic nonſence! love tak root, but tocher-good,
'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood:
Sic faſhions in king BRUCE's days might be;
But ſiccan ferlies now we never ſee.

Mauſe. Gif *Pate* forſakes, *Bauldy* ſhe may gain,
Yonder he comes, and wow!
Nae doubt he thinks that *Peggy*'s now his ain.

Madge. He get her! flaverin doof! it ſets him well
To yoke a plough where *Patrick* thought to teil!
Gif I were *Meg*, I'd let young maſter ſee ——

Mauſe. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he;
And ſo wad I: but whiſht! here *Bauldy* comes.

Enter BAULDY [*ſinging*.]

Jocky *ſaid to* Jenny, Jenny *wilt thou do't*,
Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, *for my tocher-good*;
For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee,
E'en's ye like, quoth Jocky, *ye may let it be*.

Madge. Well liltit, *Bauldy*, that's a dainty ſang.
Bauldy. I'll gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.
[*ſings again*.

I hae

I hae gowd and gear, I have land enough,
I have ſeven good ewſen ganging in a pleugh;
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha' houſe, a barn and a bayer,
A peatſtack' fore the door, we'll make a rantin fire;
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry ſall we be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny *ſaid to* Jocky, *gin ye winna tell,*
Ye ſhall be the lad, I'll be the laſs my ſell;
Ye're a bony lad, and I'm a laſſie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.

I trow ſae, – laſſes will come to at laſt,
Tho' for awhile, they maun their ſnaw-baws caſt,
Mauſe. Well *Bauldy*, how gaes a'? ——
Bauldy. — Faith unco right: ——
I hope we'll a' ſleep ſound, but ane, this night,
Madge. And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may ask?
Bauldy. To find out that, is nae difficult task.
Poor bony *Peggy*, wha maun think nae mair
On *Pate* turn'd *Patrick*, and Sir *William*'s heir.
Now, now, good *Madge*, and honeſt *Mauſe*, ſtand be,
While *Meg*'s in dumps, put in a word for me,
I'll be as kind as ever *Pate* could prove;
Leſs wilful, and ay conſtant in my love.
Madge. As *Neps* can witneſs, and the buſhy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was ſworn.
Fy *Bauldy* bluſh, and vows of love regard;
What other laſs will trow a manſworn herd;
The curſe of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty of ſic ſinfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er adviſe my niece ſae gray a gate,
Nor will ſhe be adviſ'd fou well I wate.

Bauldy. Sae gray a gate! manſworn! and a' the reſt;
Ye leed, auld roudes, — and in a faith had beſt
Eat in your words, elſe I ſhall gar you ſtand
With a het face afore the haly band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me ſtand! ye ſheveling-gabit brock,
Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,
And ten ſharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can flyp the ſkin o'ye'r cheeks out-o'er your chin.

Bauldy. I tak ye witneſs, *Mauſe*, ye heard her ſay,
That I'm manſworn, — I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witneſs to, he ca'd me bony names,
And ſhould be ſerv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog! —— [*Flees to his hair like a fury* —*A ſtout battle* —Mauſe *endeavours to redd them.*]

Mauſe. Let gang your grips, fy *Madge!* howt *Bauldy* leen,
I wadna wiſh this tuilzie had been ſeen;
'Tis ſae daft like. ——
[Bauldy *gets out of* Madge's *clutches, with a bleeding noſe.*]

Madge. —— 'Tis dafter-like to thole
An ether-cap like him, to blaw the coal.
It ſets him well with vile unſcrapit tongue,
To caſt up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And, or they died, their bairns bairns have ſeen.

Mauſe. That's true, and *Bauldy* ye was far to blame,
To ca' *Madge* ought but her ain chriſten'd name.

Bauldy. My lugs, my noſe, and nodle finds the ſame.

Madge. Auld roudes! Filthy fallow, I ſhall auld ye.

Mauſe. Howt no; —ye'll e'en be friends with honeſt *Bauldy:*
Come, come, ſhake hands; this maun nae farder gae:
Ye maun forgi'e 'm: I ſee the lad looks wae.

Bauldy,

Bauldy. In troth now *Mauſe*, I have at *Madge* nae ſpite;
But ſhe abuſing firſt was a' the wyte
Of what has happen'd, and ſhould therefore crave
My pardon firſt, and ſhall acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your pardon! Gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat.
Gae, or be blaſted in your health and gear,
Till ye learn to perform as well as ſweer,
Vow and lowp back! —was e'er the like heard tell?
Swith tak him deel, he's owre lang out of hell.

Bauldy [*running off.*] His preſence be about us!
Curſt were he
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.
[*Exit* Bauldy.]

Madge [*laughing.*] I think I have towzled his harigalds a-wee;
He'll no ſoon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a raſcal that wad mint to ſerve
A laſſie ſae, he does but ill deſerve.

Mauſe. Ye towin'd him tightly,—I commend ye for't,
His blooding ſnout gae me nae little ſport:
For this forenoon he had that ſcant of grace,
And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face,
He hoped I was a *witch*, and wadna ſtand,
To lend him in this caſe my helping hand.

Madge. A *Witch!*—how had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to ſee, or luggs to hear.

Mauſe. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like mine,
Obliges folk reſentment to decline,

Till

Till aft 'tis ſeen, when vigour fails, then we
With cunning can the lack of pith ſupply:
Thus I put aff revenge till it was dark,
Syne bad him come, and we ſhould gang to wark;
I'm ſure he'll keep his tryſt; and I came here
To ſeek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. And ſpecial ſport we'll have as I proteſt;
Ye'll be the witch, and I ſhall play the ghaiſt.
A linnen ſheet wond round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my face, and grane and ſhake my head.
We'll fleg him ſae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring, to do a laſſie wrang.

Mauſe. Then let us go, for ſee, 'tis hard on night,
The weſtlin cloud ſhines with ſetting light.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
And the green-ſwaird grows damp with falling dew,
While good Sir William *is to reſt retir'd,*
The gentle Shepherd, *tenderly inſpir'd,*
Walks throw the broom with Roger *ever-leel,*
To meet, to comfort Meg, *and tak farewel.*

Roger. WOW! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light;
O Mr. *Patrick*, ay your thoughts were right:
Sure gentle-fowk are farrer ſeen than we,
That nathing ha'e to brag of pedigree.
My *Jenny* now, wha' brak my heart this morn,
Is perfect yielding—ſweet—and nae mair ſcorn.

I ſpak

I ſpak my mind—ſhe heard—I ſpak again,
She ſmil'd—I kiſs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

SANG XVI. *Tune,* Kirk wad let me be.

Duty and part of reaſon,
Plead ſtrong on the parents ſide,
Which love ſuperior calls treaſon,
The ſtrongeſt muſt be obey'd:
For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My conſtancy falſhood repels;
For change in my heart is no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy *excels.*

Patie. I'm glad to hear't—But O my change this day,
Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm ſometimes wae.
I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
And an eſtate that lifts me boon the lave.
With looks all kindneſs, words that love confeſt:
He all the father to my ſoul expreſt,
While cloſe he had me to his manly breaſt.
Such were the eyes, he ſaid, thus ſmil'd the mouth
Of thy lov'd mother, bleſſing of my youth!
Who ſet too ſoon!—And while he praiſe beſtow'd,
Adown his graceſu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail.
That ſpeechleſs lang, my late kend Sire I view'd,
While guſhing tears my panting breaſt bedew'd.
Unuſual tranſports made my hand turn round,
Whilſt I my ſelf with riſing raptures found,
The happy ſon of ane ſae much renown'd.
But he has heard,—too faithful *Symon*'s fear!
Has brought my love for *Peggy* to his ear,

Which

Which he forbids,—ah! this confounds my peace,
While, thus to beat, my heart muſt ſooner ceaſe.
Roger. How to adviſe ye, troth I'm at a ſtand:
But were't my caſe, ye'd clear it up aff hand.
Patie. Duty, and haſten reaſon plead his cauſe:
But love rebels againſt all bounding laws;
Fixt in my ſoul the ſhepherdeſs excels,
And part of my new happineſs repels.
Roger. Enjoy them baith,——Sir *William* will be won:
Your *Peggy*'s bonny,—you're his only ſon.
Patie. She's mine by vows, and ſtronger ties of love,
And frae theſe bands nae fate my mind ſhall move.
I'll wed nane elſe, thro' life I will be true,
But ſtill odedience is a parent's due.
Roger. Is not our maſter and your ſell to ſtay
Amang us here,——or are ye gawn away
To *London* court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts?
Patie. To *Edenburgh* ſtraight to-morrow we advance,
To *London* neiſt, and afterwards to *France*,
Where I muſt ſtay ſome years, and learn——to dance,
And twa three other monky-tricks;—That done,
I come hame ſtrutting in my red-heel'd ſhoon.
Then 'tis deſign'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be ſome petted thing's dull ſlave,
For ſome few bags of caſh, that I wat weel
I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel:
But *Peggy*, dearer to me than my breath,
Sooner than hear ſic news, ſhall hear my death.
Roger. *They who have juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep,*
The Owrecome only faſhes fowk too keep.—

Good

Good maſter *Patrick*, tak your ain tale hame.
Patie. What was my morning thought, at night's the ſame:
The poor and rich but differ in the name.
Content's the greateſt bliſs we can procure
Frae 'boon the lift.—Without it kings are poor.
Roger. But an eſtate like yours yields braw content,
When we but pike it ſcantly on the bent:
Fine claiths, ſaft beds, ſweet houſes, ſparkling wine,
Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,
Submiſſive ſervants, honour, wealth and eaſe,
Wha's no content with theſe are ill to pleaſe.
Patie. Sae *Roger* thinks, and thinks not far amiſs,
But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er their bliſs:
The paſſions rule the roaſt—and if they're ſour,
Like the lean ky, they'll ſoon the fat devour:
The ſpleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the ſharpeſt goads in gentry's ſide.
The gouts, and gravels, and the ill diſeaſe,
Are frequenteſt with ſouk owrelaid with eaſe,
While o'er the moor the ſhepherd, with leſs care,
Enjoys his ſober wiſh, and haleſome air.
Roger. Lord, man, I wonder, ay, and its delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your ſlights.
How gat ye a' that ſenſe I fain wad lear,
That I may eaſier diſappointments bear.
Patie's Frae books, the wale of books, I gat ſome skill,
Theſe beſt can teach what is real good and ill:
Near grudge ilk year to ware ſome ſtanes of cheeſe,
To gain theſe ſilent friends that ever pleaſe.
Roger. I'll do't, and ye ſhall tell me which to buy:
Faith I'ſe hae books, tho' I ſhou'd ſell my ky:
But now lets hear how you're deſign'd to move
Between Sir *William*'s will and *Peggy*'s love.

Patie.

Patie. Then here it lies--his will maun be obey'd,
My vows I'll keep, and ſhe ſhall be my bride:
But I ſome time this laſt deſign maun hide.
Keep you the ſecret cloſe, and leave me here,
I ſent for *Peggy*, yonder comes my my dear.
Roger. And proud of being your ſecretary, I
To wyle it frae me a' the deels defy. [*Exit* Roger.
Patie. [*ſolus*] With what a ſtruggle muſt I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart:
I ken ſhe loves, and her ſaft ſoul will ſink,
While it ſtands trembling on the hated brink
Of diſappointment--heav'n ſupport my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care,
Her eyes are red ——— [*Enter* Peggy
———My *Peggy* why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a ſhepherd, yet I'm thine.

SANG XVII. *Tune,* Waes my heart that we ſhou'd ſunder.

PEGGY. *Speak on, ſpeak thus, and ſtill my grief,*
Hold up a heart that's ſinking under
Theſe fears, that ſoon will want relief,
When Pate *muſt from his* Peggy *ſunder.*
A gentler face and ſilk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's bloſſom,
Alake poor me! will now conſpire,
To ſteal thee from thy Peggy's *boſom.*

No more the ſhepherd who excell'd
The reſt, whoſe wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's *praiſes tell,*
Ah! I can die, but never ſunder.

Ye meadows where we often ſtray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander;
Sweet-ſcented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll loſe your ſweets when we're aſunder.

Again ah! ſhall I never creep
Around the know with ſilent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while aſleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, heaven, while ſolemnly I vow,
Tho' thou ſhould'ſt prove a wand'ring lover,
Throw life to thee I ſhall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

I dare not think ſae high—I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made not me
A gentle match, or ſtill a herd kept thee.
Wha can withouten pain ſee frae the coaſt
The ſhip that bears his all like to be loſt?
Like to be carried by ſome rever's hand,
Far frae his wiſhes to ſome diſtant land.

Patie. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilſt it with me remains
To raiſe thee up, or ſtill attend theſe plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own:
But love's ſuperior to a parent's frown.
I falſhood hate: come kiſs thy cares away;
I ken to love as well as to obey.
Sir *William*'s generous, leave the task to me
To make ſtrict duty and true love agree.

SANG XVIII, *Tune*, TWEED-SIDE.

PEGGY. *When hope was quite ſunk in deſpair,*
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthleſs my care,
But now I will ſav't for thy ſake.

Where-e'er

Where-e'er my love travels by day,
Where-ever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image ſhall ſtay;
And my ſoul keep him ever in ſight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
And ſtudy the gentleſt charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
So lock thee for ay in thoſe arms.
Whilſt thou waſt a ſhepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to riſe
To a height is becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only ſkin deep,
Muſt fade like the gowans of May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love.
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband have ſenſe to approve.

Speak on!—ſpeak ever thus, and ſtill my grief,
But ſhort I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will ſoon inſpire,
That with nice air ſwims round in ſilk attire;
Then I! poor me!--with ſighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartſome *Pate*.
Nae mair again to hear ſweet tales expreſt,
By the blyth ſhepherd that excell'd the reſt:
Nae mair be envied by the tatling gang,
When *Patie* kiſs'd me, when I danc'd or ſang:
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play!
And rin haff breathleſs round the rucks of hay,

As

As aftimes I have fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on purpoſe that I might be tane.
Nae mair around the *Foggy-know* I'll creep,
To watch and ſtare upon thee, while aſleep.
But hear my vow —— 'twill help to give me eaſe,
May ſudden death, or deadly ſair diſeaſe,
And warſt of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

Patie. Sure heaven approves — and be aſſur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've ſworn to thee:
And time, tho' time maun interpoſe a while,
And I maun leave my *Peggy* and this iſle;
Yet time, nor diſtance, nor the faireſt face,
If there's a fairer, e'er ſhall fill thy place.
I'd hate my riſing fortune, ſhould it move
The fair foundation of our faithful love.
If at my foot were crowns and ſcepters laid,
To bribe my ſoul frae thee, delightful maid;
For thee I'd ſoon leave theſe inferior things
To ſic as have the patience to be kings.
Wherefore that tear? believe and calm thy mind.

Peggy. I greet for joy, to hear my love ſae kind;
When hopes were ſunk, and nought but mirk deſpair,
Made me think life was little worth my care:
My heart was like to burſt; but now I ſee
Thy generous thoughts will ſave thy heart for me.
With patience then, I'll wait each wheeling year,
Dream thro' that night, 'till my day ſtar appear:
And all the while I'll ſtudy gentler charms
To make me fitter for my trav'ller's arms:
I'll gain on uncle *Glaud*, —— he's far frae fool,
And will not grudge to put me throw ilk ſchool,
Where I may manners learn ——

Patie. —— That's wiſely ſaid,
And what he wares that way ſhall be well paid.

Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native ſweets might gain a prince's heart,
Yet now, leſt in our ſtation we offend,
We muſt learn modes, to innocence unkend;
Affect aft-times to like the thing we hate,
And drap ſerenity, to keep up ſtate:
Laugh when we're ſad, ſpeak when we've nought to ſay,
And, for the faſhion, when we're blith, ſeem wae:
Pay compliments to them we aft have ſcorn'd,
Then ſcandalize them, when their backs are turn'd.

Peggy. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am ſtill — but I'll be ought with thee.

Patie. No, no, my *Peggy*, I but only jeſt
With gentry's apes; for ſtill amangſt the beſt,
Good manners give integrity a bleeze,
When native virtues join the arts to pleaſe.

Peggy. Since with nae hazard, and ſae ſmall expence,
My lad frae books can gather ſiccan ſenſe;
Then why, ah! why ſhou'd the tempeſtuous ſea
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir *William*'s cruel that wad force his ſon,
For watna-whats, ſae great a riſk to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but trav'lling does improve,
Yet I would ſhun it for thy ſake, my love:
But ſoon as I've ſhook aff my landwart caſt
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haſte.

SANG XIX. *Tune,* Buſh aboon *Traquair.*

PEGGY.

At ſetting day and riſing morn,
With Soul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll aſk of heaven thy ſafe return,
With all that can improve thee.

'Ill

I'll viſit oft the birken-buſh,
Where firſt thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt enfold me.

To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood-ſhaw or fountain;
Or where the ſummer-day I'd ſhare
With thee, upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender;
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

With every ſetting day, and riſing morn,
I'll kneel to heaven, and aſk thy ſafe return.
Under that tree, and on the *Suckler-brae*,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to run and play;
And to the *Hiſſel-ſhaw*, where firſt ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flowers,
With joy that they'll bear witneſs I am yours.

Patie. My dear allow me frae thy temples fair
A ſhining ringlet of thy flowing hair,
Which, as a ſample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiſs, and wear about my arm.

Peggy. Were ilka hair that appertains to me
Worth an eſtate, they all belong to thee:
My ſheers are ready, take what you demand,
And aught what love with virtue may command.

Patie. Nae mair I'll aſk; but ſince we've little time,
To ware't on words, wad border on a crime,
Love's ſafter meaning better is expreſt,
When it's with kiſſes on the heart impreſt.

[*Here they embrace, and the curtain's let down.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

See how poor Bauldy *ſtares like ane poſſeſt,*
And roars up Symon *frae his kindly reſt:*
Bare-legg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See the auld man comes foreward to the ſot.

Symon. WHAT want ye, *Bauldy*, at this ſilent hour,
When nature nods beneath the drowſy power.
Far to the *North* the ſcant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye ſhake, and glowre and look ſae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like briſtles ſtand.

Bauldy. O len me ſoon ſome water, milk, or ale,
My head's grown giddy, —— legs with ſhaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane:
Alake! I'll never be my ſell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! *Symon*, O *Symon!* O!

[Symon *gives him a drink.*

Symon. What ails thee, gowk! -- to make ſae loud ado.
You've wak'd Sir *William*, he has left his bed,
He comes, I fear ill pleas'd; I hear his tred.

[*Enter Sir* William.

Sir *Will.* How goes the night? Does day-light yet appear?
Symon, you're very tymouſly aſteer.

Symon. I'm ſorry, ſir, that we've diſturb'd your reſt,
But ſome ſtrange thing has *Bauldy*'s ſp'rit oppreſt,
He's ſeen ſome witch, or wreſtled with a ghaiſt.

Bauldy.

Bauldy. O! ay — dear ſir, in troth 'tis very true,
And I am come to make my plaint to you.
Sir *Will.* *(ſmiling.)* I lang to hear't ——
Bauldy. —— Ah! ſir, the witch caw'd *Mauſe*,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
Firſt promis'd that ſhe'd help me with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart laſſie's heart:
As ſhe had tryſted, I met wi'er this night,
But may nae friend of mine get ſic a fright!
For the curs'd hag, inſtead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood!)
Rais'd up a ghaiſt, or deel, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead coarſe in ſheet as white as milk,
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
Upon me faſt the witch and it fell baith,
Lows'd down my breeks, while I like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at ſchool.
My heart out of its hool was like to lowp,
I pithleſs grew with fear, and had nae hope,
'Till, with an elritch laugh they vaniſli'd quite;
Syne I haf dead with anger, fear and ſpite,
Grap up, and fled ſtraight frae them, ſir, to you,
Hoping your help to gi'e the deel his due.
I'm ſure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
'Till in a fat tar-barrel *Mauſe* be burnt.
Sir *Will.* Well *Bauldy*, what e'er's juſt ſhall granted be,
Let *Mauſe* be brought this morning down to me.
Bauldy. Thanks to your *Honour*, ſoon ſhall I obey,
But firſt I'll *Roger* raiſe, and twa three mae,
To catch her faſt, or ſhe get leave to ſqueel,
And caſt her cantraips that bring up the deel.
[*Exit* Bauldy.

Sir *Will.* Troth *Symon*, *Bauldy*'s more afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghaiſt have made themſelves good ſport.
What ſilly notions crowd the clouded mind,
That is, throw want of education, blind!

Symon. But does your *Honour* think there's nae ſic thing,
As witches raiſing deels up-throw a ring,
Syne playing tricks, a thouſand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this ſide hell.

Sir *Will.* Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
Amongſt a few old women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoyc'd to ſee him friſk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp,
Appearing ſometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
Aft-times like *Bawty*, *Badrans*, or a *Sow*;
Then with his train throw airy paths to glide,
While they on cats or clowns, or broomſtaffs ride,
Or in the egg-ſhell ſkim out-o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in *France* or *Spain*;
Then aft by night, bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cub-boards, chairs and ſtools.
What e'er's in ſpells, or if there witches be,
Such whimſies ſeem the moſt abſurd to me.

Symon. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle ſenſe, or yet was rich:
But *Mauſe*, tho' poor, is a ſagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honeſt life.
That gars me think this hobleſhew that's paſt
Will land in naithing but a joke at laſt.

Sir *Will.* I m ſure it will; — but ſee increaſing light
Commands the imps of darkneſs down to night:
Bid raiſe my ſervants, and my horſe prepare,
Whilſt I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG

SANG XX. *Tune,* Bony gray-ey'd morn.

The bony gray-ey'd morning begins to peep,
And darkneſs flies before the riſing ray,
The hearty hynd ſtarts from his lazy ſleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day,
Without a guilty ſting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving the plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluſter'd with wine, or madden'd with loſs
Of half an eſtate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gameſter tumble and toſs,
Wiſhing for calmneſs and ſlumber in vain.
Be my portion, health and quietneſs of mind,
Plac'd at due diſtance from parties and ſtate,
Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happineſs link'd to his fate.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

While Peggy *laces up her boſom fair,*
With a blew ſnood Jenny *binds up her hair,*
Glaud *by his morning ingle takes a beek,*
The riſing ſun ſhines motty throw the reek.
A pipe his mouth, the laſſes pleaſe his een,
And now and then his joke maun interveen.

Glaud. I Wiſh, my bairns, it may keep fair 'till night,
Ye do not uſe ſo ſoon to ſee the light;

Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,
To take your leave of *Patrick* or he gang:
But, do ye think, that now when he's a laird,
That he poor landwart laſſes will regard.

Jenny. Tho' he's young maſter now, I'm very ſure,
He has mair ſenſe than ſlight auld friends, tho' poor:
But yeſterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
And kiſs'd my cuſin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
But be advis'd, his company refrain:
Before, he, as a ſhepherd, ſought a wife,
With her to live a chaſte and frugal life:
But now grown gentle, ſoon he will forſake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peggy. A rake, what's that?——Sure if it means ought ill,
He'll ne'er be't, elſe I have tint my skill.

Glaud. Daft laſſie, ye ken nought of the affair,
Ane young and good, and gentle's unco rare:
A rake's a graceleſs ſpark, that thinks nae ſhame
To do what like of us thinks ſin to name;
Sic are ſae void of ſhame, they'll never ſtap
To brag how aften they have had the clap;
They'll tempt young things like you, with youdith fluſh'd,
Syne mak ye a' their jeſt when ye'er debauch'd.
Be warry then I ſay, and never ge'e
Encouragement, or bourd with ſic as he.

Peggy. Sir *William*'s vertuous, and of gentle blood.
And may not *Patrick* too, like him, be good.

Glaud. That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiſer better are than we;
But thinner ſawn; they're ſae puſt up with pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,

That

That ſhaws the gate to heaven ;-- I've heard my ſell,
Some of them laugh at doomſday, ſin and hell.

Jenny. Watch o'er us, father! heh, that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a doomſday, doubts a god.

Glaud. Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear, but curſe, debauch, and drink:
But I'm no ſaying this, as if I thought
That *Patrick* to ſic gaits will e'er be brought.

Peggy. The lord forbid!---Na, he kens better things:
But here comes *Aunt*, her face ſome ferly brings.

[*Enter* Madge.

Madge. Haſt, haſt ye, we're a' ſent for owre the gate,
To hear, and help to red ſome odd debate
'Tween *Mauſe* and *Bauldy*, 'bout ſome witchcraft ſpell
At *Symon*'s houſe, the knight ſits judge himſel.

Glaud. Lend me my ſtaff, —— *Madge*, lock the outer-door,
And bring the laſſes wi'ye, I'll ſtep before.

[*Exit* Glaud.

Madge. Poor *Meg!* —— Look *Jenny*, was the like e'er ſeen,
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een!
This day her brankan wooer takes his horſe,
To ſtrute a gentle ſpark at *Edenburgh* croſs,
To change his kent cut frae the branchy plain
For a nice ſword, and glancing-headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn ſpoons and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that ſmells that new-won hay:
To leave the green-ſwaird dance, when we gae milk,
To ruſtle amang the beauties clad in ſilk.
But *Meg*, poor *Meg!* maun with the ſhepherd ſtay,
And take what god will ſend in hodden-gray.

Peggy.

Peggy. Dear aunt, what needs ye faſh us wi' your ſcorn?
That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter of ſome laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd *Patie* on the green:
Now ſince he riſes, why ſhould I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then, the like has been, if the decree
Deſigns him mine, I yet his wife may be.
Madge. A bony ſtory trouth! —— But we delay;
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William *fills the twa-arm'd chair,*
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, *and* Mauſe
Attend, and with loud laughter hear
Daft Bauldy *bluntly plead his cauſe:*
For now it's tell'd him that the tawz
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Becauſe he brak good breeding's laws,
And with his nonſenſe rais'd their rage.

Sir *Will.* AND was that all?—well, *Archbald*, ye was ſerv'd
No otherwiſe than what ye well deſerv'd.
Was it ſo ſmall a matter to defame,
And thus abuſe an honeſt woman's name?
Beſides your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

Bauldy.

Bauldy. Sir, I confeſs my faut thro' a' the ſteps,
And ne'er again ſhall be untrue to *Neps*.
Mauſe. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the ſcore,
I kend not that they thought me ſic before.
Bauldy. An't like your *Honour*, I believ'd it well;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to ſeek the deel:
Yet with your *Honour*'s leave, tho' ſhe's nae witch,
She's baith a ſlee and revengefu' ——
And that my *Some-place* finds; —— but I had beſt
Had in my tongue, for yonder comes the *Ghaiſt*,
And the young bony *Witch*, whaſe roſie cheek
Sent me without my wit the deel to ſeek.

Enter Madge, Peggy *and* Jenny.

Sir Will. [*looking at* Peggy.] Whoſe daughter's ſhe
that wears th' *Aurora* gown,
With face ſo fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How ſparkling are her eyes? what this I find
The girl brings all my ſiſter to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too ſoon depriv'd of ſweeteſt grace.
Is this your daughter, *Glaud* ——
Glaud. —— Sir, ſhe's my niece ——
And yet ſhe's not —— but I ſhould had my peace.
Sir *Will.* This is a contradiction, what d'ye mean?
She is, and ſhe is not! pray, *Glaud*, explain.
Glaud. Becauſe I doubt, if I ſhould mak appear
What I have kept a ſecret thirteen year.
Mauſe. You may reveal what I can fully clear.
Sir *Will.* Speak ſoon, I'm all impatience! ——
Patie. —— So am I!
For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.
Glaud. Then ſince my maſter orders, I obey ——
This *bony fundling*, ae clear morn of *May*,

Cloſe

Cloſs by the lee-ſide of my door I found,
All ſweat and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In infant weeds, of rich and gentle make.
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forſake?
Wha, warſe than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air
Sae much of innocence, ſae ſweetly fair,
Sae helpleſs young; for ſhe appear'd to me,
Only about twa towmands auld to be.
I took her in my arms, the bairnie ſmil'd
With ſic a look, wad made a ſavage mild.
I hid the ſtory, ſhe has paſs'd ſinceſyne,
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For ſhe's well worth the pains that I have tane.
Ye ſee ſhe's bony, I can ſwear ſhe's good,
And am tight ſure ſhe's come of gentle blood;
Of whom I kenna —— naithing ken I mair,
Than what I to your honour now declare.

Sir *Will.* This tale ſeems ſtrange! ——

Patie. —— The tale delights my ear!

Sir *Will.* Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

Mauſe. That be my task--now, Sir, bid all be huſh,
Peggy may ſmile——Thou haſt no cauſe to bluſh.
Long have I wiſh'd to ſee this happy day,
That I might ſafely to the truth give way;
That I may now Sir *William Worthy* name
The beſt and neareſt parent ſhe can claim.
He ſaw't at firſt, and with quick eyes did trace
His ſiſter's beauties in his daughter's face.

Sir *Will.* Old woman do not rave —— prove what you ſay;
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Patie. What reaſon, Sir, can an old woman have
To tell a lie, when ſhe's ſae near her grave?

But

But how, or why, it ſhould be truth, I grant,
I every thing that looks like reaſon want.
Omnes. The ſtory's odd! we wiſh we heard it out—
Sir *Will.* Mak haſt good woman, and reſolve each doubt.
[Mauſe *goes foreward, leading* Peggy *to Sir* William.
Mauſe. Sir, view me well, has fifteen years ſo plow'd
A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,
That here I as an unknown ſtranger ſtand
Who nurs'd her mother, that now holds my hand?
Yet ſtronger proofs I'll give, if you demand.
Sir *Will.* Ha honeſt nurſe! where were my eyes before,
I know thy faithfulneſs, and need no more;
Yet from the lab'rinth, to lead out my mind,
Say, to expoſe her, who was ſo unkind?
[*Sir* Will. *embraces* Peggy, *and makes her ſit by him.*
Sir *Will.* Yes ſurely thou'rt my niece, truth muſt prevail?
But no more words, 'till *Mauſe* relate her tale.
Patie. Good nurſe diſpatch thy ſtory wing'd with bliſſes,
That I may give my cuſin fifty kiſſes.
Mauſe. Then it was I that ſav'd her infant-life,
Her death being threatened by an uncle's wife,
The ſtory's lang; but I the ſecret knew,
How they purſu'd with avaricious view
Her rich eſtate, of which they're now poſſeſt:
All this to me a confident confeſt.
I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
They'd ſmoor the ſakeleſs orphan in her bed.
That very night, when all were ſunk in reſt,
At midnight-hour the floor I ſaftly preſt.
And ſtaw the ſleeping innocent away,
With whom I travell'd ſome few miles e'er day.

All

All day I hid me,——when the day was done,
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
'Till east-ward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needful plenty glads your chearful swains.
Then fear of being found out, I, to secure
My *charge*, I laid her at this shepherd's door,
And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
Here, honest *Glaud* himsel, and *Symon* may
Remember well how I that very day
Frae *Roger*'s father took my little crove.

Glaud, [*with tears of joy happing down his beard.*]
I well remember't: LORD reward your love:
Lang have I wish'd for this; for aft I thought,
Sic knowledge sumetime should about be brought.

Patie. 'Tis now a crime to doubt,--my joys are full,
With due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, with paternal love survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms:
She's mine by vows, and would, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir *Will.* My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair,
Equal with *Patrick*, now my greatest aim
Shall be to aid your joys, and well-match'd flame.
My boy receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

[Patie *and* Peggy *embrace, and kneel to Sir* Will.

Patie. With as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life that's sinking in a wave.

Sir Will. *raises them.*] I give you both my blessing, may your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peggy.

Peggy. My wiſhes are compleat,—my joys ariſe,
While I'm haf dizzy with the bleſt ſurpriſe;
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me ſo much generous kindneſs had?
Lang may Sir *William* bleſs theſe happy plains,
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

Patie. Be lang our guardian, ſtill our maſter be,
We'll only crave what you ſhall pleaſe to gie;
Th' eſtate be yours, my *Peggy*'s ane to me.

Glaud. I hope your honour now will tak amends
Of them that ſought her life for wicked ends.

Sir *Will.* The baſe unnatural villain ſoon ſhall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below:
I'll ſtrip him ſoon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburſe his ill-got gains.

Peggy. To me the views of wealth, and an eſtate
Seem light, when put in balance with my *Pate:*
For his ſake only I'll ay thankful bow,
For ſuch a kindneſs, *beſt of men,* to you.

Symon What double blythneſs wakens up this day,
I hope now, ſir, you'll no ſoon haſte away.
Sall I unſadle your horſe, and gar prepare
A dinner for ye of hale country fare.
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow,
Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:
Even *Bauldy,* the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Fell *Madge*'s tawz, and pawky *Mauſe*'s plot.

Sir *Will.* Kindly old man, remain with you this day!
I never from theſe fields again will ſtray;
Maſons and wrights ſhall ſoon my houſe repair,
And buſſy gardners ſhall new planting rear:
My father's hearty table you ſoon ſhall ſee
Reſtor'd, and my beſt friends rejoice with me.

Symon. That's the beſt news I heard this twenty year!
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud.

Glaud. God ſave the king, and ſave Sir *William* lang,
To enjoy their ain, and raiſe the ſhepherd's ſang.
Roger. Wha winna dance, wha will refuſe to ſing?
What ſhepherd's whiſtle winna like the ſpring;
Bauldy. I'm friends with *Mauſe*,—with very *Madge* I'm gree'd,
Altho' they ſkelpit me when woodly fleid;
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and ſing, *lang may Sir* William *live.*
Madge. Lang may he live;—and *Archbald* learn to ſteek
Your gab a-wee, and think before ye ſpeak,
And never ca' her auld, that wants a man,
Elſe ye may yet ſome witches fingers ban.
This day I'll with the youngeſt of ye rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady,—— my dear bony bairn!
Peggy. No other name I'll ever for you learn:—
And, my good nurſe, how ſhall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchleſs kindneſs done for me?
Mauſe. The flowing pleaſures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.
Sir *Will.* To faithful *Symon*, and, kind *Glaud*, to you,
And to your heirs I give in endleſs feu,
The mailens ye poſſeſs, as juſtly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough beſides, and theſe can ſpare.
Mauſe, in my houſe, in calmneſs, cloſe your days,
With nought to do but ſing your maker's praiſe.
Omnes. The LORD of heaven return your honour's love,
Confirm your joys, and a' your bleſſings roove.
Patie. [*preſenting* Roger *to Sir* William]
Sir,

Sir, here's my truſty friend, that always ſhar'd.
My boſom ſecrets, e'er I was a laird,
Glaud's daughter *Janet* (*Jenny* thinks nae ſhame)
Rais'd and maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb, at laſt he ſpak and won,
And hopes to be our honeſt uncle's ſon;
Be pleas'd to ſpeak to *Glaud* for his conſent,
That nane may wear a face of diſcontent.

Sir *Will.* My ſon's demand is fair—*Glaud*, let me crave,
That truſty *Roger* may your daughter have
With frank conſent; and while he does remain
Upon theſe fields, I make him chamberlain.

Glaud. You croud your bounties, Sir, what can we ſay,
But that we're Dyvours that can ne'er repay?
Whate'er your honour wills, I ſhall obey.
Roger, my daughter with my bleſſing take,
And ſtill our maſter's right your buſineſs make.
Pleaſe him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
Shall nod with quietneſs down amang the dead.

Roger. I ne'er was good a-ſpeaking a' my days,
Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraiſe:
But for my maſter, father, and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life.

Sir *Will.* My friends, I'm ſatisfy'd you'll all behave
Each in his ſtation, as I'd wiſh or crave.
Be ever virtuous, ſoon or late ye'll find
Reward and ſatisfaction to your mind.
The maze of life ſometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft when hopes are higheſt, we're beguil'd.
Aft when we ſtand on brinks of dark deſpair,
Some happy turn with joy diſpels our care,
Now all's at rights, who ſings beſt, let me hear.

Peggy. When you demand, I readieſt ſhould obey; I'll ſing you ane, the neweſt that I hae.

SANG XXI. *Tune,* Corn-Riggs are bonny.

My Patie *is a lover gay,*
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is ſweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy:
His ſhape is handſome, middle ſize,
He's comely in his wawking,
The ſhining in his een ſurpriſe,
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Laſt night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he ſpak
That ſet my heart a glowing.
He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beſt of ony,
That gars me like to ſing ſinceſyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let laſſes of a ſilly mind
Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting,
Since we for yielding were deſign'd,
We chaſtly ſhould be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And ſyne my Cockernony
He's free to touzel, air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.

To Mrs. A. C. *A* Song. *To the Tune of,* All in the Downs.

WHEN beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The muſe can no more ceaſe to ſing,
Than can the lark, with riſing light,
Her notes negleſt with drooping wing.
The morning ſhines, harmonious birds mount hy;
The dawning beauties ſmiles, and poets fly.

Young *ANNIE*'s budding graces claim
The inſpir'd thought, and ſofteſt lays;
And kindle in the breaſt a flame,
Which muſt be vented in her praiſe.
Tell us, ye gentle ſhepherds, have you ſeen
E'er one ſo like an angel tread the green.

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts;
When ſhe appears, take the alarm:
Love on her beauty points his darts,
And wings an arrow from each charm.
Around her eyes and ſmiles the graces ſport,
And to her ſnowy neck and breaſts reſort.

But vain muſt every caution prove;
When ſuch enchanting ſweetneſs ſhines,
The wounded ſwain muſt yield to love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeleſs pines.
Such flames the foppiſh butterfly ſhou'd ſhun;
The eagle's only fit to view the ſun.

She's as the opening lilly-fair,
Her lovely features are compleat;
Whilſt heaven indulgent makes her ſhare
With angels all that's wiſe and ſweet.
Theſe vertues, which divinely deck her mind,
Exalt each beauty of th' inferior kind.

Whether ſhe love the rural ſcenes,
Or ſparkle in the airy town,
O! happy he her favour gains,
Unhappy! if ſhe on him frown.
The muſe unwilling quits the lovely theme,
Adieu ſhe ſings, and thrice repeats her name.

To Mrs. E. C. *A* Song. *To the Tune of,* Tweed-ſide.

NOW *Phœbus* advances on hy;
No footſteps of winter are ſeen;
The birds carrol ſweet in the ſky,
And lambkins dance reels on the green.

Thro' groves, and by rivulets clear,
We wander for pleaſure and health,
Where buddings and bloſſoms appear,
Giving proſpects of joy and wealth.

View every gay ſcene all around,
That are, and that promiſe to be;
Yet in them all nothing is found
So perfect, *Eliſa*, as thee.

Thine

Thine eyes the clear fountains excell;
Thy locks they out-rival the grove;
When *Zephyrs* theſe pleaſingly ſwell,
Each wave makes a captive to love.

The roſes and lillies combin'd,
And flowers of moſt delicate hue,
By thy cheek and thy breaſts are out-ſhin'd,
Their tinctures are nothing ſo true.

What can we compare with thy voice,
And what with thy humour ſo ſweet?
No muſick can bleſs with ſuch joys;
Sure angels are juſt ſo compleat.

Fair bloſſom of every delight,
Whoſe beauties ten thouſands out-ſhine,
Thy ſweets ſhall be laſtingly bright,
Being mixt with ſo many divine.

Ye powers, who have given ſuch charms
To *Eliſa*, your image below,
O! ſave her from all humane harms,
And make her hours happily flow.

To CALISTA: *A* Song, *To the Tune of*, I wiſh my Love were in a Mire.

SHE ſung, —— the youth attention gave,
And charms on charms eſpies;
Then all in raptures falls a ſlave,
Both to her voice and eyes.

So ſpoke and ſmil'd the eaſtern maid,
Like thine, ſeraphick were her charms,
That in *Circaſſa*'s vineyards ſtray'd,
And bleſt the wiſeſt monarch's arms.

A thouſand fair of high deſert
Strave to enchant the amorous king,
But the *Circaſſian* gain'd his heart,
And taught the royal bard to ſing.
Caliſta thus our ſang inſpires,
And claims the ſmooth and higheſt lays;
But while each charm our boſom fires,
Words ſeem too few to ſound her praiſe.

Her mind in ev'ry grace compleat,
To paint, ſurpaſſes humane ſkill,
Her majeſty, mixt with the ſweet;
Let ſeraphs ſing her if they will:
Whilſt wondring, with a raviſh'd eye;
We all that's perfect in her view,
Viewing a ſiſter of the ſky,
To whom an adoration's due.

A SONG. *Tune of*, Lochaber no more.

FAREWELL to *Lochaber*, and farewell, my *Jean*,
Where heartſome with thee I've mony day been;
For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more,
We'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more.
Theſe tears that I ſhed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir,

Tho'

Tho' bore on rough ſeas to a far bloody ſhore,
May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Tho' hurrycanes riſe, and riſe ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempeſt like that in my mind:
Tho' loudeſt of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's nathing like leaving my love on the ſhore.
To leave thee behind me, my heart is ſair pain'd.
By eaſe that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I muſt deſerve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my *Jeany*, maun plead my excuſe;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuſe?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my laſs, to win honour and fame;
And if I ſhould luck to come glorioufly hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

LASS *with a* Lump *of* Land.

GI'E me a laſs with a lump of land,
And we for life ſhall gang thegither;
Tho' daft or wiſe I'll never demand,
Or black or fair it makſna whether.
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
And blood alane is no worth a ſhilling;
But ſhe that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e

Gi'e me a laſs with a lump of land,
And in my boſom I'll hug my treaſure;
Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
Shou'd love turn dowf, it will find pleaſure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle;
Unleſs they bring caſh, or a Lump of Land,
They'ſe never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags.
And filler and gowd's a ſweet complection;
But beauty, and wit, and vertue in rags.
Have tint the art of gaining affection.
Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And caſtles, and riggs, and moors, and meadows;
And nathing can catch our modern ſparks,
But well tocher'd laſſes, or jointer'd widows.

VERTUE *and* WIT, *the Preſervatives of Love and Beauty. To the Tune of,* Gillikranky.

To Mrs. K. H.

CONFESS thy love, fair bluſhing maid;
For ſince thine eye's conſenting,
Thy ſafter thoughts are a' betray'd,
And naſays no worth tenting.
Why aims thou to oppoſe thy mind,
With words thy wiſh denying?
Since nature made thee to be kind,
Reaſon allows complying.

Nature

Nature and reaſon's joint conſent
Make love a ſacred bleſſing;
Then happily that time is ſpent,
That's war'd on kind careſſing.
Come then, my *Katie*, to my arms,
I'll be nae mair a rover,
But find out heaven in a' thy charms,
And prove a faithful lover.

SHE.

What you deſign by nature's law,
Is fleeting Inclination;
That *Willy* — *Wiſp* bewilds us a',
By its infatuation.
When that gaes out, careſſes tire,
And love's nae mair in ſeaſon;
Syne weakly we blaw up the fire,
With all our boaſted reaſon.

HE.

The beauties of inferior caſt
May ſtart this juſt reflection;
But charms like thine maun always laſt,
Where wit has the Protection.
Vertue and Wit, like *April* rays,
Make beauty riſe the ſweeter:
The langer then on thee I gaze,
My love will grow compleater.

SONG.

SONG. *To the Tune of*, I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.

HE.

ADIEU for a while, my native green plains,
My neareſt relations, and neighbouring ſwains,
Dear *Nelly*, frae theſe I'd ſtart eaſily free,
Were minutes not ages while abſent frae thee.

SHE.

Then tell me the reaſon thou does not obey
The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away:
Alake! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I ſee,
A lover ſae roving will never mind me.

HE.

The reaſon unhappy is owing to fate,
That gave me a being without an eſtate,
Which ſays a neceſſity now upon me,
To purchaſe a fortune for pleaſure to thee.

SHE.

Small fortune may ſerve where love has the ſway:
Then, *Johny*, be counſel'd nae langer to ſtray;
For while thou proves conſtant in kindneſs to me,
Contented I'll ay find a treaſure in thee.

HE.

O ceaſe, my dear charmer, elſe ſoon I'll betray
A weakneſs unmanly, and quickly give way
To fondneſs which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and diſhonour to me.

Bear

Bear witneſs, ye ſtreams, and witneſs, ye flowers;
Bear witneſs, ye watchful inviſible powers,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May nothing propitious e'er ſmile upon me.

SONG. *To the Tune of*, We'll a' to *Kelſo* go.

ANN I'll awa' to bonny *Tweed*-ſide,
And ſee my deary come throw,
And he ſall be mine
Gif ſae he incline;
For I hate to lead *Apes* below.

While young and fair,
I'll make it my care,
To ſecure my ſell in a jo;
I'm no ſic a fool,
To let my blood cool,
And ſyne gae lead *Apes* below.

Few words, bonny lad,
Will eithly perſuade,
Tho' bluſhing, I daftly ſay no,
Gae on with your ſtrain,
And doubt not to gain;
For I hate to lead *Apes* below.

Unty'd to a man,
Do whate'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow:
Then I will do well,
Do better wha will,
And let them lead *Apes* below.

Our

Our time is precious,
And gods are gracious,
That beauties upon us beſtow;
'Tis not to be thought
We got them for nought,
Or to be ſet up for ſhow.

'Tis carry'd by votes
Come kilt up your coats,
And let us to *Edinburgh* go,
Where ſhe that's bonny
May catch a *Johny*,
And never lead *Apes* below.

The WIDOW.

THE Widow can bake, and the Widow can brew,
The Widow can ſhape, and the Widow can ſhew,
And mony braw things the Widow can do;
Then have at the Widow, my laddie.
With courage attack her baith early and late,
To kiſs her and clap her ye mauna be blate:
Speak well, and do better; for that's the beſt gate
To win a young Widow, my laddie.

The Widow ſhe's youthfu', and never ae hair
The war of the wearing, and has a good ſkair
Of every thing lovely; ſhe's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointure, my laddie.
What cou'd ye wiſh better your pleaſure to crown,
Than a Widow, the bonnieſt toaſt in the town,
With nathing, but draw in your ſtool, and ſit down,
And ſport with the Widow, my laddie.

Then

Then till her, and kill her with courteſy dead,
Tho' ſtark love and kindneſs be all ye can plead;
Be heartſome and airy, and hope to ſucceed
With a bonny gay Widow, my laddie.
Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruines the wooer that's thowleſs and cauld,
Unfit for the Widow, my laddie.

The Step-Daughter's *Relief. To the Tune of,* The Kirk wad let me be.

I Was anes a well tocher'd laſs
My mither left dollars to me;
But now I'm brought to a poor paſs,
My ſtep-dame has gart them flee.
My father he's aften frae hame,
And ſhe plays the deel with his gear;
She neither has lateth nor ſhame,
And keeps the hale houſe in a ſteer.

She's barmy fac'd, thriftleſs and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine;
While hungry, haff naked and cauld,
I ſee her deſtroy what's mine:
But ſoon I might hope a revenge,
And ſoon of my ſorrows be free,
My poortith to plenty wad change,
If ſhe were hung up on a tree.

Quoth *Ringan,* wha lang time had loo'd,
This bonny laſs tenderly,
I'll tak thee, ſweet *May,* in thy ſnood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me,

'Tis

'Tis only your ſell that I want;
Your kindneſs is better to me,
Than a' that your ſtep-mother, ſcant
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, 'tis true,
And ye are the ſprout of a laird;
But I have milk-cattle enow,
And rowth of good rucks in my yard.

Ye ſall have nathing to faſh ye;
Sax ſervants ſall jouk to thee:
Then kilt up thy coats, my laſſie,
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reaſon employ'd,
Not thinking the offer amiſs,
Conſented: —while *Ringan* o'erjoy'd,
Receiv'd her with mony a kiſs.
And now ſhe ſits blithly ſingan,
And joking her drunken ſtep-dame,
Delighted with her dear *Ringan*,
That makes her goodwife at hame.

The SOGER LADDIE.

MY ſoger laddie is over the ſea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady:
My bleſſing gang with my ſoger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handſome and brave,
And can as a ſoger and lover behave:
True to his country, to love he is ſteady;
There's few to compare with my ſoger laddie,

Shield

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with lawrels to my langing arms,
Syne frae all my care ye'll pleaſantly free me,
When back to my wiſhes my ſoger ye gi'e me.

O ſoon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they muſt, if he get his due;
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my ſoger laddie.

A GLOS-

A GLOSSARY, OR

EXPLANATION of the *Scots* Words us'd by the Author, which are rarely or never found in the modern *Engliſh* Writings.

Some general Rules, ſhewing wherein many Southern *and* Northern *Words are originally the ſame, having only a Letter changed for another, or ſometimes one taken away or added.*

I. *In many Words ending with an* l *after an* a *or* u, *the* l *is rarely ſounded.*

Scots.	Engliſh.
A Ba,	*All.* *Ball.*
Ca,	*Call.*

II. *The* l *changes to* a, w, *or* u, *after* o *or* a, *and is frequently ſunk before another Conſonant; as,*

Scots.	Engliſh.
B Awm,	*Alm.*
Bauk,	*Baulk.*
Bouk,	*Bulk.*

Fa,

Scots.	English.
Fa,	*Fall.*
Ga,	*Gall.*
Ha,	*Hall.*
Sma,	*Small.*
Sta,	*Stall.*
Wa,	*Wall.*
Fou, *or* fu,	*Full.*
Pou, *or* pu,	*Pull.*
Woo, *or* U,	*Wool.*

II. *The* l *changes to* a, w, *or* u, *after* o *or* a, *and is frequently sunk before another Consonant; as,*

Bow,	*Boll.*
Bowt,	*Bolt.*
Caff,	*Calf.*
Cow,	*Coll* or *Clip.*
Faut,	*Fault.*
Fause,	*False.*
Fowk,	*Folk.*
Fawn,	*Fallen.*
Gowd,	*Gold.*
Haff,	*Half.*
How,	*Hole* or *hollow.*
Howms,	*Holms.*
Maut,	*Malt.*
Pow,	*Poll.*
Row,	*Roll.*
Scawd,	*Scald.*
Stown,	*Stoln.*
Wawk,	*Walk.*

III. *An* o *before* ld, *changes to an* a, *or* au; *as,*

Scots.	English.
AUld,	OLD.
Bauld,	*Bold.*
Cauld,	*Cold.*
Fauld,	*Fold.*
Hald, *or* had,	*Hold.*
Sald,	*Sold.*
Tald,	*Told.*
Wad,	*Would.*

IV. *The* o, oe, *or* ow *is changed to* a, ae, aw, *or* ai; *as,*

AE, *or* ane	ONe.
Aeten,	*Oaten.*
Aff,	*Off.*
Aften,	*Often.*
Aik,	*Oak.*
Aith,	*Oath.*
Ain, *or* awn,	*Own.*
Alane,	*Alone.*
Amaiſt,	*Almoſt.*
Amang,	*Among.*
Airs,	*Oars.*
Aits,	*Oats.*
Apen,	*Open.*
Awner,	*Owner.*
Bain,	*Bone.*
Bair,	*Boar.*
Baith,	*Both.*
Blaw,	*Blow.*
Braid,	*Broad.*

Scots.	English.
Claith,	*Cloath.*
Craw,	*Crow.*
Drap,	*Drop.*
Fae,	*Foe.*
Frae,	*Fro,* or *from.*
Gae,	*Go.*
Gaits,	*Goats.*
Grane,	*Groan.*
Haly,	*Holy.*
Hale,	*Whole.*
Haleſome,	*Wholeſome.*
Hame,	*Home,*
Hait, *or* het,	*Hot.*
Laith,	*Loath.*
Laid,	*Lead.*
Lain, *or* Len,	*Loan.*
Lang,	*Long.*
Law,	*Low.*
Mae,	*Moe.*
Maiſt,	*Moſt.*
Mair,	*More.*
Mane,	*Moan.*
Maw,	*Mow.*
Na,	*No.*
Nane,	*None.*
Naithing,	*Nothing.*
Pape,	*Pope.*
Rae,	*Roe.*
Rair,	*Roar.*
Raip,	*Rope.*
Raw,	*Row.*
Saft,	*Soft.*
Saip,	*Soap.*
Sair,	*Sore.*
Sang,	*Song.*
Slaw,	*Slow.*
Snaw,	*Snow.*
Strake,	*Stroak.*
Staw,	*Stole.*
Stane,	*Stone.*
Saul,	*Soul.*
Tae,	*Toe.*
Taiken,	*Token.*
Tangs,	*Tongs.*
Tap,	*Top.*
Thrang,	*Throng.*
Wae,	*Woe.*
Wame,	*Womb.*
Wan,	*Won.*
War,	*Worſe.*
Wark,	*Work.*
Warld,	*World.*
Wha,	*Who.*

V. *The* o *or* u *is frequently changed into* i; *as,*

A Nither,	*A Nother.*
Bill,	*Bull.*
Birn,	*Burn.*
Brither,	*Brother.*
Fit,	*Foot.*
Fither,	*Fother.*
Hinny,	*Hony.*
Ither,	*Other.*
Mither,	*Mother.*
Nits,	*Nuts.*
Niſe,	*Noſe.*
Pit,	*Put.*
Rin,	*Run.*
Sin,	*Sun.*

BRITISH 2 AU 71 MUSEUM

B A

Blins, perhaps.
Abeit, albeit.
Aboon, above.
Aikerbraid, the breadth of an acre.
Air, long ſince. *It.* early. *Air up*, ſoon up in the morning.
Ambrie, cupboard.
Anew, enow.
Arles, earneſt of a bargain.
Aſe, aſhes.
Atains, or *Atanes*, at once, at the ſame time.
Attour, out-over.
Auld-farran, ingenious.
Aurglebargin, or *Eagglebargin*, to contend and wrangle.
Awſome, frightful, terrible.
Aynd, the breath.
Ayont, beyond.

B A

Back-ſey, a ſurloin.
Badrans, a cat.
Baid, ſtaid abode.
Bairns, children.
Balen, whalebone.
Bang, is ſometimes an action of haſte. We

B E

ſay, he or it *came with a bang*. —— *A bang* alſo means, a great number. *Of cuſtomers ſhe had a bang*.
Baugſter, a bluſtering roaring perſon.
Bannocks, a ſort of bread thicker than cakes, and round.
Barken'd, when mire, blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like a bark.
Barklihood, a fit of drunken angry paſſion.
Barrow Trams, the ſtaves of a hand-barrow.
Batts, colick.
Bawbie, halfpenny.
Bauch, ſorry, indifferent.
Bawſey, bawſand fac'd, is a cow or horſe with a white face.
Bedeen, immediately; in haſte.
Bedrals, beadles.
Beſt, beaten.
Begoud, began.
Begrutten, all in tears.
Beik, to baſk.
Beild or *beil*, a ſhelter.

Bein or *been*, wealthy. A *been Houſe*, a warm well furniſhed one.

Beit or *beet*, to help, repair.

Bells, bubles.

Beltan, the 3d of *May*, or *Reed-day*.

Bend, to drink.

Bended, drunk hard.

Benn, the inner-room of a houſe.

Benniſon, bleſſing.

Benſell or *benſail*, force.

Bent, the open field. A tough graſs growing in ſand.

Beuk, baked.

Bewith, Something in mean time.

Bicker, a wooden diſh.

Bickering, fighting, running quickly; ſchool-boys battling with ſtones.

Bigg, build. *Bigget*, built. *Biggings*, buildings.

Biggonet, a linnen cap or coif.

Billy, brother.

Bindging, becking, courtſying.

Byre or *byar*, a cow-ſtall.

Birks, birch-trees.

Birle, to drink. Common people joining their farthings for purchaſing liquor, they call it *Birling* a *Bawbie*.

Birn, a burnt mark.

Birns, the ſtalks of burnt heath.

Birr, force, flying ſwiftly with a noiſe.

Birs'd, bruiſed.

Bittle or *beetle*, a wooden mell for beating hemp, or a fuller's club.

Black-a-vic'd, Of a black complexion.

Blae, pale blew, the colour of the skin when bruiſed.

Blaſtum, beguile.

Blate, baſhful.

Blatter, a rattling noiſe.

Bleech, to blanch or whiten.

Bleer, to make the eye water.

Bleez, blaze.

Blether, fooliſh diſcourſe.

Bletherer, a babler. Stammering is called *blethering*.

Blin, ceaſe. *Never blin*, never have done.

Blink, glance of the eye.

Blinkan, The flame riſing and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhauſted.

Bluter, plunder.

Boak or *boke*, vomit.

Boal,

Boal, a little preſs or cupboard in the wall.

Bode, predict.

Bodin or *bodden*, provided or furniſhed.

Bodle, one ſixth of a penny *Engliſh*.

Bodword, an ominous meſſage, *Bodwords* are now uſed to expreſs ill-natur'd meſſages.

Boglebo, hobgoblin or ſpectre.

Bony, beautiful.

Bonywalys, toys, gu-gaws.

Boſs, empty.

Bougils, ſounding horns.

Bouk, bulk.

Bountith, gratuity.

Bourd, jeſt or dalley.

Bouze, to drink.

Brachen, a kind of water gruel of oat-meal, butter and honey.

Brae, the ſide of a hill, bank of a river.

Braird, the firſt ſprouting of corns.

Brander, a gridiron.

Brands, calves of the legs.

Brankit, primm'd up.

Brankan, prancing, a capering.

Branks, wherewith the countrymen bridle their horſes.

Bratle, noiſe, as of horſe feet.

Brats, rags. Sometimes children.

Braw, fine in apparel, brave.

Brecken, fearn.

Brent-brow, ſmooth high fore-head.

Brigs, bridges.

Briſs, to preſs.

Brooch, a buckle.

Brack, Broken parts or refuſe.

Brock, a badger.

Broe, broth.

Brow, forhead.

Browden, fond.

Browſter, brewer. *Browſt*, a brewing.

Bruliment, a broil.

Bruik, to love and enjoy.

Bucky, the large ſea-ſnail. a term of reproach, when we expreſs a croſs natur'd fellow, by *thrawn bucky*.

Buff, nonſenſe. As, *He blether'd buff.*

Bught, the little fold where the ews are incloſed at milking-time.

Bullet, to bubble. The motion of water at a ſpring-head, or noiſe of a ri-

a riſing tide.

Bumbazed, confuſed. Made to ſtare and look like an idiot.

Bung, completely fudled, as it were to the bung.

Bunkers, a bench, or ſort of long low cheſts that ſerve for ſeats.

Bumler, a bungler.

Burn, a brook.

Buſk, to deck. Dreſs.

Buſtine, fuſtian (cloath.)

Bus, often, for *without*. As, *but feed or favour*.

Byer, a cowhouſe.

Bykes, or *Bikes*. Neſts or hives of bees.

Bygane, bypaſt.

Byword, a proverb.

C A

CAdge, carry. *Cadger*, is a country carrier, *&c.*

Cadgie, chearful.

Caff, a calf. Chaff.

Callan, boy.

Camſchough, ſtern, grim, of a diſtorted countenance.

Cangle, to wrangle.

Cankerd, angry, paſſionately ſnarling.

Canna, cannot.

Cant, to tell merry old tales.

Cantraips, incantations.

Canty, chearful and merry.

Capernoited, whimſical, ill-natur'd,

Car, ſledge,

Carna, care not.

Carle, an old word for a man.

Carline, an old woman. Parch'd peaſe. *Gire-carline*, a giant's wife.

Cathel, an hot pot, made of ale, ſugar and eggs. Caudle.

Cauldrife, ſpiritleſs. Wanting chearfulneſs in addreſs.

Cauler, cool or freſh.

Cawk, chalk.

Chafts, chops.

Chaping, an ale meaſure or ſtoup, ſomewhat leſs than an *Engliſh* quart.

A Char or *a-jar*, aſide. When any thing is beat a little out of its poſition, or a door or window a little open'd, we ſay, they're *a-char* or *a-jar*.

Charlewain, Charles-wain. The conſtellation called the plough, or *Urſa major*.

Chancy, fortunate, good-natur'd.

Chat,

Chat, a cant name for the gallows.

Chiel, a general term, like *fellow*, uſed ſometimes with reſpect; as, *He's a very good chiel*; and contemptuouſly, *That chiel*.

Chirm, chirp and ſing like a bird.

Chucky, a hen.

Clag, failing or imperfection.

Clan, tribe, family.

Clank, a ſharp blow or ſtroke that makes a noiſe.

Claſhes, chat.

Clate, a rake.

Clatter, to chatter.

Claught, took hold.

Claver, to ſpeak nonſenſe.

Claw, Scratch.

Cleek, To catch as with a hook.

Cleugh, A den betwixt rocks.

Clinty, hard, ſtony.

Clock, A beetle.

Cloited, The fall of any ſoft moiſt thing.

Cloſs, A court or ſquare; and frequently a lane or alley.

Clour, The little lump that riſes on the head, occaſioned by a blow or fall.

Clute or *cloot*, Hoof, of cows or ſheep.

Cockernony, The gathering of a woman's hair, when 'tis wrapt or *ſnooded* up with a band or *Snood*. A woman's head dreſs or cap.

Cockſtool, A pillory.

Cod, A pillow.

Coft, Bought.

Cog, A pretty large wooden diſh the country people put their potage in.

Cogle, When a thing moves backwards and forwards, inclining to fall.

Coodies, A ſmall wooden veſſel uſed by ſome for chamber-pots.

Coof, a ſtupid fellow.

Coor, to cover.

Cooſer, a ſton'd horſe.

Cooſt, did caſt. *Cooſten*, thrown.

Corby, a raven.

Coſie, ſhelter'd in a convenient place.

Cotter, a ſub-tenant.

Cowp, to fall; alſo a fall.

Cowp, to change or barter.

Cowp, a company of people;

ple; as, merry, ſenſeleſs, corky *cowp*.

Cour, to crouch and creep.

Couth, frank and kind.

Crack, to chat,

Creel, basket.

Criſh, greaſe.

Croil, a crooked dwarf.

Croon or *crune*, to murmure, or hum o'er a ſong. The lowing of bulls.

Crouſe, bold.

Crove, a cotage.

Crummy, a cow's name.

Cryn, ſhrink, or become leſs by drying.

Cudiegh, a bribe, preſent.

Culzie, intice or flatter.

Cun, to taſte, learn, know.

Cunzie or *coonie*, coin.

Curn, a ſmall parcel.

Curſche, a kerchief. A linen dreſs wore by our *highland* women.

Cutled, uſed kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendſhip.

Cuts, lots. Theſe *Cutts* are uſually made of ſtraws unequally cut.

Cutty, ſhort.

DA

DAb, a proficient.

Dad, to beat one thing againſt another. *He fell with a dad.* He *dadded* his head againſt the wall, *&c.*

Daft, fooliſh; and ſometimes wanton.

Daffin, folly. Wagrie.

Dail or *dale*, a valley. plain.

Daintiths, delicates. Dainties.

Dainty, Is uſed as an epithet of a fine man or woman.

Dander, wander to and fro, or ſaunter.

Dang, *did ding*. Beat, thruſt, drive. *Ding*, *dang*, Moving haſtily one on the back of another.

Darn, to hide.

Daſh, to put out of countenance.

Dawty, a fondling. Darling. *To dawt*, to cocker, and careſs with tenderneſs.

Deave, to ſtun the ears with noiſe.

Dees, dairy maids.

Deray,

Deray, merriment. Jollity. Solemnity. Tumult. Diſorder. Noiſe.

Dern, ſecret. Hidden. Lonely.

Deval, to deſcend, fall, hurry.

Dewgs, rags or ſhapings of cloath.

Didle, to act or move like a dwarf.

Dight, deck'd. Made ready; alſo, to clean.

Dinna, do not.

Dirle, a ſmarting pain quickly over.

Dit, to ſtop or cloſe up a hole.

Divet, broad turf.

Docken, a dock, (the herb.)

Doilt, confuſed and ſilly.

Doited, doſed or crazy, as in old age.

Doll, a large piece. *Dole* or ſhare.

Donk, moiſt.

Donſie, affectedly neat. Ceremonious, when applied to any little perſon.

Doofart, a dull heavy headed fellow.

Dool or *drule*, the gaol which gameſters ſtrive to gain firſt (as at foot-ball.)

Dool, pain, grief.

Dorts, a proud pet.

Dorty, proud. Not to be ſpoke to. Conceited, appearing as diſobliged.

Doſend, cold. Impotent.

Doughs, could. Avail'd.

Doughty, ſtrong, valiant and able.

Douks, dives under water.

Douſe, ſolid, grave, prudent.

Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive.

Dow, dove.

Dow'd, (liquor) that's dead, or has loſt the ſpirits; or whither'd (plant.)

Dowf, mournful, wanting vivacity.

Dowie, melancholy, ſad, doleful.

Downa, *dow not*, *i. e.* Tho' one has the power, he wants the heart to it.

Dowp, the arſe, the ſmall remains of a candle, the bottom of an eggſhell. *Better haff egg as toom dowp.*

Drant, to ſpeak ſlow, after a ſighing manner.

Dree, to ſuffer, endure.

Dreery, Wearieſome, frightful. *Dreigh*,

Dreigh, ſlow, keeping at diſtance. Hence an ill payer of his debts, we call *dreigh*. Tedious.

Dribs, drops.

Drizel, a little water in a rivulet, ſcarce appearing to run.

Droning, ſitting lazily, or moving heavily. Speaking with groans.

Drouked, drench'd, all wet.

Dubs, mire.

Dung, defeat.

Dunt, ſtroke or blow.

Dunty, a doxy.

Durk, a poinyard or dagger.

Dynles, trembles, ſhakes.

Dyver, a bankrupt.

E A

EAgs, incites, ſtirs up.

Eard, earth, the ground.

Eage, of a hill, is the ſide or top.

Een, eyes.

Eild, age.

Eildeens, of the ſame age.

Eith, eaſy. *Eithar*, eaſier.

Elbuck, elbow.

Elfſhot, See note on *Patie and Roger*, vol. 1. line. 42.

Elſon, a ſhoe-makers awl.

Elritch, wild, hideous, uninhabited, except by imaginary ghoſts.

Endlang, along.

Ergh, ſcrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing without a ſteady reſolution.

Erſt, time paſt.

Eſtler, hewn ſtone. Buildings of ſuch we call *Eſtler-work*.

Ether, an adder.

Etle, to aim, deſign.

Even'd, compared.

Eydent, diligent, laborious.

F A

FA, a trap, ſuch as is uſed for catching rats or mice.

Fadge, a ſpungy ſort of bread in ſhape of a roll.

Fag, to tire, or turn weary.

Fail, thick turf, ſuch as are uſed for building dikes for folds, incloſures, *&c.*

Fain, expreſſes earneſt deſire; as, *Fain would I.* Alſo, joyful, tickled with pleaſure.

Fait, neat, in good order.

Fairfaw, when we wiſh well to one, that a good

or

or *fair* fate may befa[illegible] him.

Fang, the talons of a fowl. *To fang*, to grip, or hold faſt.

Faſh, vex or trouble. *Faſhous*, troubleſome.

Faugh, a colour between white and red. *Faugh Riggs*, fallow ground.

Feck, a part, quantity; as, *Maiſt, Feck*, the greateſt number; *Nae Feck*, very few.

Feckſow, able, active.

Feckleſs, feeble little and weak.

Feed or *Fead*, feud, hatred, quarrel.

Feil, many, ſeveral.

Fen, ſhift. *Fending*, living by induſtry. *Make a Fen*, fall upon methods.

Ferlie, wonder.

Fernzier, the laſt or forerun year.

File, to defile or dirty.

Fireflaught, a flaſh of lightning.

Fiſtle, to ſtir, a ſtir.

Fitſted, the print of the foot.

Fizzing, whizzing.

Flaffing, moving up and down, raiſing wind by motion, as birds with their wings.

Flags, flaſhes, as of wind and fire.

Flane, an arrow.

Flang, flung.

Flaughter, to pare turf from the ground.

Flaw, lie or fib.

Fleetch, to coax or flatter.

Fleg, fright.

Flewet, a ſmart blow.

Fley, or *flie*, to affright. *Fleyt*, afraid or terrified.

Flinders, ſplinters.

Flit, to remove.

Flite, or *flyte*, to ſcold, chide. *Flet*, did ſcold.

Fluſhes, floods.

Fog, moſs.

Foordays, the morning far advanc'd, fair day-light.

Forby, beſides.

Forebears, forefathers, anceſtors.

Forfairn, abuſed, beſpatter'd.

Forfoughten, weary, faint and out of breath with fighting.

Forgainſt, oppoſite to.

Forgether, to meet, encounter.

Forleet, to forſake or forget.

Foreſtam, the fore-head.

Fouth,

Fouth, abundance, plenty.
Fozy, ſpungy, ſoft.
Frais, to make a noiſe. We uſe to ſay one *makes a frais*, when they boaſt, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of, or will bear.
Fray, buſtle, fighting.
Freik, a fool, light, impertinent fellow.
Fremit, ſtrange, not a kin.
Friſted, truſted.
Fruſh, brittle, like bread baken with butter.
Fuff, to blow. *Fuffin*, blowing.
Furder, proſper.
Furthy, forward.
Fuſh, brought.
Fyk, to be reſtleſs, uneaſy.
Furlet, four pecks.

G A

GAb, the mouth. To prat, *Gab ſae gaſh*.
Gabbing, pratting pertly. *To gab again*, when ſervants give ſaucy returns when reprimanded.
Gabby, one of a ready and eaſy expreſſion; the ſame with *auld gabbet*.
Gadge, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a ſtupid gravity.
Gafaw, a hearty loud laughter. *To gawf*, laugh.
Gait, a goat.
Gams, gums.
Gar, to cauſe, make or force.
Gare, greedy, rapacious, earneſt to have a thing.
Gaſh, ſolid, ſagacious. One with a long out chin, we call *Gaſh-gabbet*, or *Gaſh-beard*.
Gate, way.
Gaunt, yawn.
Gawky, idle, ſtaring, idiotical perſon.
Gawn, going.
Gaws, galls.
Gawſy, jolly, buxome.
Geck, to mock.
Geed, or *Gade*, went.
Genty, handſome, genteel.
Get, brat, a child, by way of contempt or deriſion.
Gielainger, an ill debtor.
Gif, if.
Gillygacus, or *Gillygapus*, a ſtaring gaping fool, a gormandizer.
Gilpy, a roguiſh boy.
Gimmer, a young ſheep, (Ew.)
Gin, if.

Gird,

Gird, to ſtrike, pierce.

Girn, to grin, ſnarl. Alſo a ſnare or trap, ſuch as Boys make of horſe hair to catch birds.

Girth, a hoop.

Glaiks, an idle good for nothing fellow. *Glaiked*, fooliſh, wanton, light. To give the *Glaiks*, to beguile one, by giving him his labour for his pains.

Glaiſter, to bawl or bark.

Glamour, juggling. When devils, wizards or jugglers deceive the ſight, they are ſaid to caſt *Glamour* o'er the eyes of the ſpectator.

Glar, mire, ouzy mud.

Glee, to ſquint.

Gleg, ſharp, quick, active.

Glen, a narrow valley between mountains.

Gloom, to ſcoul or frown.

Glowming, the twilight or evening-gloom.

Glowr, to ſtare, look ſtern.

Glunſh, to hang the brow and grumble.

Goan, a wooden diſh for meat.

Goolie, a large knife.

Gorlings, or *Gorblings*, young unfleg'd birds.

Goſſie, goſſip.

Gowans, dazies.

Gove, to look broad and ſtedfaſt, holding up the face.

Gowf, beſides the known game, a racket or ſound blow on the chaps, we call a *Gowf on the Haffet*.

Gowk, the cuckow. In deriſion we call a thoughtleſs fellow, and one who harps too long on one ſubject, a *Gowk*.

Gowl, a howling, to bellow and cry.

Gouſty, ghaſtly, large, waſte, deſolate, and frightful.

Grany, grandmother, any old woman.

Grape, a trident fork. Alſo to grope.

Gree, prize, victory.

Green, to long for.

Greet, to weep. *Grat*, wept.

Grieve, an overſeer.

Groff, groſs, coarſe.

Grotts, mill'd oats.

Grouf, to ly flat on the belly.

Grounche or *glunſh*, to murmure, grudge.

Grutten,

Grutten, wept.
Gryſe, a pig.
Gumption, good ſenſe.
Gurly, rough, bitter, cold (weather.)
Gyſened, when the wood of any veſſel is ſhrunk with drineſs.
Gytlings, young children.

H A

Haſſet, the cheek, ſide of the head.
Hagabag, coarſe napery.
Haggiſe, a kind of pudding made of the lungs and liver of a ſheep, and boiled in the big bag.
Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in moſſy ground.
Hain, to ſave, manage narrowly.
Haleſome, wholeſome: as *Hale*, whole.
Hallen, a ſcreen. See note vol. 1. p. 131.
Hameld, domeſtick.
Hamely, friendly, frank, open, kind.
Hanty, convenient, handſome.
Harle, drag.
Harns, brains. *Harn-pan*, the ſcull.
Harſhip, ruin.
Haſh, a ſloven.
Haveren or *havrel*, *ibid.*
Haughs, valleys, or low grounds on the ſides of rivers.
Havins, good breeding.
Haviour, behaviour.
Haws, the throat, or fore-part of the neck.
Heal or *heel*, health or whole.
Heepy, a perſon hypocondriack.
Heeryeſtreen, the night before yeſternight.
Heez, to lift up a heavy thing a little. A *Heezy* is a good lift.
Heftit, accuſtom'd to live in a place.
Hegbt, promiſed. Alſo, named.
Hempy, a tricky wag, ſuch for whom the hemp grows.
Hereit, ruined in eſtate, broke, ſpoiled.
Heſp, a claſp or hook, bar or bolt. Alſo, in yarn, a certain number of threeds.
Hether-bells, the heath-bloſſom.
Heugh, a rock, or ſteep hill. Alſo, a coal-pit.
Hiddils or *hidlings*, lurking,

ing, hiding-places. To do a thing *in widlings*, *i. e.* privately.

Hirple, to move ſlowly and lamely.

Hirſle, to move as with a ruſtling noiſe.

Hirſle or *hirdſale*, a flock of cattle.

Ho, a ſingle ſtocking.

Hobbleſhew, confuſed racket, noiſe.

Hool, huſk. *Hool'd*, incloſed.

Hooly, ſlow.

Hoſt or *whoſt*, to cough.

Hou or *hu*, a cap or roof-tree.

How, low ground, a hollow.

How! ho!

Howdered, hidden.

Howdy, a midwife.

Howk, to dig.

Howms, plains on river-ſides.

Howt! fy!

Howtowdy, a young hen.

Hurkle, to crouch or bow together like a cat, hedge-hog, or hare.

Hut, a hovel.

Hyt, mad.

JA

JAck, jacket.

Jag, to prick as with a pin.

Jaw, a wave or guſh of water.

Jawp, the daſhing of water.

Iceſhogles, icicles.

Jee, to incline to one ſide: To *jee* back and fore, is to move like a balk up and down, to this and the other ſide.

Jig, to crack, make a noiſe like a cart-wheel.

Jimp, ſlender.

Jip, gypſie.

Ilk, each. *Ilka*, every.

Ingan, onion.

Ingle, fire.

Jo, ſweet-heart.

Jouk, a low bow.

Irie, fearful, terrified, as if afraid of ſome ghoſt or apparition. Alſo, melancholy.

I'ſe, I ſhall; as *I'll* for I will.

Iſles, embers.

Junt, a large joint or piece of meat.

Jute, ſour or dead liquor.

Jibe, to mock. *Gibe*, taunt.

K A

Kaber, a rafter.

Kale or *kail*, cole-wort, and ſometimes broth.

Kacky, to dung.

Kain, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls.

Kame, comb,

Kanny or *canny*, fortunate. alſo, warry, one who manages his affairs diſcreetly.

Kebuck, a cheeſe.

Keckle, to laugh, to be noiſy.

Kedgy, jovial.

Keek, to peep.

Kelt, cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool.

Kemp, to ſtrive who ſhall perform moſt of the ſame work, in the ſame time.

Ken, to know; uſed in *England* as a noun. A thing within ken, *i. e.* within view.

Kent, a long ſtaff, ſuch as ſhepherds uſe for leaping over ditches.

Kepp, to catch a thing that moves towards one.

Keſt, did caſt. *Vid. Cooſt.*

Kilted, tuck'd up.

Kimmer, a female goſſip.

Kirn, a churn, to churn.

Kirtle, an upper petticoat.

Kitchen, all ſort of eatables, except bread.

Kittle, difficult, myſterious, knotty (writings.)

Kittle, to tickle, tickliſh.

Knacky, witty and facetious.

Knoit, to beat or ſtrike ſharply.

Knoos'd, buffeted and bruiſed.

Knooſt or *knuiſt*, a large lump.

Know, a hillock.

Knublock, a knob.

Knuckles, Only uſed in *Scots* for the joints of the fingers next back of the hand.

Kow, Goblin, or any perſon one ſtands in awe to diſoblige, and fears.

Ky, Kine or cows.

Kyth, to appear. *He'll kyth in his ain colours.*

Kyte, the belly.

L A

Laggert, beſpatter'd, cover'd with clay.

Laigh, low.

Lait's, manners.

Lak or *Lack*, undervalue, contemn; as, *He that laks my mare, would buy my mare.*

Landart, the country, or belonging to it. Ruſtick.

Lane, alone.

Langour, languiſhing, melancholy. To hold one out of *Langour*, *i. e.* divert him.

Lankale, coleworts uncut.

Lap, Leaped.

Lapper'd, Crudled or clotted.

Lare, a place for laying, or that has been layn in.

Lare, bog.

Lave, the reſt or remainder.

Lawin, a tavern reckoning.

Lawland, Low country.

Lavrock, the lark.

Lawty or *lawtith*, Juſtice, fidelity, honeſty.

Leal, True, upright, honeſt, faithful to truſt, loyal. *A leal heart never lied.*

Leam, Flame.

Lear, Learning, to learn.

Lee, Untill'd ground; alſo an open graſſy plain.

Leglen, a milking-pale with one *Lug* or handle.

Leman, a kept miſs.

Lends, buttocks, loins.

Leugh, Laughed.

Lew-warm, Lukewarm.

Libbis, Gelded.

Lick, to whip or beat. *It.* A wag or cheat, we call a great *Lick.*

Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie.

Lift, the ſky or firmament.

Liggs, lyes.

Lills, the holes of a wind inſtrument of muſick; hence, *Lilt up a ſpring. Lilt it out*, take of your drink merrily.

Limmer, a whore.

Limp, to halt.

Lin, a cataract.

Ling, quick career in a ſtraight line, to gallop.

Lingle, cord, ſhoe-maker's threed.

Linkan, walking ſpeedily.

Lire, breaſts. *Item*, the moſt muſcular parts; ſometimes the air or complexion of the face.

Lirk, a wrinkle or fold.

Lisk, the flank.

Lith, a joint.

Loan, a little common near to country villages, where they milk their cows.

Loch, a lake,

Loo, to love.
Loof, the hollow of the hand.
Looms, tools, inſtruments in general. Veſſels.
Loot, did let.
Low, flame. *Lowan*, flaming.
Lown, calm. *Keep lown*, be ſecret.
Loun, rogue, whore, villain.
Lounder, a ſound blow.
Lout, to bow down, making courteſie. To ſtoop.
Luck, to encloſe, ſhut up, faſten; hence, *Lucken Handed*, cloſe fiſted, *Lucken Gowans*, *booths*, &c.
Lucky, grandmother or goody.
Lug, ear. Handle of a pot or veſſel.
Luggie, a diſh of wood with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lure, rather.
Lyart, hoary or grey-hair'd.

M A

Magil, to mangle.
Maik or *make*, match, equal.
Maikleſs, matchleſs.
Mailen, a farm.
Makly, ſeemly, well proportion'd.
Makſna, 'tis no matter.
Maliſon, a curſe, malediction.
Mangit, gall'd or bruiſed by toil or ſtripes.
Mank, a want.
Mant, to ſtammer in ſpeech.
March or *mereh*, a landmark, border of lands.
Marh, the marrow.
Marrow, mate, fellow, equal, comrade.
Mask, to mash, in brewing. *Masking-loom*, mash-vat.
Maun, muſt, *Mauna*, muſt not, may not.
Meikle, much, big, great, large.
Meith, limit, mark, Sign.
Mends, ſatisfaction, revenge, retaliation. *To make a Mends*, to make a grateful return.
Menſe, diſcretion, ſobriety, good breeding.
Menſfou, mannerly.
Menzie, company of men, army, aſſembly, one's followers.
Meſſen, a little dog, lapdog.
Midding, a dunghill.
Midges,

Midges, gnats, little flies.
Mim, affectedly modeſt.
Mint, aim, endeavour.
Mirk, dark.
Miſcaw, to give names.
Miſchance, misfortune.
Misken, to neglect or not take notice of one; alſo, let alone.
Miſluſhous, malicious, rough.
Miſters, neceſſities, wants.
Mittans, woolen gloves.
Mony, many.
Mools, the earth of the grave.
Mou, mouth.
Moup, to eat, generally uſed of children, or of old people, who have but few teeth, and make their lips move faſt, tho' they eat but ſlow.
Mow, a pile or bing, as of feuel, hay, ſheaves of corn, *&c.*
Mows, jeſts.
Muckle, ſee *Meikle*.
Murgullied, miſmanaged, abuſed.
Mutch, coif.
Mutchken, an *Engliſh* pint.

N A

Nacky or *knacky*, clever, active in ſmall affairs.
Neeſe, noſe.
Nettle, to fret or vex.
Newfangle, fond of a new thing.
Nevel, a ſound blow with the *Nive* or fiſt.
Nick, to bite or cheat. *Nicked*, cheated: alſo as a cant word to drink heartily; as, *He nicks fine*.
Niſt, next.
Niffer, to exchange or barter.
Niffnafan, trifling.
Nignays, trifles.
Nips, bits.
Nither, to ſtraiten. *Nithered*, hungered or half ſtarved in maintenance.
Nive, the fiſt.
Nock, notch or nick of an arrow or ſpindle.
Noit, ſee *Knoit*.
Nowt, cows, kine.
Nowther, neither.
Nuckle, new calv'd (cows.)

O E

OE, a grand child.
O'er or *owre*, too much; as, *A' O'ers is Vice*.
O'ercome, ſuperfluous.
Ony, any.
O'r, ſometimes uſed for

e'er or before. *Or day*, *i. e.* before day break.

Ora, any thing over what's needful.

Orp, to weep with a convulsive pant.

Oughtlens, in the least.

Ouk, week.

Owrlay, a cravat.

Owſen, oxen.

Owthir, either.

Oxter, the arm-pit.

PA

Paddock, a frog. *Paddock Ride*, the ſpawn of frogs.

Paiks, chaſtiſement. *To paik*, to beat or belabour one ſoundly.

Pangs, to ſqueez, preſs or pack one thing into another.

Paughty, proud, haughty.

Pawky, witty or ſly in word or action, without any harm or bad deſigns.

Peer, a key or wharf.

Peets, turf for fire.

Pegh, to pant.

Penſy, finical, foppiſh, conceited.

Perquire, by heart.

Pett, a favourite, a fondling. *To pettle*, to dandle, feed, cheriſh, flatter. Hence, to take the *Pett*, is to be peeviſh or ſullen, as commonly *Petts* are when in the leaſt diſobliged.

Pibroughs, ſuch *Highland* tunes as are play'd on bag-pipes before them when they go out to battle.

Pig, an earthen pitcher.

Pike, to pick out, or chuſe.

Pimpin, pimping, mean, ſcurvy.

Pine, pain or pining.

Pingle, to contend, ſtrive or work hard.

Pirn, the ſpool or quill within the ſhutle, which receives the yarn. *Pirny*, (cloath or a web) of unequal threeds or colours, ſtripped.

Pith, ſtrength, might, force.

Plack, two bodles, or the 3d of a penny *Engliſh*.

Pople or *Paple*, the bubling, purling or boyling up of water. (Popling.)

Poortith, poverty.

Powny, a little horſe or galloway; alſo a turky.

Pouſe, to puſh.

Poutch, a pocket.

Pratick, practice, art, ſtratagem. *Priving Pratick*, trying

trying ridiculous experiments.

Prets, tricks, rogueries. We ſay, *He plaid me a Pret*, *i. e.* cheated. *The Callan's fou of Prets*, *i. e.* has abundance of waggiſh tricks.

Prig, to cheapen, or importune for a lower price of goods one is buying.

Prin, a pin.

Prive, to prove or taſte.

Propine, gift or preſent.

Prym or *Prime*, to fill or ſtuff.

Putt a ſtane, throw a big ſtone.

Quey, a young cow.

R A

Rackleſs, careleſs. One who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him *rackleſs handed*.

Rae, a roe.

Raffan, merry, roving, hearty.

Raird, a loud ſound.

Rair, a roar.

Rak or *Rook*, a miſt or fog.

Rampage, to ſpeak and act furiouſly.

Raſhes, ruſhes.

Rave, did rive or tear.

Raught, reached.

Rax, to ſtretch. *Rax'd*, reached.

Ream, cream. Whence *Reaming*, as, *Reaming Liquor*.

Redd, to rid, unravel. To ſeparate folks that are fighting. It alſo ſignifies clearing of any paſſage. *I'm redd*, I'm apprehenſive.

Rede, counſel, advice; as, *I wad na rede ye to do that*.

Reek, reach; alſo ſmoak.

Reeſt, to ruſt, or dry in the ſmoak.

Reft, bereft, robbed, forced or carried away.

Reif, rapine, robbery.

Reik or *Rink*, a courſe or race.

Rever, a robber or pirate.

Rewth, pity.

Rice or *Ryſe*, bulruſhes, bramble-branches, or twigs of trees.

Rife or *Ryfe*, plenty.

Rift, to belch.

Rigging, the back or rig-back, the top or ridge of a houſe.

Ripples, a weakneſs in the

back and reins.

Rock, a diſtaff.

Rooſe or *Ruſe*, to commend, extol.

Roove, to rivet.

Rottan, a rat.

Roundel, a witty, and often ſatyrick kind of rhime.

Rowan, rolling.

Rowt, to roar, eſpecially the lowing of bulls and cows.

Rowth, plenty.

Ruck, a rick or ſtack of hay or corn.

Rude, the red taint of the complexion.

Rueſu, doleful.

Rug, to pull, take away by force.

Rumple, the rump.

Rungs, ſmall boughs of trees lopp'd off.

Runkle, a wrinkle. *Runckle*, to ruſle.

Rype, to ſearch.

S A

Sabeins, ſeeing it is. Since.

Saikleſs, guiltleſs, free.

Sain'd, bleſſed.

Sall, ſhall. Like *Soud* for *Should*.

Sand blind, pur-blind, ſhort-ſighted.

Sar, ſavour or ſmell.

Sark, a ſhirt.

Saugh, a willow or ſallow tree.

Saw, an old ſaying, or proverbial expreſſion.

Scad, ſcald.

Scar, the bare places on the ſides of hills waſhen down with rains.

Scart, to ſcratch.

Scawp, a bare, dry piece of ſtony ground.

Scon, bread the country people bake over the fire, thinner and broader than a *Bannock*.

Scowp, to leap or move haſtily from one place to another.

Scowth, room, freedom.

Scrimp, narrow, ſtraitned, little.

Scroggs, ſhrubs, thorns, briers. *Scroggy*, thorny.

Scuds, ale. A late name given it by the benders.

Scunner, to loath.

Sell, ſelf.

Seuch, furrow, ditch.

Sey, to try.

Seybow, a young onion.

Shan, pitiful, ſilly, poor.

Sharn, cow's dung.

Shaw, a wood or forreſt.

Shawl, ſhallow.

Shawps,

Shawps, empty husks.
Sheen, ſhining.
Shill, ſhrill, having a ſharp ſound.
Shire, clear, thin. We call thin cloath, or clear liquor, *Shire*; alſo, a clever wag, *a ſhire lick*.
Shog, to wag, ſhake, or jog backwards and forwards.
Shool, ſhovel.
Shoon, ſhoes.
Shore, to threaten.
Shotle, a drawer.
Sib, a-kin.
Sic, ſuch.
Sicker, firm, ſecure.
Sike, a rill or rivulet, commonly dry in ſummer.
Siller, ſilver.
Sindle or *Sinle*, ſeldom.
Sinſyne, ſince that time. *Lang ſinſyne*, long ago.
Skail, to ſcatter.
Skair, ſhare.
Skaith, hurt, damage, loſs.
Skeigh, skittiſh.
Skelf, ſhelf.
Skelp, to run. Uſed when one runs *bare-foot*. Alſo a ſmall ſplinter of wood. *It.* to flog the hips.
Skiff, to move ſmoothly away.
Skink, a kind of ſtrong broth made of cows hams or knuckles; alſo to fill drink in a cup.
Skirl, to ſhreik or cry with a ſhrill voice.
Slate, ſlate, *Skailie*, is the fine blue ſlate.
Skowrie, ragged, naſty, idle.
Skreed, a rent.
Skybald, a tatterdemalion.
Skyt, fly out haſtily.
Slade, or *Slaid*, did ſlide, moved, or made a thing move eaſily.
Slap, or *Slak*, a gap, or narrow paſs between two hills. *Slap*, a breach in a wall.
Sleek, ſmooth.
Slees, a ſhower of half melted ſnow.
Slerg, to bedawb or plaiſter.
Slid, ſmooth, cunning, ſlippery; as, *he's a ſlid Lown*. *Slidry*, ſlippery.
Slippery, ſleepy.
Slonk, a mire, ditch or ſlough; to wade thro' a mire.
Slote, a bar or bolt for a door.
Slough, husk or coat.
Smaik, a filly little pitiful fellow; the ſame with *Smatchet*.
Smirk, ſmiling.
Smittle, infectious or catching.

Smoor, to smother.
Snack, nimble, ready, cliver.
Snod, to cut.
Sneer, to laugh in derision.
Sneg, to cut; as, *Sneg'd off at the web-end.*
Snell, sharp, smarting, bitter, firm.
Snib, snub, check or reprove, correct.
Snifter, to snuff or breathe thro' the nose a little stopt.
Snod, metaphorically used for neat, handsome, tight.
Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair.
Snool, to dispirit by chiding, hard labour, and the like; also, a pitiful grovling slave.
Sneove, to whirle round.
Snotter, snot.
Snurl, to ruffle or wrinkle.
Sod, a thick turf.
Sonsy, happy, fortunate, lucky; sometimes used for large and lusty.
Sore, sorrel, redish coloured
Sorn, to spunge.
Soss, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the ground.
Sough, the sound of wind amongst trees, or of one sleeping.
Sowens, flumry, or oatmeal sowr'd amongst water for some time, then boil'd to a consistency, and eaten with milk or butter.
Sowf, to conn over a tune on an instrument.
Spae, to foretel or divine.
Spaemen, prophets, augurs.
Spain, to wean from the breast.
Spait, a torrent, flood or inundation.
Spang, a jump; to leap or jump.
Spaul, shoulder, arm.
Speel, to climb.
Speer, to ask, inquire.
Spelder, to split, stretch, spread out, draw asunder.
Spence, the place of the house where provisions are kept.
Spill, to spoil, abuse.
Spoolie, spoil, booty, plunder.
Sprainge, stripes of different colours.
Spring, a tune on a musical instrument.
Spruſh, spruce.
Sprottl'd, speckled, spotted.
Spunk, tinder.
Stalwart, strong and valiant.

Stang, did ſting; alſo a ſting or pole.
Stank, a pool of ſtanding water.
Stark, ſtrong, robuſt.
Starns, the ſtars. *Starn*, a ſmall moiety. We ſay, *Ne'er a ſtarn.*
Stay, ſteep; as, *ſet a ſtout heart to a ſtay brae.*
Steek, to ſhut, cloſe.
Stegh, to cram.
Stend or *ſten*, to move with a haſty long pace.
Stent, to ſtretch or extend.
Stipend, a benefice.
Stirk, a ſteer or bullock.
Stoit or *ſtot*, to rebound or reflect.
Stoor, rough, hoarſe.
Stou, to cut or crop. *A ſtou*, a large cut or piece.
Stound, a ſmarting pain or ſtitch.
Stour, duſt agitated by winds, men or horſe feet. *To ſtour*, to run quickly.
Stowth, ſtealth.
Strapan, clever, tall, handſome.
Strath, a plain on a river-ſide.
Streek, to ſtretch.
Striddle, to ſtride, applied commonly to one that's little.
Strinkle, to ſprinkle or ſtraw.
Stroot or *ſtrute*, ſtuff'd full, drunk.
Strunt, a pett. *To take the ſtrunt*, to be petted or out of humour.
Studdy, an anvil, or ſmith's ſtithy.
Sturdy, giddyheaded. *It.* ſtrong.
Sture or *ſtoor*, ſtiff, ſtrong, hoarſe.
Sturt, trouble, diſturbance. vexation,
Stym, a blink, or a little ſight of a thing.
Suddle, to ſully or defile.
Sumph, blockhead.
Sunkan, ſpleenatick.
Sunkots, ſomething.
Swak, to throw, caſt with force.
Swankies, clever young fellows.
Swarf, to ſwoon away.
Swaſh, ſquat, ſuddled.
Swatch, a pattern.
Swats, ſmall ale.
Swecht, burden, weight, force.
Sweer, lazy, ſlow.
Sweeties, confections.
Swelt, ſuffocated, choked to death.
Swith, begon quickly.

Swither,

Swither, to be doubtful whether to do this or that.

Syne, afterwards, then.

TA

Tackel, an arrow. *Taid*, toad.

Tane, taken.

Tap, a head. Such a quantity of lint as ſpinſters put upon the diſtaff, is called a *Lint-tap*.

Tape, to uſe any thing ſparingly.

Tappet hen, the *Scots* quart-ſtoup.

Tarrow, to refuſe what we love, from a croſs humour.

Tartan, croſs ſtriped ſtuff, of various colours, checker'd. The highland plaids.

Taſs, a little dram-cup.

Tate, a ſmall lock of hair, or any little quantity of wool, cotton, *&c.*

Taunt, to mock.

Tawpy, a fooliſh wench.

Taz, a whip or ſcourge.

Ted, to ſcatter, ſpread.

Tee, a little earth on which gameſters at the *Gowf* ſet their balls before they ſtrike them off.

Teen or *tynd*, anger, rage, ſorrow.

Teet, to peep out.

Tenſome, the number of ten.

Tent, attention. *Tenty*, cautious.

Thack, thatch.

Thae, thoſe.

Tharmes, ſmall tripes.

Theek, to thatch.

Thig, to beg or borrow.

Thir, theſe.

Thole, to endure, ſuffer.

Thow, thaw.

Thowleſs, unactive, ſilly, lazy, heavy.

Thrawart, froward, croſs, crabbed.

Thrawin, ſtern and croſs-grain'd.

Threep or *threap*, to aver, alledge, urge and affirm boldly.

Thrimal, to preſs or ſqueez through with difficulty.

Thud, a blaſt, blow, ſtorm, or the violent ſound of theſe. *Cry'd hey at ilka Thud, i. e.* Gave a groan at every blow.

Tid, tide or time, proper time; as, *he took the tid.*

Tiſt, good order, health.

Tine, to loſe. *Tint*, loſt.

Tinſel, loſs.

Tip or *tippony*, ale ſold for two-

twopence the *Scots* pint.

Tirle or *tirr*, to uncover a houſe.

Tit'y, ſifter.

Tocher, portion, dowry.

Tod, a fox.

Tooly, to fight. A fight or quarrel.

Toom, empty, applied to a barrel, purſe, houſe, *&c.* *It.* to empty

Toſh, tight, neat.

Toſie, warm, pleaſant, half fuddled.

To the fore, in being, alive, unconſumed.

Touſe or *touſle*, to rumple, teeze.

Tout, the ſound of a horn or trumpet.

Tow, a rope.

Towmond a year or twelvemonth.

Trewes, hoſe and breeches all of a piece.

Trig, neat, handſome.

Troke, exchange.

True, to trow, truſt, believe.

Truſ, ſteal.

Tryſt, appointment.

Turs, turfs. *Turs*, truſs.

Twin, to part with, or ſeparate from.

Twitch, touch.

Twinters, ſheep of two years old.

Tydie, plump, fat, lucky.

Tynd, vid. *Teen*.

Tyſt, to entice, ſtir up, allure.

U G

UGg, to deteſt, hate, nauſeate.

Ugſome, hateful, nauſeous.

Umwhile, the late, or deceaſt ſometime ago. Of old.

Undocht or *Wandocht*, a ſilly weak perſon.

Uneith, not eaſy.

Ungeard, naked, not clad, unharneſs'd.

Unko or *unco*, uncouth, ſtrange.

Unluſum, unlovely.

Vougy, elevated, proud.

Wad or *Wed*, pledge, wager, pawn; alſo, would.

Waff, wandring by itſelf.

Wak, moiſt, wet.

Wale, to pick and chuſe.

Walop, to move ſwiftly with much agitation.

Wally, choſen, beautiful, large.

Wame, womb.

Wandought, want of dought, impotent.

Wangrace, wickedneſs, want of grace.

War, worſe.

Warlock, wizard.

Wat or *Wit*, to know.

Waught,

BRITISH 2 AU 71 MUSEUM

…rge draught.
…
…or *wee ane*, a child.
…, thought, imagined, ſuppoſed.
Weer, to ſtop or oppoſe.
Weir, war.
Weird, fate or deſtiny.
Weit, rain.
Werſh, inſipid, wallowiſh, wanting ſalt.
Whauk, whip, beat, flog.
Whid, to fly quickly.
Whilk, which.
Whilly, to cheat. *Whilly-wha*, a cheat.
Whindging, whining.
Whins, furze.
Whiſht, huſh. Hold your peace.
Whisk, to pull out haſtily.
Whomilt, turn'd upſide down.
Wight, ſtout, clever, active. *Item*, a man or perſon.
Wimpling, a turning backward and forward, winding like the meanders of a river.
Win or *Won*, to reſide, dwell.
Winna, will not.
Winnocks, windows.
Winſom, gaining, deſirable, agreeable, complete, large.
Wirrykow, a bug-bear or goblin.
Wiſent, parch'd, dry'd, wither'd.
Wiſtle, to exchange (money)
Witherſhins, motion againſt the ſun.
Woo or *W*, wool.
Wood, mad.
Woody, the gallows.
Wordy, worthy.
Wow! wonderful! ſtrange!
Wreaths, of ſnow, when heaps of it are blown together by the wind.
Wyſing, inclining. *To wyſe*, to lead, train.
Wyſon, the gullet.
Wyt, to blame. Blame.

YA

Yamph, to bark, or make a noiſe like little dogs.
Yap, hungry, having a longing deſire for any thing ready.
Yealtou, yea wilt thou.
Yed, to contend, wrangle.
Yeld, barren, as a cow that gives no milk.
Yerk, to do any thing with celerity.
Yesk, the hiecup.
Yett, gate.
Yeſtreen, yeſternight.
Youdith, youthfulneſs.
Yowden, wearied.
Yowf, a ſwinging blow.
Yuke, the itch.
Yule, Chriſtmaſs.

FINIS.